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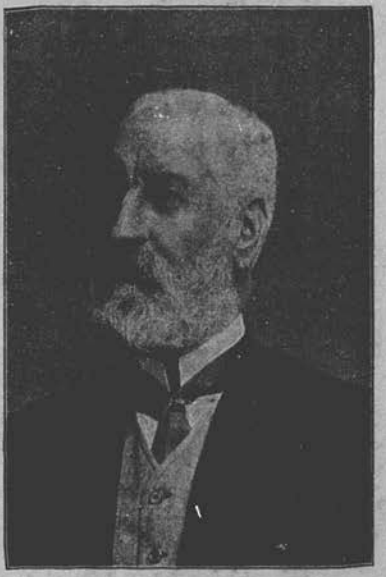

Yours sincerely

Francis C. Arnold

MEMORIES OF THE MUTINY.

BY

FRANCIS CORNWALLIS MAUDE, V.C., C.B.

Late Colonel R.A., and formerly Commanding the Artillery of Havelock's Column.

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WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE

OF

JOHN WALTER SHERER, Esq.,

Companion of the Star of India; formerly Magistrate of Futtehpore, and afterwards of Cawnpore.

Author of "Who is Mary?"; "Helen, the Novelist," etc., etc.

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VOLUME II.

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MEMORIES OF THE MUTINY.

CHAPTER XIV.

They that assailed and they that held the lists
Meet in the midst, and that so furiously,
A man, standing far off, might well perceive
The hard earth shake and a loud thunder of arms.

IDYLLS OF THE KING.

A VICTORIOUS ROUT.

Some incidents connected with Havelock's Relief (or rather Reinforcement) of Lucknow, have hitherto escaped notice. In a second Report to the Commanding Officer of Artillery, who, by the way, was Lieutenant-Colonel (now General Sir John) Adye, I wrote, from the Camp at Alum Bagh, with General Outram's Force, on January, 1858: "....After a tedious encampment on the plains and in the stables of Cawnpore, we were again ordered to advance into Oudh; and, after a *reconnaissance*, in which I had the honour of joining, we crossed the

Ganges. After winning, with the greatest ease, the battle of Mungawarra, we proceeded by forced marches to the Relief (*sic*) of Lucknow."

Although this action was easily won and all the enemy's guns were taken, we had some casualties. Among them one of the fine elephants with Eyre's Heavy Battery had the lower part of its trunk carried clean away by a round-shot, and the poor, wounded, terrified beast came charging amongst the Battery in a very uncomfortable and dangerous manner. However, it afterwards completely recovered from the wound, although the dimensions of its trunk had been reduced, so to speak, to those of a Gladstone bag.

The charge, or rather pursuit, of the flying enemy at Mungawarra by the Volunteer Cavalry, led by Outram and Havelock, was a very respectable affair, as we numbered on that occasion 108 sabres (including those of the two Generals, neither of which was drawn), 107 of the rebels having been killed by our Cavalry in about a quarter of an hour. The moment the charge was over Havelock rode straight up to my guns, his horse bleeding copiously from four or five tulwar cuts. As the poor beast commenced to stagger, the General quickly dismounted, saying to me, with a proud but melancholy intonation: "That makes the sixth horse I have had killed under me!" and, sure enough, the animal died in a few minutes.

The Infantry Sepoys, who were as lithe and active as cats, especially the Oudh men, when pursued by our Cavalry, used to fling themselves flat on the ground, and then, as the horse jumped over or passed close to them, they would make an upward cut with their razor-edged scimitars, which seldom failed to take effect, either upon the horse or its rider. "Peter" Wilkin, who had previously taken part in the Balaklava Charge while serving in the 11th Hussars, was lamed for life during the capture of Lucknow, in this manner; the sword slicing clean through his boot and deep into the ball of his foot. Several others received similar wounds. But without doubt a horse is a great protection to the rider, especially from missiles coming from the direct front.

Yielding to the reasonable request of our excellent Pay-Sergeant, who was also Sergeant-Major (Lamont, R.A.), just before we re-crossed into Oudh for the Relief of Lucknow, we engaged a native clerk, or kranee, to keep the terribly-voluminous accounts of the Battery. But on the day we assembled at the Cawnpore Ghât, where a temporary lodging in a native house had been assigned to us as the headquarters of the Battery, the pay-clerk was nowhere to be found. When we set on foot enquiries among the natives who clustered at the street-door, a man came forward, saying that the clerk was his brother, and had been lately married; consequently the "mem-sahib" was unwilling to

allow her husband to go. There was something insolent in the man's manner, and a sort of sympathising smile upon two or three of the faces at the doorway; besides which, the expression, "mem-sahib," was in itself an impertinence, as it was usually understood to be only applicable to English ladies at that time; though perhaps this may have since been changed.

So we at once ordered the man to be seized, tied, and set up in a chair upon the solitary table the house possessed. A rope was then fastened to his neck, and riven around one of the rafters in the room. Taking out my watch, I called attention to the time, and told the man in the chair that, if his brother did not arrive within an hour, the table and chair would be removed and he would "swing." We soon observed that two or three of the natives slunk away from the doorway: these, no doubt, carried the story to the "mem-sahib;" the result being that, within the stipulated time, the missing clerk turned up and went on with his duty. But a few days afterwards, on the day, in fact, of our entry into Lucknow, he contrived again to give us the slip, and, this time, was not re-captured.

Meeting Havelock in the little street, a few minutes after the first occurrence, we told him what had happened, adding that we ourselves scarcely knew whether we should have actually knocked the chair from under the clerk, or waited until reference

had been made to, and permission obtained from, the General himself. Havelock was in one of his most gracious moods that morning. "My dear Maude," said he, "I give you leave to hang as many men as you like!" It is, however, some consolation now to reflect that these very ample powers were never once exercised by myself. For, somehow or other, I could not quite overcome the repugnance, which most Englishmen feel, to executions in cold blood; although the generally-received fact that our guns disposed of a very large number of rebels, perhaps more than any force of equal strength in India, did not disturb the consciences of any of us for one moment, or cause us the slightest regret: very much the reverse, in fact.

On the third day we arrived at the Alum Bagh (the Garden of the World), where we found the enemy drawn up in beautiful order, and during the time we were being deployed into line we suffered a little from their Artillery. But the moment we made a forward movement they ran away—so fast that the difficulty was to get near enough to them; and here Olpherts, with his Horse Battery, had decidedly the best of it. Our Battery got a few shells into straggling bodies of the enemy, but they retired, with nearly the whole of their guns, for the bloody day which was soon to follow.

That evening, and part of the next day, found us within range of their ordnance, to which it was con-

sidered necessary to reply. Thus I fired 300 rounds of shot and shell, at 1,200 yards range, without having the satisfaction of permanently silencing a single one of their guns. This was owing to their having been exceedingly well masked, and also that the ground just in front of them was swampy, while we were on a hard bit of "Kunka," which increased the effect of their shot. I had three or four men slightly wounded, and lost three gun-bullocks: one of my howitzers being also badly injured.

On the night of the 23rd it came on to rain in torrents; and the "bit of Kunka," on which we were perched, was speedily converted into very plastic but tenacious mud, which took excellent moulds of our divine human forms; recalling the memories of Herculaneum and Pompeii, when, on the morning of the 24th, the sun dawned upon us and dried our "casts." It was then very wisely decided, at the urgent representation of Fraser-Tytler, to retire our camp, some three or four hundred yards back, upon the plateau which overlooked the approach to Lucknow. And there, at a distance of about 2,000 yards from the enemy's batteries, we enjoyed some rest during the afternoon and evening in our tents, which were pitched under a tope of mango trees. But an occasional round-shot used to "lob" into our camp, and do a good deal of mischief.

One of these missiles happened to fall among our

cooking utensils, and made the most tremendous shindy. As the infernal din changed to shrieks and cries, we got out of our tent to see what was the matter, and found that one or two of the camp followers had been wounded. One man was lying dead, apparently without a wound. On examining him, all we could see was a white mark, of four streaks, in the small of his back, as if one had wiped the black off with the fingers of one's hand. Probably the wound had been only a graze, but had ruptured some internal organs.

This reminds me of another very curious wound. It was on the 29th of July. One of our Invalid (Bengal) Artillerymen had been hit, on the top of his head, by a musket ball, and was unconscious. I think it was Dr. Irvine, our surgeon, who examined and dressed the wound. Just as he was leaving the patient he noticed that the man's trousers were torn, and a little blood was seen on the thickest part of the thigh. On further examination it was found that there was a six-pound shot embedded in the leg, and totally covered by the flesh, the limb presenting an almost entirely normal appearance. The shot, evidently a spent one, must have had just sufficient impetus to bury itself, and no more. It is a pity that one cannot add that the poor fellow is still alive and well, but either the blow on his head, or the Horse-Artillery shot in his thigh, was the cause of his death, a few minutes after-

wards, and we buried him in a culvert under the road.

Major Cooper, of the Bengal Artillery, a particularly pleasant but rather easy-going officer, had joined us after the battles of Bussarat Gunj, and taken command of the Artillery of Havelock's Force. He did not quite hit it off with the General, and a terribly-voluminous correspondence had been, for several weeks, *en train* between them, regarding the safe custody of a captured gun; the very one, by the way, which the rebels had repaired, and, after all, was only one out of over 150 we had captured, and either made use of ourselves or utterly destroyed. I believe poor Cooper spent the greater part of his last day on earth putting a finishing touch to this correspondence. I am thankful to say, however, that, although he superseded me (which we are told, now-a-days, is a thing that we ought to resent), our relations were, throughout, of the most unbroken cordiality.

The last I saw of Cooper was on the following morning, (25th September,) as he stood, among a group of officers, under the shelter of the Alum Bagh Gateway, when we passed down the road to our fiery ordeal. He called out to me: "Good-bye, old fellow!" A somewhat uncomfortable salutation, which I can only explain as the result of a foreboding of his coming death. A few hours later he was shot through the head.

We had gone to sleep, in the unwonted luxury of a tent, on the previous night, with the full knowledge that we had a very nasty day's work before us on the morrow. But the unpleasant feeling had been tempered, as far as we were personally concerned, by the consolation that the *second* Brigade, to which Olpherts' Battery belonged, was to lead off the ball. And, as I knew very well that the rebels had been trying the range during a great part of the day, I looked forward with no little curiosity to see what sort of practice the Bengal gunners would make of it in the morning, and entertained a very sincere hope that they would take the edge of it off, so to speak, before we, with the first Brigade, appeared on the scene. It was, therefore, very much to our disgust that, at day-dawn on the 25th of September, the orders were suddenly changed, and the post of honour was given to the Royal gunners. However, I felt that a very great load of responsibility was taken off my shoulders, when, at half-past eight o'clock, General Sir James Outram rode up, and placed himself by my side, at the head of Neill's column, as we were about to descend the fatal road.

As we halted for a few moments opposite the Alum Bagh, before finally moving off in column of route, a nine-pound shot came from one of the enemy's batteries, and struck one of my gun-bullocks fairly on the left ribs. The loud thud was distinctly heard in the silence of that serious moment. The

shot dropped, completely spent, at the bullock's feet. But, as we looked, a large dark lump swelled out on the poor beast's white flank, and in two or three seconds it quietly sank down and died. Which reminds me that we only once had serious trouble with a wounded bullock, on which occasion the creature had lost both its forefeet from a round-shot, and was careering wildly about on the stumps, perfectly mad with pain, until one of our gunners brought it down with a shot from his carbine. We were often glad we had brought those tractable animals, instead of horses, which, as every artilleryman knows, often give a lot of trouble when they are wounded, whereas all we had to do was simply to unyoke the damaged "bheil," and put a fresh one in. We went a good deal faster along the road than the Infantry did on the flanks, and quite as quickly as they when going across country; had we been acting with Cavalry it would have been a different matter. Lastly, a gun-bullock, though tough, was always edible.

At last we moved slowly down the road, preceded by two companies of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, in column of sections, right in front. Outram rode by my side with the leading gun, followed by two of his staff, Chamier and Sitwell. For a few seconds the enemy reserved their fire, and then they let us have it, hot and heavy. A battery on each flank managed to pop a round-shot in

among us now and then; but the heaviest fire came from two guns, which were loaded in the lane behind the Yellow House, and then run out on the main road, carefully laid, and admirably served. Meantime, there were large bodies of Infantry on both sides of the road, in the cornfields, and among the gardens, from behind the walls of which they kept up a well-directed fire. At this moment we received an order to halt: so, in a very few seconds, we made our dispositions for replying to this fire, to the best of our ability, and engaged the enemy's guns. The Fusiliers, in the meanwhile, lay in the ditch on each side of the causeway, which, being elevated, afforded them some protection. In the first few minutes Outram's arm was shot through by a musket-ball; but he only smiled, and asked one of us to tie his handkerchief tightly above the wound. Then his Aide-de-Camp, Sitwell, received a similar wound, and I was struck, by a spent bullet, in the hand.

Almost at the same moment, the finest soldier in our Battery, and the best Artilleryman I have ever known, Sergeant-Major Alexander Lamont, had the whole of his stomach carried away by a round-shot. He looked up to me for a moment with a piteous expression, but had only strength to utter two words, "Oh! God!" when he sank dead on the road. Just then another round-shot took off the leg, high up the thigh, of the next senior Sergeant, John Kiernan; he was afterwards carried back to the Alum Bagh, but

soon died from the shock. Kiernan was an excellent specimen of a Roman Catholic, North of Ireland soldier. He was as true as steel.

Another tragic sight on that road was the death of a fine young gunner, the only one, I believe, who wore an Artillery jacket that day. A round-shot took his head clean off, and for about a second the body stood straight up, surmounted by the red collar, and then fell flat on the road. But, as fast as the men of the leading gun detachments were swept away by the enemy's fire, I replaced them by volunteers from other guns. Several times I turned to the calm, cool, grim General, and asked him to allow us to advance, as we could not possibly do any good by halting there. He agreed with me, but did not like to take the responsibility of ordering us to go on. At last Havelock sent the welcome order to advance. Lieut.-Colonel Battine, who acted as "galloper" to Havelock, tells me that it was he who brought it, as well as the original order to us to halt, and explains that the first was necessary because the rear of the column were not ready when we moved off. Considering that it was close upon 9 o'clock, and that we had been about three hours under arms, the delay seems a little difficult to understand.

However that may have been, we again moved on, at last, and as we were by this time supported by the remainder of the column, the enemy abandoned the Yellow House and neighbouring gardens, at the same

time retiring two of their guns down the lane, a little to the right of the house. As will be seen from the map, this lane also takes a bend to the left at this point, being, in fact, nearly at right angles to the Alum Bagh Road. The distance from the bridge was under three hundred yards. Soon after we turned the corner. I will here quote the words of General Fred. A. Willis, C.B., in a letter to the *Times*, dated March 23rd, 1890:

"Maude's Battery followed the 84th to the Char Bagh (Four Gardens), and I shall never forget seeing the two leading guns unlimber, and come into action on the road at very close range (150 yards) opposite the Char Bagh (Bridge) under a murderous fire from the enemy's guns in position on the further side of the bridge. . . . . The first discharge from one of the enemy's guns disabled one of Maude's guns, the greater portion of the detachment serving it being killed or wounded. It was then I offered to assist him, by calling for volunteers from the Regiment, many men of which, for some time, whilst lying inactive at Cawnpore, had, by order, been instructed in gun-drill. Private Jack Holmes was the first man of the Regiment to respond, and his example was followed by others;" (among whom were Lieutenants Pearson and Aitken); "the gun was again served, and the men remained with it the remainder of the day. The gallantry displayed by Private

Holmes thoughout the day caused me to recommend him for the Victoria Cross, which he received. . . . . A portion of the Madras Fusiliers came up to the Char Bagh in support, and they, *with the 84th*, charged across the bridge, and captured the four (there were five) guns in position; and I well remember, during this charge, the leading officer of the Madras Fusiliers (Lieutenant Groom) had his foot shot off at the ankle, at my side, and I myself was wounded by the last discharge from the guns in position at the Char Bagh Bridge. When these guns were captured, the leading portion of the column was halted for the main body to join it, and I recall with pride the fact that General Outram, when he came up, complimented the 84th and Madras Fusiliers for the dash and gallantry they had displayed in the capture of these guns." General Willis also says that, "being near the General commanding, he had made the request to allow the 84th to take the head of the column, and that they therefore passed through the 5th, and pushed on up the road leading to the Char Bagh." Havelock had sanctioned this; and had told Willis "to say, if questioned by anyone, that it was by his orders." Very gallant on Willis's part; but scarcely a prudent thing for Havelock to permit.

With regard to Forbes's statement, that Eardley Maitland and I "were doing Bombardier's work," this is perfectly true with regard to the former, but

I did not dismount. At this point the enemy had five guns (not six, as has been stated, *vide* Forbes and Malleson), two being 24-pounders. They were behind a cleverly-constructed earthwork, while we had two 9-pounders in the open. Our men were fatigued and disheartened by a severe action, in which we had lost twenty-one of the finest of our little band. Yet we held our own for half an hour against those tremendous odds, and, although the range was only 150 yards, we really lost comparatively few men, keeping the enemy's fire down, if we did not exactly silence all their guns.

It has been said that our guns were of the old pattern, dating probably from the days of Clive; and the only means provided for priming the vents was a large leathern pouch carried on the right side, full of loose powder. The gun number, whose duty it was to prime, simply took a handful out of his pouch and poured in on the vent. As the lane was very narrow, the two guns were exceedingly close to one another, and when they recoiled past each other, amid a shower of sparks and smoke, they frequently set fire to the loose powder in the priming pouches, and blew the poor gunners up, burning them very severely. In this way four or five men were injured that morning, besides others at other times.

Outram had gone off to the right with some of the Fusiliers to try and bring a flanking fire upon the Battery at the bridge. Consequently, although I

have no recollection of having used the expression, it is exceedingly likely that, when I caught sight of an officer on Havelock's Staff, I asked him to "Do something, in the name of Heaven!" Neill is said by the chroniclers to have "stood in a bay of the garden wall, waiting for the effect of Outram's flank movement." I can only say that I have no recollection of having seen him, during the whole of that day. As for the actual storming of the bridge, the *ruse* which Havelock-Allan says he practised on Neill to force the latter to give the order to advance, and his own conduct in leading a charge of twenty-five Fusiliers, accompanied by Fraser-Tytler and the two officers of the "Blue Caps" (Arnold and Bailey) when that order was at last obtained—some of this may have been as he has told it, although I have not been able to find anyone to corroborate his story. But it is certainly incorrect to say that Tytler was wounded on that occasion. His horse was killed, (by the way he had previously had two horses killed under him, at Ferozeshah, in the Punjab)—but he tells me that as he regained his feet he became aware, that two guns behind the Yellow House were opening upon the bridge from our right rear. So he returned on foot through the remainder of the Brigade, and sought his General, Havelock. The latter, at Tytler's request, directed him to take the nearest regiment and charge the guns. He went to the 90th Light Infantry, who had come up from the

CHARGING A BATTERY.

Alum Bagh, and gave the order to Campbell, their gallant Colonel; then, holding on by the mane of the latter's horse, Tytler conducted the regiment to the enemy's two guns. A rapid rush, and they were taken, with a trifling loss on our side.

Olpherts received the Victoria Cross in connection with this incident (see Appendix). Altogether, on this road, eleven Victoria Crosses were granted, in addition to seven others, obtained, on the following day, by that portion of the Force which had not been able to enter the Residency with us. The initials of some of the former, as well as the spots where they were earned, are shown upon the plan which accompanies this work, for the use of which map we have obtained the kind permission of the Council of the Royal United Service Institution. The names of the recipients, as well as a short summary of the reason for which the distinction was granted, will also be found in the Appendix.

Colonel Campbell, commanding the 90th Light Infantry, had won his C.B. in the Crimea, and was a very intelligent and capable, as well as a brave officer. He was wounded, later in the day, by a ball below his knee, from which he afterwards died in the Residency. Fraser-Tytler soon mounted another charger, and advanced with the rest of the Force. Towards evening, we were sitting on our horses, side by side, when he received a ball in his groin. We lifted him off, and put him into a dhoolie, in which he

was carried into the Residency that evening, where he lay, between life and death, during the two months that we were shut up there. I believe Neill was afterwards shot by the same marksman, but I was not with him at the time, although his body was brought into the Residency on one of my guns.

As to the remaining events of that day, I confess I have but an indistinct recollection of them. One thing, however, stands out very clearly. Sitting by Outram's side, in one of our halting places on the road, that generous gentleman volunteered the remark to me: "You were right, Maude; we should have come straight on, and not halted before the Yellow House." But for the fact that nearly one third of our force really did reach the Residency that night, and more than another third the next day, I should be inclined to call it a disastrous rout. And if such a gifted chronicler of battle-scenes as Archibald Forbes is unable to make coherence out of the chaos, it is certainly beyond my feeble powers to do so. He vividly describes the way in which the indomitable 78th blundered into one of the enemy's batteries, carried it, and then found themselves "actually about parallel with the head of the main column, instead of being in rear of its rear." He then says: "Here were the chiefs of the little army. Outram sat on his big 'Waler,' a plash of blood across his face, one arm in a sling. Havelock on foot—his horse had been shot—was walking up and

down on Outram's near side, with short nervous steps, halting now and then, as if to emphasise his words, for the debate between the two Generals waxed warm. All around them, at a little distance, were officers; and outside of the circle so formed were soldiers, guns, wounded men, bullocks, camels, and the confusion of a surging tide of disorganisation pouring into the Court."

Forbes's account is corroborated by Willis, who, in the letter already quoted, says: "The column, when once more united, advanced up the road, the 78th proceeding by a road parallel to it, and when they rejoined the main body it was at the spot where the 84th were halted temporarily. I spoke to Colonel Stisted, who was marching at the head of the 78th, and he told me that they had lost their way in the narrow streets, and had had a desperate time of it, losing many men. When the column arrived among the Palaces the regiments became much mixed, and the position of the 84th was such that it was not the leading regiment into the Residency, but was halted under what was called the 'Clock Tower,' opposite the Bailey Guard, and bivouacked there for the night."

I remember Henry Moorsom, constantly busy trying to keep order, and pointing out the road to each corps as it detached itself from the confused mass. But it was dark before we left the comparative shelter of the courtyard, which was perhaps

a quarter of a mile from the Residency gate. As we came slowly along that bit of road, we ran the gauntlet of the usual "slating" (as Havelock called it) from the enemy, who were behind and on top of the surrounding walls. Our men, as well as the Infantry with us, kept the fire down a good deal, by replying to it as we moved on, the Sikhs being the most proficient in this style of fighting. At last we found ourselves stopped by the Clock Tower, opposite the Bailey Guard of the Residency; the head of the road being blocked up by one of the enemy's batteries. At that moment, from the right hand corner, I saw the unmistakeable light of a port-fire and the semicircle it described as it was lowered to the vent of a gun: so I was not surprised when a shower of case-shot came whistling in our faces, and I tried my best to get together a dozen men to charge the gun before they could reload it. But the man who fired it, and I believe he was alone, disappeared in the darkness.

Just then we heard some cheering across the road; when, with a rush, a party of Sepoys, about six men I think, came to the head of our column. They were promptly received at the point of the bayonet. But then a loud British voice called out: "For God's sake, don't harm these poor fellows, they have saved all our lives!" It was the brave and manly Aitken, the "stalwart Captain of the Guard," as Forbes called him. Instantly our

THE BAILEY GUARD GATE, AND HOSPITAL. (RESIDENCY).

Infantry grasped the situation, grounded their muskets, and released the faithful Sepoys. Strange as it may seem, although each of Aitken's loyal men had received at least one bayonet thrust, not one was dangerously hurt, and the noble fellows all recovered. In a short time the road was cleared, by levelling the enemy's battery; our guns and some of the wounded were taken through it; and the Residency was reached. It was then about nine o'clock at night. The officers of the 32nd Regiment came forward and asked us to come and have something to eat and a glass or two of sherry. Then, after exchanging a few words of greeting, we lay down where we were, and slept the best we could.

CHAPTER XV.

Among the soldiers this is muttered:
That whilst a field should be dispatched and fought,
You have disputings of your Generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost:
Another would fly swift but wanteth wings:
A third man thinks, without expense at all
By guileful fair words peace may be maintained.

KING HENRY V.

A MEMORABLE EVENT.

The tale of the Leaguer of Lucknow has been the subject of many pens, and thus the chief difficulty in dealing with it now is to avoid travelling over oft-trodden ground. For this reason I have confined myself, for the most part, to personal reminiscences of the events which came under my own notice. But before recording these, it may be well to review the proceedings of the memorable 25th of September, from a strategical point of view.

It cannot be said that we did not know the enemy's position; for Outram himself, with the

advanced guard, had been down the road, on the 23rd, as far as the Yellow House, and most of their guns had been firing on us for about forty hours. Yet no dispositions were made to manœuvre our force, in order to utilise it to the best advantage. We hear, now, that there was a difference of opinion between the Generals. That Outram was for going straight into the city; while Havelock wished to make a *détour*, similar to that by which Sir Colin Campbell afterwards came to our relief, Outram's principal, if not his only objection, having been that the surface of the ground was too soft for the heavy guns. That may have been the case; but, after all, the elephants of Eyre's Battery were left behind in the Alum Bagh: and if his guns were brought into action at all that day, which I doubt, they certainly did no good whatever. There was no valid reason why the leading Brigade should not have been deployed into line, in front of the Alum Bagh, and have advanced in that formation, as far as the Yellow House and Char Bagh Bridge; moving with the guns in the centre, and the Infantry on the flanks. Our advance—worse still, our halt—in column, exposed us to the greatest possible disadvantage; for we were raked and flanked by a murderous fire, almost without an attempt to reply to it. We had had nearly forty-eight hours to review the situation. That day's operations were felt and known, by every man in the Force, to be of

transcendent political as well as military importance. Yet no council of war was held; nor were suggestions invited from men who were fully competent to offer them. Campbell, Eyre, Cooper, and a dozen other officers of experience, were there, and might at least have been consulted.

One is forced to the conclusion that, from a military point of view, our advance was undertaken with an *insouciance* of which the culpability was only redeemed by the exceeding courage of the men. It is not pretended that the General of the leading Brigade did anything at all. The General who actually led us had his wits about him, and was cool and collected enough; but having voluntarily subordinated his rank, he could not take any independent steps, without involving a grave breach of discipline, while the General who was nominally in command took no initiative action whatever.

The distance from the Alum Bagh to the Residency was just three miles, as the crow flies; so that, when we reached the Char Bagh Bridge, we had less than a mile and a half to traverse. Once across the Canal, there were two routes to the Residency; one direct, which, however, had been in some parts fortified, but along which the 78th Highlanders and the Ferozepore Sikhs advanced. The other, which the rest of the Force took, led through the King's Palaces, and skirted the right

STREET FIGHTING.

bank of the Goomtee (Serpentine) River. Both of these were well known to at least two of our force; Outram having been previously Commissioner of Oudh; and Henry Moorsom having lately completed a military survey of the city. There ought not, therefore, to have been any mistake in the route to be chosen: or in the directions to be given. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that the affair was a muddle, however gloriously conducted, from beginning to end.

The battle was won, it is true. That is to say, nearly one-third of our little army forced their way or ran the gauntlet of the enemy's fire, through a fairly open Oriental town, and got into the Residency somehow that night. And more than a third came in in the course of the next day. But the remainder, who numbered nearly another third, were put *hors de combat*. Most of our wounded were left behind, and many of them were horribly burnt to death, as they lay in their dhoolies in a patch of neutral ground, afterwards called the "Dhoolie Square," in one of the King's Palaces. We lost the whole of our baggage, and the ammunition of our heavy guns.

The officers led their men right well; but of Generalship, *proprement dit*, that day there was little if any at all.

As soon as we got inside, my gunners were distributed to the various posts in the Residency

where their services were most needed, and where, to quote again from my official report, "they continued to show an example of courage, steadiness, and propriety on every trying occasion." I say again that I do not put them forward as models of all the virtues. But their discipline was faultless; and, unpopular as such a statement may be to-day, this is a military quality which possesses material advantages, of which we had numberless instances in proof. Here is one, regarding which I will only say that it did not refer to the Royal Artillery. Divisional Order, 10th October, 1857 (by Sir James Outram). 2.—"The Major-General (Havelock), commanding the Field Force is requested to take the strictest measures to prevent the men of the different Brigades from going outside the pickets on any pretence. The bodies of five men belonging to the Artillery, who had gone out, it is supposed in search of liquor, two days ago, were found without their heads."

Forbes mentions the famine prices at which luxuries, such as liquor, clothes, and tobacco were sold. He even understates them. I bought, during the two months, exactly seventeen No. 2 Manilla cheroots, for which I paid £5 2s., or 6s. each; one flannel shirt, £3; and one bottle of brandy (for my birthday, on the 28th of October) £3. At that time I was an inveterate and immoderate smoker, and, being unable to get tobacco, used

at first to smoke the dried leaves of the neem tree, and even tea: but I had to give these up, as they burnt my mouth.

Havelock was always glad to see his officers, and received us courteously. Outram often went round the defences, and his cheery presence was a welcome sight. Three or four of the batteries around the Residency were nominally placed under my charge, but I rarely interfered with the very capable officers who superintended them. There was one exception. The "Redan Battery," as it was called, lay immediately below the Residency Tower, and had five guns in it, one of which* had been dismounted by the rebels' fire. There was a provoking little battery of the enemy's just across the river, under a Mosque, which did a lot of damage, firing upon the slope which led to the water's edge, and which was crowded with soldiers, horses, bullocks, hackeries, and natives. One day, as I was passing, a shot came from this gun and took off both the legs of a British soldier who was by my side, and who had only that day come out of the hospital, having just recovered from another wound. Needless to say the poor fellow did not long survive the shock. I shall never forget the agonised expression of his face when he received the mortal wound. I resolved to avenge him, and try and silence the gun.

* See Illustration.

It was protected by heavy shutters on the embrasure, and they could distinctly see us as we went to fire our own guns; so they used to wait until we had done so; then they quickly opened their shutters, ran out their gun, and fired a more or less chance shot into our camp. One night I laid a trap for them, and mounted an 18-pounder iron gun in the embrasure of our dismantled piece. I also had an 8-inch mortar brought down into the battery. In the early morning I stationed an officer in the Residency Tower, instructing him to keep his eye on the enemy's gun. We fired the usual four guns at the Mosque battery; and then treated them to the novelty of a well-timed shell from the 8-inch mortar. While the latter missile was distracting their attention, I carefully laid the new 18-pounder. Shortly after the mortar shell had burst, my friend in the tower called out: "They are opening the shutters!" I at once fired our reserve gun, and, as luck would have it, the shot went clean into the enemy's embrasure, and knocked their gun over. They never fired from that place again.

About an hour afterwards, Outram and one or two of his Staff came down to see the spot, the news having quickly reached headquarters. The Bayard of India said, with his genial smile: "I have heard of your feat of arms, Maude, and I now give you the highest reward it is in my power to bestow!" at the same time handing me a Manilla cheroot. A most

THE "REDAN BATTERY" IN THE RESIDENCY. (THE IRON BRIDGE TO THE LEFT).

seasonable gift it was, and I heartily and laughingly thanked the good General for it.

One other revenge I took, for which I did not get a reward. I happened to be passing when the body of poor Graydon was brought down from the out-lying picquet which was called after him, and where he had just been shot through the heart. I borrowed a musket, with half-a-dozen cartridges and copper caps, and went up to "Graydon's post" to see how he had been killed. Concealing myself in a sort of fortified summer house, I saw two or three Sepoys steal cautiously out, at the mouth of a lane which led straight down towards the picquet. I let drive with my "Brown Bess" at the leading man, and had the good fortune to bowl him over with a broken thigh. He made two or three ineffectual attempts to rise, and I hoped to use him as a sort of bait for others. But they were too clever for me. A garden-wall ran parallel with and opposite to the picquet, the wall of the lane being at right angles to it; and there must have been a gateway just at the corner, for as I watched I saw spadefuls of earth being thrown up on the picquet side of the wounded man. In a very few minutes he was concealed from view, and no doubt was removed where he could be treated for his wound. Poor fellow! I rather hope he recovered. This was, I think, the only musket-shot I fired in the whole campaign, and it shows that "Brown Bess" was not a bad weapon, as the

distance could not have been less than eighty yards.

We suffered a good deal from the too close companionship of parasitic pests. In the King's Palaces, where most of Outram's Force were quartered, they were literally swarming. In order to meet the difficulty, many of us had our hair closely shorn—in some cases shaven; while those who possessed a change of under-wear had it washed daily; some others who were not the happy possessors of so great a luxury stood in the position of one of Dickens's characters, who "enjoyed a pipe while the missis rubbed out their only bit of linen!" Added to these hygienic observances, the sufferers got themselves scrubbed and rubbed down, and had mussuk after mussuk of water thrown over them, as if they had been horses or carriages under the hands of stablemen after a hard day's wrestle with the mud.

A story was told of a young officer fresh from England, who, bearing in mind the Iron Duke's preference for dandies among his officers, contrived to maintain an elegant exterior, even under our sadly adverse conditions. I think he was one of the 90th Light Infantry. Anyhow, he had taken a great fancy to himself—and not without reason, for there were some fine, dashing young fellows amongst them. Noticing that all the officers of another corps were gaily disporting themselves with their heads shaven as clean as billiard-balls, he gravely enquired

the cause. "*Pediculina!*" was the curt response, delivered with equal gravity. The critical exquisite raised his eyebrows with a gesture of sympathetic solicitude, as if he were intelligently associating in his own mind the general baldness with some sort of brain fever or choleraic attack peculiar to the climate, necessitating the application of lather-brush and razor to the scalp. Remarks on his profound knowledge of natural history followed, and he was then further enlightened. "Beastly!" was the response he made, accompanied by a suggestion which implied that he thought our pediculous condition was due to a lack of hygienic precautions, for which the bald-headed had only themselves to blame. "Come!" said one of them, "fetch a rake, and let us draw his covert!" The rake was produced, the carefully-preserved covert was drawn, and to the intense disgust of the freshman, his covert was not drawn blank! He was a good-natured youngster, and joined in the merriment that followed, though somewhat ruefully.

We certainly had excellent appetites during those two months, but terribly short commons. Thanks to the courtesy of my old comrade, General Macbean, C.B., the excellent officer who was at the head of our Commissariat Department, I am able to give the following exact statistics regarding our food. They show that Outram was perfectly justified in representing that our supplies were running very short indeed. But, although Outram's memory requires

no words of mine to defend it, I am in a position to state, positively, that, while laying the exact truth in this (and every other) respect before Sir Colin Campbell, he begged the Commander-in-Chief not to come to our aid, "until the latter had settled with the Gwalior Contingent."

In common with all my comrades, I was very hungry the day I heard he had written in this sense, and thought his line of reasoning altogether Quixotic in its chivalry and self-abnegation. I can, however, entirely corroborate Malleson's statement, that Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde) implicitly followed the Outram-Moorsom plan; with the exception of two trifling divergencies, occasioned, possibly, by local events which necessitated deviations, but on each of which occasions he suffered heavily by his change of route.

Here is our every-day's *menu* during the first week, officers and men receiving precisely the same allowance: For Europeans, 12 ounces of meat, including bone; 1½lb. unground wheat; two "chillums" of rice, and the same of grain; with a quarter of a "chillum" of salt. No lard, butter, ghee, lime-juice, or any kind of fresh vegetables. The European women got 6oz. of meat and bone; 12oz. of unground wheat; 1½ "chillum" of rice; 1 "chillum" of grain; and ¼ "chillum" of salt. The fighting natives received the same rations as the European women, except that they got no

meat, receiving, instead of it, 1 "chillum" dàl and 1 "chillum" of ghee. The camp followers (dhoolie-bearers, bullock-drivers and the like) only had 8oz. of wheat; 2 "chillums" of grain; no ghee or dàl; and ¼ "chillum" of salt. One could hardly expect much loyalty, devotion, courage, or even sustained exertion, on such meagre fare as theirs; and yet the poor fellows were always patient and docile, and, in very many cases, enduring and useful.

But this comparatively liberal diet was too good to last; for, on the 2nd of October, stock was taken of our provisions, when it was found that we had 280,000lbs of wheat, which, at 8,000lbs. per diem, was estimated to last 35 days. We had also enough rice for 15 days; dàl for 13 days; salt for 15 days; grain for 21 days; and ghee for 30 days. So the scale was reduced as follows, from that date. For the Europeans:

MEN.	WOMEN.
12oz. meat and bone.	6oz. meat and bone.
1lb. atta.	12oz. atta.
4oz. rice.	1½oz. rice.
1½oz. salt.	1oz. grain.
	½oz. salt.

The fighting natives suffered a similar reduction; while the poor camp followers were put upon a diet of 1lb. of wheat, 2oz. of grain, and ¼oz. of salt. One of our greatest troubles was to get our

wheat ground, as the materials for making a fire were only too plentiful. There was enough grain, of a sort, but the mills were very scarce; and yet Macbean had 8 coolies, 20 bearers, and 27 bullock drivers constantly at work grinding wheat; besides those who ground their own allowance of grain.

The beef was entirely supplied from our draught; cattle. The above provisions, such as they are described, were distributed *en bloc* to each mess, *pro capita* and, in the one in which we first found ourselves, a rather unseemly scramble took place, whereby an excessive proportion fell to the lot of some of the least scrupulous. Consequently, after a day or two's experience, Dr. Irvine and I agreed to secede from the "scratch mess," (Maitland messed at his post), and we ate our chupatties and gun-bullock, if not in thankfulness, at least in peace.

We had a capital mongrel Portuguese servant (formerly poor Crump's), who was an excellent forager, caterer, and cook; consequently, *moyennant* several rupees, he provided, nearly every day, some slight addition to our scanty *menu*. On one occasion he astounded us by placing a whole fresh turkey egg upon the board. Solemnly, gratefully, and with scrupulous accuracy, we divided the precious dainty, much marvelling whence it had been procured: but asking no questions, for conscience sake. Alas! our feast had been the envy of our neighbours, and was much talked about, leading to the discovery

that Vasco di Gama, our henchman, had purloined or purchased the delicious morsel from a nest which was the pride and property of *la grande dame de la Résidence.* I fear that worthy lady never heartily forgave us for having been receivers, and, worse still, devourers, of her stolen goods.

This may be the moment to mention the number of bullocks we had lost in action, up to the 13th of August. Namely, 6 at the battles of Aong and Pandoo Nuddee; 4 at Cawnpore; 4 at Bussarat Gunj; and 12 at Bithoor. But, *en revanche,* the Artillery took possession of 16 bullocks belonging to the rebels, at Futtehpore; 14 at Aong and Pandoo River; 60 at the battle of Cawnpore; and 6 at Onao and Bussarat Gunj; the whole of which we handed over to the Commissariat: making a total of 96, as against 25 killed in action. Of course the latter were none the worse as edibles.

When we came out of the Residency, we were all of us very low in flesh, but the condition of the wounded was deplorable in the extreme. Scurvy was not uncommon, while hospital gangrene and blood-poisoning were the rule, and an escape from one or the other of them was very rare. I believe that only one case of amputation, which took place in the Residency, resulted in a recovery. Poor Wool-house, of the 84th, had an arm amputated on the field before we went in, and lived for years afterwards, it is true; but the agonies he

suffered, and the subsequent amputations he went through, made his death a merciful release. Blood-poisoning set in, when the wound was a mere scratch, or even only a contusion. Major Stephenson, of the Madras Fusiliers, who had distinguished himself in the storming of Bitour, was struck, during a sortie from the Residency, by a ball which had previously gone through a door. The shot, though nearly spent, hit him high up in the pit of the stomach, but did not break the skin. Unfavourable symptoms speedily set in, and the wound sloughed away in a shocking manner until he died.

Considerable divergence of testimony has arisen regarding our actual losses in entering Lucknow. The following figures have been kindly supplied to me by General Macbean, and as they are entirely trustworthy, may, perhaps, help to elucidate the question. On the 21st of October, nearly a month before Sir Colin Campbell's Relief, there were the following numbers, in the Residency and adjoining Palaces: 2,396 Europeans; 755 native soldiers; 243 women; 227 children; 2,706 camp followers; 611 native servants—total, 6,938 souls. Of course the original garrison and civilians, as well as the sick and wounded, are included. Our Force, when we crossed into Oudh just a month before, numbered 3,179 effective soldiers. We lost a few men on the road, and left behind nearly 300 in the Alum Bagh. During the first few days in the Residency several

sorties were made, which cost us rather dear. Then there were such accidents as the five men who, literally, "lost their heads," while engaged in seeking for rum. Altogether I am inclined to think that our whole force did not quite lose one third of its numbers while entering the Residency, although individual corps undoubtedly did. As for our Generals, we had one killed (Neill), and one wounded (Outram), out of three; and General Willis says that the 84th Regiment, which he commanded that day, lost exactly thirty-three per cent.

Our native servants, almost without exception, showed devotion, sometimes even a splendid contempt for danger, in their fidelity. Fraser-Tytler's syce or ghora-wallah (groom) was an excellent instance of this. We have said that his horse had been killed under our gallant D. Quarter-Master General, at the Char Bagh Bridge, and that the latter had been dangerously wounded in the evening. Without receiving any order to do so, the faithful syce carried the saddle, holsters, and other horse furniture on his head, into the Residency; and, during the whole of the period in which his master lay ill, he attended him with the most touching devotion. Almost every night the syce used to prowl about in the darkness, gathering wild sorrel and other simple herbs. Of these he made a sort of salad, which not only helped to eke out the rations

of flour and gun-bullock beef; but, unpalatable as they were, they seem to have acted as an antidote to the hospital gangrene which had attacked the wound of his brave master. On more than one occasion the poor ghora-wallah was within an ace of being killed by our sentries; but he never relaxed his labour of love, and remained in close attendance upon Tytler, until the latter was carried back to Cawnpore. However, shortly after their return to that city, the faithful horse-keeper suddenly disappeared, and the utmost endeavours on Fraser-Tytler's part failed to obtain a trace of him, although he had left several months' arrears of wages in his master's hands. Whether he fell a victim to the spells of a dusky denizen of the Cawnpore Bazaar, the dagger or knife of a rival, or what other misfortune befel him, was never known.

In the distribution of our men, Eardley Maitland had one detachment, near the Residency, where he did excellent service; his first duty being to engage in a duello with one of the enemy's guns, which fired up a narrow lane, only about a hundred yards from his post.

This gun was also protected by shutters, and the rebels used to run it out and fire it, whenever they saw that our men were not ready for them, or when our guns had just been discharged. Maitland cleverly constructed a "dispart sight," which he contrived to fasten on to the muzzle of his gun,

and in this way made some capital practice; his patience being at last rewarded by knocking the gun over. I take this opportunity, tardy though it be, of expressing my deep regret that I did not, by dint of persevering representations to headquarters, obtain the Victoria Cross, not only for Maitland, but also for two others of our Battery. Some little time after those events, I made the attempt, but I suppose it was then officially considered to be too late to attend to the application. Unfortunately, we had no journalist with our column. Sir Colin Campbell was wiser in his generation, and was excellently provided in that respect. One can hardly conceive the possibility, in the present day, of a British General taking the field without at least one such invaluable addition to his Staff.

During the first week in October, 1857, while we were shut up in the Residency of Lucknow, an Order, requiring names for the V. C., precisely identical to the one issued at Cawnpore, was again sent round by Havelock. As regards our Battery, Eardley Maitland received about a dozen votes; but as the remainder were for myself, I had no alternative but again to forward my own name; although, I confess, we were, by that time, very sceptical as to any result arising from it, and consequently indifferent about the matter. The following conversation, which was overheard upon the subject, and repeated to the writer at the time,

shows in what light the question was regarded by the private soldiers themselves, of—never mind what corps. "Well," said one to his comrade, "who are you going to vote for?" The answer was "So and so, and who are you going to vote for yourself?" "Well!" replied the first questioner, "I think I shall vote for our Doctor." The others became curious to know why his choice had fallen upon the Doctor. "Because," said the soldier, "I think he's the most likely man among us to live to wear it." The others asked, in an amused tone, "What makes you think that?" "Because," was the reply, embellished with the usual affidavit, "he takes such —— good care of hisself!"

Although wild horses would be impotent to drag from me his name, or even so much of a clue as to say whether he wears the decoration or not, it may interest readers of a mystic tendency to learn that Mr. Atkins's prophecy has proved entirely true, insomuch, at least, that the person alluded to continues to take as much care as ever of that superlative blessing, his own health.

A day or two after our capture of Cawnpore, Havelock had issued an Order to all officers commanding corps, directing us to send in, without delay, a recommendation of one man from each Regiment in the Force for the Victoria Cross, the names to be chosen by the ballot-vote of officers and men. I handed the order to my Sergeant-Major, and

told him to carry it out. Soon afterwards he came to me, and asked whether officers were eligible for selection. I went across the camp and asked the question from one of Havelock's Staff, who, after enquiring from the General, replied that officers were to be so included. In about an hour, Sergeant-Major Lamont brought me a tiny piece of paper, on which he had noted the tally of votes, corresponding with the effective strength of the Battery. Except my own, which I had given in favour of Eardley Maitland, my name had received every vote. I accordingly forwarded the recommendation to Havelock. But I never heard anything more about it; and, although very deeply touched and affected by it at the time, it was scarcely a matter to which I could very well recur. It will, therefore, be understood that it was not without a feeling of pain and annoyance I read, not long since, in Archibald Forbes's clever life of "Havelock" (p. 174), the following sentences:—"When the *Gazette* appeared, containing the Lucknow honours, recommended by General Havelock, it became apparent that while his recommendation of Maude had been honoured, that in favour of Lieutenant Havelock had been disregarded." It is true that Mr. Forbes goes on to say that, "but for his father's affectionate error, Lieutenant Havelock's cool, serviceable heroism on the Char Bagh Bridge would have been *the* act of valour which gained him the Victoria Cross." But

as Lieutenant Havelock had already "gained" it, it is not clear to me what disadvantage he suffered. And most people will, I think, be inclined to consider that I have the greater cause for complaint, Lieutenant Havelock's V.C. having been granted, pursuant to his father's recommendation, fully three months previously, while mine had been simply "burked." More than this, people will read, with curious wonderment, the following terms of Havelock's *second* recommendation of his son:

"On this spontaneous statement of the Major-General (Outram) the Brigadier General (Havelock) consents to award the Cross to this officer; which act, if originating with himself, might, from the near relationship Lieutenant Havelock bears to him, assume the appearance of undue partiality." Well, yes! it might; and it is difficult to understand how he could have written as he did, when the previous despatch had already been received at the War Office!

Everybody knew that the younger Havelock was a very gallant fellow. Perhaps even it might have been said of him, with equal truth, as the mellifluous Hero of Magdala said to Malleson about Olpherts, that "he earned the Victoria Cross every time he went into action." But the truest and keenest perception of the matter seems to have lain with the 78th (Ross-shire Buffs, or Seaforth Highlanders, as they are now called) who, although repeatedly called upon

by Havelock to name some one for the distinction, steadily but respectfully refused; saying that, in their opinion, no one of their number had more particularly distinguished himself than another. At last it was represented to them by the General that if such a distinguished Regiment as the 78th persisted in this course, he could not conscientiously recommend any one else. Upon which they grimly sent in the name of one of their medical officers, who, doubtless, was thoroughly deserving of the decoration. As a matter of fact, Outram had recommended the writer for the V.C. for a totally different episode, namely, one at which that General had himself been present, and which had occurred on the road leading to the Yellow House, about an hour before the affair at the Char Bagh (Four Gardens) Bridge. And here let me say, boldly, that I do not think I did, as Olpherts is said to have done, "deserve the Victoria Cross every time I went into action;" in fact, according to my views regarding the distinction, I doubt if I ever deserved it at all, although recommended for it on three occasions.

Many military and naval men are of opinion that we should do well to follow the plan pursued by the Germans in their selections for the "Order of the Iron Cross," an analagous distinction, namely, that each recommendation (and it is not thought derogatory for a man to apply for it himself) shall be submitted to a most careful scrutiny, by a duly

and solemnly constituted Court, whose decision is then communicated to the Fountain of Honour, the Sovereign. Such a course of proceeding has the effect, no doubt, of very considerably reducing the number of recipients; but, on the other hand, it largely enhances the value of the Decoration.

One word more. There seems no good reason why officers should not receive the same monetary allowance which non-commissioned officers and soldiers in the ranks are paid when they get the Cross. The Germans do, and it is ridiculous, now-a-days, to pretend that "money is no object" to a British officer; especially when we have the brilliant example of our only General (but one) receiving £30,000 for a six weeks' campaign! No retired officer ever dreams of wearing the bit of bronze; and, if he live abroad, it is necessary for him to post a half-yearly certificate of existence, in order to retain his name on the list. One is tempted to ask: "*Cui bono?*".

The above was already written when a strange confirmation of the principle it embodies reached me from a distinguished General of Lord Clyde's Relieving Force. The following are extracts from his letter, which I am at liberty to publish:—"With regard to the Victoria Cross, I know Lord Clyde was much opposed to this decoration, and looked upon it as quite unnecessary in the British Army, the soldiers of which, he thought, rather required restraining

than egging on to do gallant deeds. After the Relief of Lucknow, many recommendations of officers and men for the V.C. were made from some regiments on whom the brunt of the fighting had fallen; whereas other regiments, which had not been engaged, had nobody to recommend for it. Lord Clyde, NOTWITHSTANDING (!) sent four Crosses to each regiment of his Force, 1 for the officers, 1 for the non-commissioned officers, and 2 for the privates. The 9th Lancers had been left to keep open communication with the Alum Bagh, *and had not been engaged with the enemy*, so had no one to recommend for the Cross. It was reported at the time that they were ordered, by Lord Clyde, to award the Cross, *nevertheless*, and that they selected one of their regimental 'bheesties' (water-carriers) for the honour: at which his lordship was very wroth." This action on the part of the 9th Lancers, which regiment had covered itself with glory at Delhi, was, perhaps, as Artemus Ward would say, "writ sarcastic;" but it does not seem to me either illogical or improper. It would probably have been easy to prove that the poor bheestie deserved the distinction just as much as many of us who have received it, myself included. He simply did his duty, according to his ability. But whatever Lord Clyde's private opinion as to the institution may have been, I respectfully submit that such a mode of action on his part as is above described, was calculated to lower and degrade the Order, and that it was opposed to

the scope and intention of that much-coveted distinction.

The extracts we have given from Major Banks' diary are interesting in several respects. They show the prices readily paid for the transmission of letters; also the number of false reports prevalent as to the movement of troops, both our own and those of the rebels.

The despatches were sent in the following manner. They were written on a narrow slip of paper, the body of the despatch sometimes being in French; while important words were in Greek characters, with the figures in Roman capitals—a primitive mode of cryptogram, which answered pretty well at the time, but of course would not do for the present day. The slip was then carefully rolled up, and put into a piece of quill about an inch long, both ends of which were stopped with sealing wax. There were several stories told of the manner in which the spies concealed the despatches; for, if suspected by the rebels, the "cossid" (messenger) was completely stripped and searched: a cruel death being inevitable if anything of the sort was found upon him. At least one important message fell into their hands, the bearer of which, of course, was executed.

Such a despatch was sent out from the Residency to Sir Colin Campbell, by Outram, advising the former General as to the best manner of coming to our relief.

The sketch map and key which accompanied it were drawn by Lieutenant Henry Moorsom, 52nd Light Infantry, at the time D. A. Quarter-Master General to our Force. Under his able direction a semaphore had been erected on the top of the Residency Tower (which is shown in our illustration); this, protected by sand bags, was worked by half-caste lads from the College of "La Martinière." I do not know how Outram had ascertained the death of his spy; but Moorsom soon prepared a fresh map, and another code of signals. The actual plan, or map, was drawn by Mr. J. May, then employed in the Engineer Department, now Colonel and C.B. Colonel May was one of the original garrison, and is, I believe, the only man living who was present at the four great events, namely, the disaster of Chinhut; the subsequent defence of the Residency; the occupation of the Alum Bagh, under Outram; and the Capture of Lucknow, in the

φορσε leaves on *θη φιφθ*, with VIII *γυνς ανδ* MCC *βαιονετς*. Are your *προυισ-ιονς συφφισιεντ το 'ολδ* out • *υντιλ θη ενδ* of *σεπτεμβερ*? Sir *Κολιν Καμ-βελ* arrives *ατ Καυπωρ* near *ενδ* of *Οκτο-βερ*. Donnez au porteur la somme de CCC *ρυπης*. *Μαπ* accompagne ceci. Santé de notre *φορσε* bonne. *Ɜη* ready to make *σορτη* on *Καυπωρ* road. See *φλαγ* on *αλαμβαγ' Ουαο*. XXIX, 7. LVII *'αυελοκ*.

following Spring, by Lord Clyde. It was on the second occasion that Mr. Henry Kavanagh, a Writer, volunteered to accompany the spy bearing the despatch. Outram and his Staff remonstrated with Kavanagh on the hardihood of his offer; but finding he would not be dissuaded, they did their best to make his disguise as complete as possible. Still, they did not very much believe in the probabilities of his getting through the circle which the rebels had drawn round our position; and so, as a matter of fact, the despatches were not entrusted to his hands. This, however, does not in the least detract from the romantic bravery of the exploit, which was handsomely acknowledged, both by the Military and Civil authorities, Kavanagh, although an "uncovenanted" civilian; receiving the V.C., and the lucrative post of Assistant-Commissioner of Oudh.

One afternoon, when sufficient time had elapsed for the despatches to have arrived at the Head-Quarter Camp at Alum Bagh, Moorsom and I ascended the Residency Tower, and began to work the semaphore, assisted by the Collegians. We noticed, with some amusement, that the enemy, thinking they had the key in their hands, maintained complete neutrality, and did not fire a shot at us, although, in spite of the sandbags, our party presented a fair enough mark for musketry. The exact distance between the two semaphores was estimated by us to be exactly three miles, and we had a very powerful telescope, so that

every movement was clearly visible. We laid our code on the coping of the parapet, and began to send a message to the Alum Bagh. After some delay, we were delighted to see the arms of their semaphore in motion, and we, each of us in turn, noted the message which was sent.

But, to our intense disappointment and confusion, we could make nothing intelligible of it. The first four letters were a complete puzzle.

M Y Y R

I think it ran; and the following signals were equally mysterious. So again we had recourse to our own semaphore, and the Martinière lads vied with one another in their alacrity in working the arms. A pause, and the same cryptogram was revealed by the telescope.

By the time we had repeated the dumb show once more, it was too dark to distinguish their movements, and we went, with rueful countenances, to report our ill success at the "Brigade Mess."

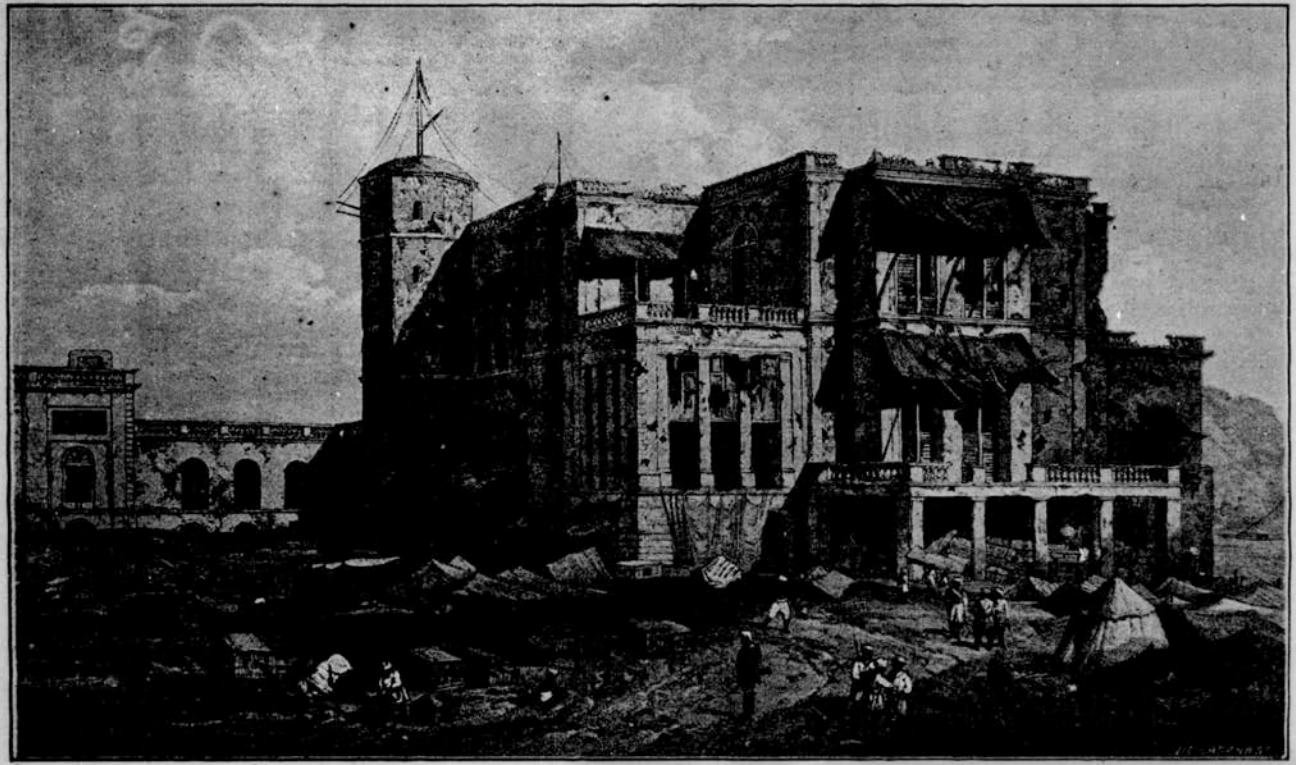
Conning the signals over again, a lucid idea came into my head, and I asked Moorsom how it would be if the workers of their semaphore were standing on a different side of the instrument to the one on which we stood? Or in other words, supposing they were reversing the movements of the arms? The meaning

of this will be best understood if a person will move his right arm up and down, after the manner of a semaphore, and while doing so, turn to the right about; or, if the spectator will walk round to the other side of him. The position will of course then appear as though he were working with his left arm. "A happy thought!" exclaimed Moorsom, and we forthwith proceeded to develope the new key. The first four letters did not appear to throw much clearer light upon the puzzle. We read them as "*goon.*" Our discomfited faces made the members of the Brigade Mess laugh heartily at our expense. But the mirth was on our side a few seconds after, when another flash of intelligence enabled us to spell out,

GO—ON—WE—ARE—READY!

Then warm and sincere congratulations were showered upon us, and at day-dawn the next morning we were both again perched up, and, reversing our own code and reading their's reversed, without the slightest hitch, soon every detail as to the strength and intended movements of Campbell's force was made known to us, and ours to them.

I have said that I was in a position to affirm that Sir Colin followed Outram's plan of attack, and for this very good reason. Nearly, if not quite, the first message sent from the Alum Bagh was: "The



THE RESIDENCY OF LUCKNOW SKETCHED JUST BEFORE THE CLOSE OF THE SIEGE, AND AFTER THE ERECTION OF MOORSOM'S SEMAPHORE.

Commander-in-Chief will follow the plan of attack communicated to him by Sir James Outram." Of course there was a symbol for the "Commander-in-Chief," as well as for many other phrases. Almost immediately after we began exchanging messages, the enemy perceived that they had not the right key, and their fire was something tremendous. So that, *malgré* our fortifications, several of the Martinière lads were wounded; but happily none were killed on this occasion. For, after all, the fire was only musketry, at over a hundred yards; the elevation being too great for their cannon. A day or two before we came out of the Residency, I personally conducted Havelock-Allan over our little Observatory. I remember his being very much impressed by the number of bullets that whistled around us as we walked on the top of the building.

No history of the Residency would be complete without a reference to the doings of Edward Long Grant, of the Madras Fusiliers, then Captain, and now Colonel and C.B. Grant is at present residing at Wellington in the Nilgherries. On our entry into the Residency, he and his company were put in charge of one of the most important posts. It was called after him, and he held it with great gallantry, until Sir Colin Campbell's Relief, although it was once mined and blown up by the rebels. However, Grant came down on his feet, and, after the Engineers had put

the post into some little repair, returned to it. Besides being blown up, he was three times wounded; the first time in the back of the leg, in Burmah, nearly hamstringing him. Then again, on our first entry into Oudh; while, in the Residency, a ball passed clean through his body, grazing and slightly wounding his liver. He used to go out every morning, "sniping," as he called it, carrying an Enfield rifle, with a supply of cartridges slung over his shoulder in a game net, in the most approved sportsmanlike style. He kept a regular "game book," in which he noted his daily "bag;" unfortunately he has not preserved it, nor, Sir John Spurgin tells me, any records of his deeds.

The total extent of the system of mines and counter-mines around the Residency and adjoining Palaces, was greater than any which has been recorded in history. The 32nd Regiment were largely recruited in Cornwall, and several of them displayed considerable aptitude in this useful arm. Unfortunately, but this by the way, they turned their dexterity in the direction of undermining the Government treasure. But the enemy only exploded three mines, during the whole Siege, which cost us any loss of life, out of a total of twenty which they excavated. On our own side, we constructed twenty-one shafts, with a total depth of two hundred feet; and 3,921 feet of galleries. Stories were told, in one of which Henry Kavanagh figured, of conversations held

LISTENING FOR THE ENEMY'S MINERS.

between our own miners and those of the enemy, in which some amusing badinage took place, the object of the latter being always to endeavour to detach our loyal Sepoys from their allegiance. General Willis, in an unpublished letter to his parents, dated Lucknow, 21st October to 25th November, gave an account of his experiences of some of the closing scenes "underground," which may throw a light upon others. "The five days," he says, "during which I held possession of the Hirn Khana (deer stable) were a particularly anxious time. Constant alarms as to the enemy mining, they were so very close. The day after the junction took place between the two Columns, 24 Royal Sappers and Miners were sent up to me, and we set to work and cut listening galleries, also two mines, under the street, into the King's Palace. I don't think I had eight hours' sleep in the whole five days. One night a Sergeant of Sappers came and told me the enemy had got into one of our galleries, and that *he had seen them*.. So I turned out the Regiment, quietly, and went to the head of the shaft with a small party; but I soon saw that it was no use our being there, unless someone went down. So I asked the Sergeant, who is a fine fellow, if he would accompany me into the gallery, which he readily did. We groped our way in the dark, stoping every now and then to listen. Suddenly we heard footsteps, which I thought came from overhead, but the Sergeant thought otherwise, and that

it was the enemy. So I gave way to his experience of sounds in these kind of places, and back we scuttled —only to find that he was mistaken. So we went down again, and, finding all safe, turned the Regiment in. But there were two more false alarms during the night; and a poor Quartermaster Sergeant of the Royal Engineers was severely wounded. He had lost his way, while bringing in his men's rations, and did not answer when challenged by our sentries." Some further extracts from General Willis's letter appear in the Appendix.

The following anecdote of Outram was current in the Residency; but I have never seen it in print. It is well known that the Bayard was sent up to the Bheel country, at a very critical period, with the view of inducing those wild and predatory people to yield allegiance to our Raj. Above all things the warlike Bheel chiefs admired personal courage, and they questioned Outram on the subject, wanting to know if the English were as brave as they were reported to be—whether he himself were a very "Roostoom" in that respect, and so forth. "No!" said Outram, modestly, "I am only an average specimen of a Britisher." "But have you faith in us?" said they. "You have come up here with an escort; but how can we tell that you really trust us?" "What proof can I give of my faith in you?" answered the Bayard of India. "Will you jump into that well?" they asked. "Yes, if you will pull me out," was the reply.

WAITING FOR THE ENEMY'S MINERS TO BREAK THROUGH.

The chiefs promised to do so; whereupon, without a moment's hesitation, Outram jumped into the well, which was deep, but fortunately had water in it. The Bheels were so taken by surprise that Outram was nearly drowned, they not knowing how to pull him out. He told them to tie their cummerbunds together; and at last the brave officer was hauled to the surface, not much the worse for his ducking. But his courageous act gained him for ever the respect and friendship of the Bheels, and it would perhaps be difficult to over-rate the political value of that friendship to-day.

I am here reminded that Outram had a theory, which is worth quoting, regarding malarial fever. When in a particularly malarious district, and his lines were often cast in such places, he used to sleep under double musquito curtains. He considered that he owed his almost entire immunity from fever and ague to this practice, arguing that the germs of that disease are found in the air, and that the double set of muslin acted on the Humphrey-Davy lamp principle, and filtered the air he breathed.

One of the chroniclers of the Mutiny has said that the officers of our Battery were obliged to avail themselves of the services of an interpreter, and hints that its efficiency was thereby much impaired. As a matter of fact, by the time we took the field we both of us knew enough Hindostani to make ourselves understood by those under us, it being a very easy

language to acquire, at least at first. Besides which, the day we left Allahabad, I had two other Artillery officers placed under my orders, both of whom were thoroughly conversant with the language, and I am perfectly certain we never suffered the slightest inconvenience in this respect, nor did any *contretemps* ever arise out of it.

I am reminded of a story, somewhat *àpropos*, which was told me at the time. An officer of Europeans, in an "up-country" station, was accosted by one of his men, who said that he could point out a place where a shot could be got at a tiger, and any time he chose. "And how did you find that out, Corporal O'Rafferty?" said the officer. "Sure, surr, Oi was talking to one of them niggers about it." (The reader will be kind enough to supply the rich Milesian brogue, which made the Corporal's explanation impressive, if not convincing.) "Pointin' to the wather Oi said, 'Bagh! Bagh!' sez Oi: 'Bagh! Bagh!' sez the nigger, noddin' his head. 'Rose, Rose?' sez Oi: 'Rose, Rose!' sez he. 'Panee peeta?' sez Oi: 'Panee peeta!' sez he. Sure, then I knew that the animals do be comin' every day to drink at the wather!"

But when all the fighting was over, and our Battery was relegated to the obscurity of Garrison Artillery, in the newly-constructed forts of Lucknow, our mess received the welcome addition of a full-blown and duly-qualified interpreter, in the person of Major

John Hallowes, of the 87th Royal Irish Regiment, who, at that time, was said to be the strongest and most superbly-built man in British India. How his genial persuasion led us to convert an Indian palace into a gymnasium, wherein our respective sets of muscles attained prodigious developments; how the grand "Jack," though his height was only five feet ten, would smilingly juggle with stupendous blocks of marble, under which even a Sandow would have staggered; how his mighty "Excalibur," with its dread inscription "Vengeance," lay ever sharpened, for all future emergencies; and how, failing such lethal occupations, we were all initiated into the milder mysteries of "three-card loo," are among the many memories of the "Letchmenteela Mess."

Alas! poor Jack! After he left Lucknow, he commanded his splendid regiment, the Royal Irish Fusiliers; then he sold out as Lieut.-Colonel; and, with £6,000 jingling in his pocket, tried his luck at Hombourg, where M. Le Blanc, the courteous owner of those tables, speedily convinced him of the truth of the proverb, which is still current at Monte Carlo, *On peut jouer sur le rouge, ou le noir: mais c'est toujours Le Blanc qui gagne!* Far better have stuck to "Irish Loo," and played on nothing lower than "the king guarded."

Soon the last signals were exchanged with Sir Colin's Force, and the semaphore made known that "the C.-in-C., with the head-quarters leaves to-morrow

for the Dilkoosha." Then began the thunder of Peel's heavy naval guns, mingled with the crack of the skirmishers' rifles; strange and suggestive combination! That we, on our part, were far from idle, is pretty generally known and acknowledged. Here is another extract from my report: "At the bombardment of the Kaiser Bagh our shells were remarkably successful, and the poor fellows never murmured at working *for thirty-six hours at a stretch*, at heavy guns and mortars, without a drop of any stimulant, and with nothing but the feeling of the importance of their exertions to induce them to continue." (We were working a powerful battery of six 8-inch mortars, and our shells did fearful execution among the crowded masses of the enemy in the courtyards of the Royal Palaces. On one occasion no less than thirteen of them were killed by the explosion of one of our mortar shells.) "During the whole of our state of siege, which had lasted nearly two months, Maitland was most useful and untiring. I was also very much obliged to Lieutenant Simpson (no doing without a Simpson) of the Bengal Army, who volunteered to assist us in our work, and who is still (January '58) a volunteer officer in my Battery."

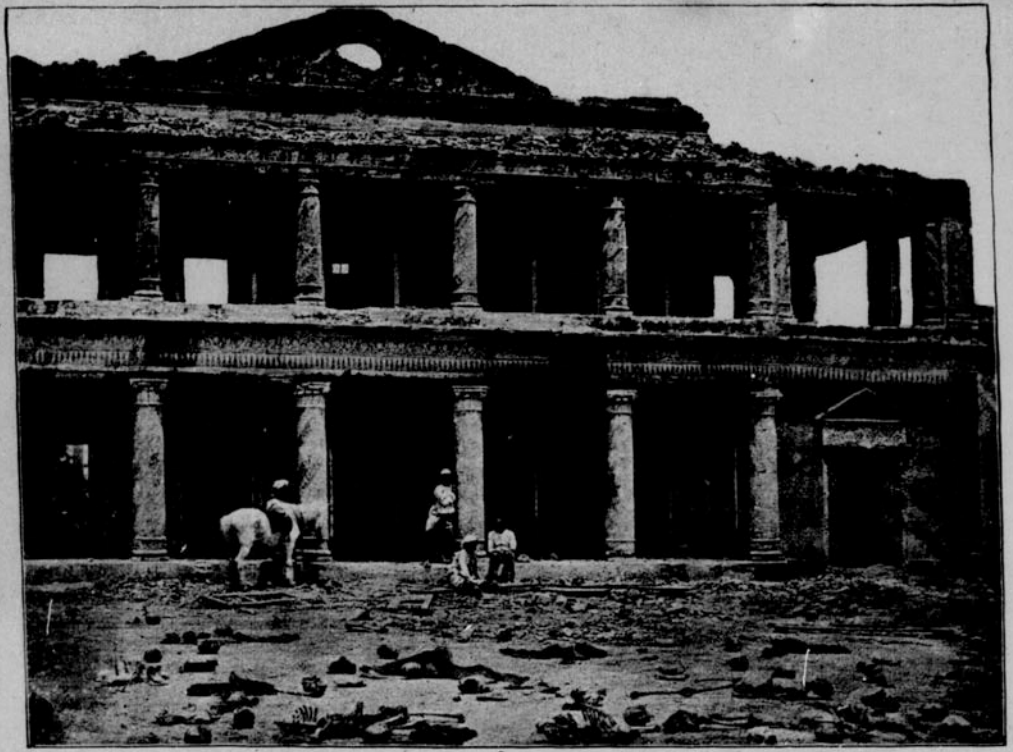
During the tremendous bombardment and heavy fighting which led to the junction of the two Forces (Outram's and Campbell's) and which is known as the "Relief of Lucknow," most of the superior officers in our little army enjoyed excellent

opportunities of witnessing some of the minutest details of the operations, from the commanding positions afforded by the turrets and cupolas of the extensive range of Palaces held by us: to which hourly additions were made, by mines and sorties on our part; besides the bombardment, assault, and capture of the portion allotted to Clyde's gallant troops. The two Generals, Outram and Havelock, with their respective Staffs, were, so to speak, in layers, one above the other, in a tower of the "Chutter Munzil." To them appealed the ever-intrepid but often histrionic "Hell-fire Jack," in terms of robust eloquence, that they would allow our troops to advance, as the "black blanks" had bolted. Afterwards this gallant and irrepressible gunner evinced his disdain of the enemy's fire, by taking a quiet drive, on one of his gun-limbers, past the great wall of the Kaiser Bagh, in the midst of a sharp fire of musketry, to which he responded only by the most expressive gesture of contempt, embellished with a few choice remarks in the purest Persian.

The doings and daring of Clyde's force have been eloquently painted, and some very desperate fighting went on, which the smoke, trees, and walls prevented us from seeing. But as soon as the junction took place we were able to realise the heavy sacrifices which had been made to effect our relief. However, we also had the satisfaction of seeing, with our own

eyes, that the punishment inflicted on the rebels was yet far heavier. In the Secunder Bagh alone, we saw over 1,860 bodies that were slain in fair fight; but the contortions into which some of their limbs were twisted clearly showed that, being wounded, they had perished in the fire, by which the Palace itself was consumed immediately after it was taken. The principal credit of this feat of arms belongs to the 93rd (Sutherland) Highlanders, although the Loodhiana Sikhs ran them very close. The former regiment had 2 officers and 23 men killed, and 7 officers and 61 men wounded. But the details of this and similar operations would exceed the limits of our work.

There is one matter, however, to which allusion should be made, in the interests of truth; namely, the storming of the 32nd Mess House, which has attracted much attention of late, and this simply and solely, as I submit, owing to the exalted rank to which two of the actors have since attained. Although not exactly present at the affair, I was a witness of it, at a distance of 860 yards; as were several of our force, including Outram and Havelock. In the following March, M. Beato, a Corfiote, made an excellent photograph of this spot, as well as of several other places of interest, in Lucknow, Cawnpore, and elsewhere. Several of these illustrations are reproduced in this book. The moment they were taken I sent a complete set of them to my father, in London, who showed them to Her

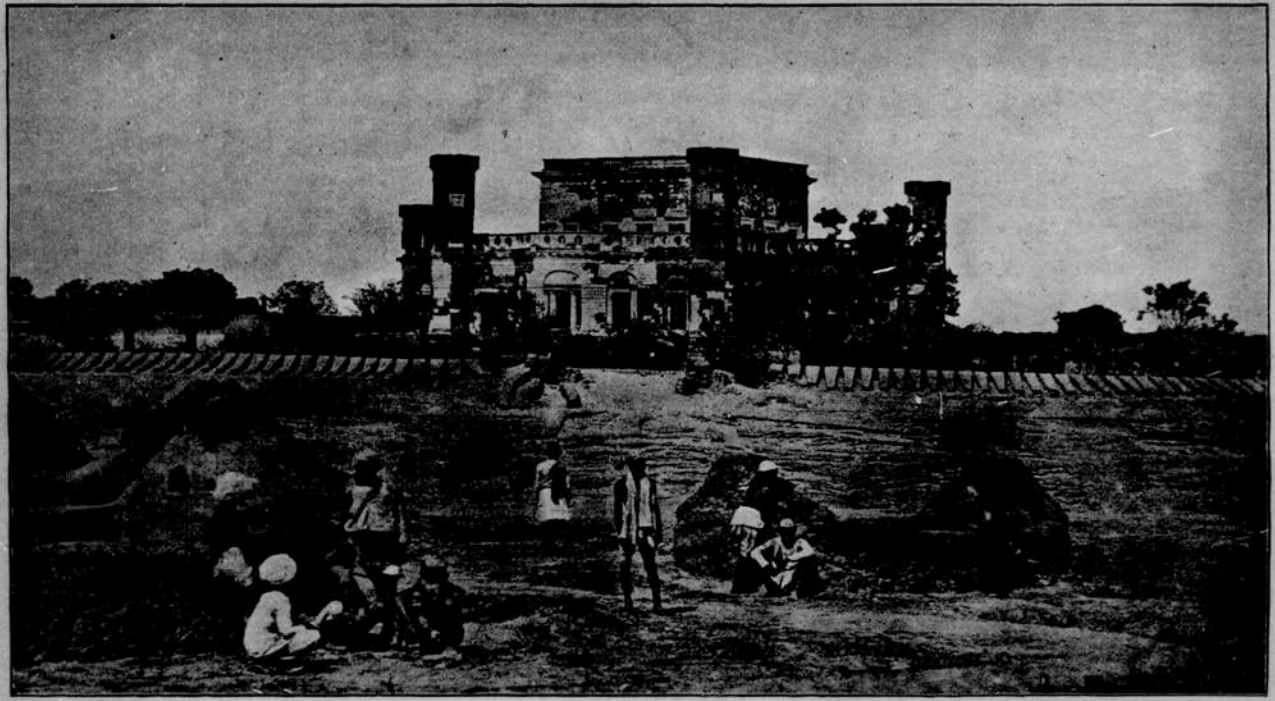


THE SECUNDER BAGH, WHERE OVER 1860 REBELS WERE SLAIN.

Majesty the Queen-Empress. That lady was graciously pleased to express her interest in them, they having been the first she had seen. I had written a short description in pencil on the back of each. Upon that of the "Mess House" appears: "Sir Colin Campbell treated this building to a bombardment of 10 hours after it had been abandoned by its defenders." I may here observe that the white marks in the photograph are the repairs, subsequently made by the rebels, of the shot-holes made by Clyde's Artillery; and that the rows of embrasures in the garden-wall were also added by the rebels, just previous to the final capture of the city, and subsequently to the famous assault, of which we are now treating. Still, even at the time of the relief, the building, standing as it did on comparatively high ground, isolated, castellated, surrounded by a moat with drawbridges, the walls *crénellés*—had a very imposing appearance of strength. But I believe, as a matter of fact, that not a man was actually killed in its assault. We could see every movement, and saw that the enemy had deserted it, although, as I have said, Clyde bombarded it during the whole of the day. Here is Malleson's account of the affair, regarding which I would only say that it is full of circumstantial details, and that his information, on all points which I have been able to verify, is always exceedingly accurate. The italics and parentheses are, in every case, my own.

Malleson's "History of the Indian Mutiny," 1888, Vol. IV., pages 142 and 143. . . . "Sir Colin Campbell wrote, on the 18th of November, that he was determined to use his guns as much as possible in taking it (the Mess House). Fire continued from early morning until 3 p.m. (This corresponds with our observations). At that hour the musketry fire of the enemy having been *almost completely silenced*, it appeared to Sir C. C. that the Mess House might be stormed *without much risk*. He ordered a company of the 90th, under Captain (now Lord) Wolseley; a picket, 60 strong, of the 53rd, under Captain Hopkins; Major Barnston's battalion of detachments under Captain Guise of the 90th (Major Barnston having been wounded); and some of the 4th Punjâb Rifles, under Captain Powlett.* Leading his men at the double across the intervening space, exposed to a hot fire from *the neighbouring buildings*, Hopkins of the 53rd, known as one of the most daring men in the British Army, reached the mud wall, dashed across the drawbridge, *fortunately left down*, and entered the Mess House. He had but just gained the place when Lieutenant (now Lord) Roberts *galloped up*, and handed him a *Union Jack*, requesting *him to hoist it*, on one *of the turrets*. Followed by one of his men, Hopkins climbed upon the *roof*, and, giving three cheers, *planted* the flag upon the

* The 93rd were not engaged here. See Postcript.—F. C. M.



THE 32ND MESS-HOUSE.

summit. The cheers were responded to by a shout from his men, but the flag had not been up ten minutes before a round-shot cut *the staff*, and sent it down into the garden. Again did *Hopkins plant it*, and again it was *knocked down*. He *asked* (whom?) to hoist it again, but just at the moment an order arrived from the Commander-in-Chief *forbidding the further display of it* (!) While searching for the flag-staff in the garden, Hopkins had come across Sir Colin, and the latter, after a brief colloquy, placed him in command of the Mess House (which, by the way, Sir C. C. used as his head-quarters). In previous editions (Malleson goes on to say) the flag incident was erroneously given to Wolseley."

Against this we have the following from Archibald Forbes, who, in his "Life of Havelock," 1890, p. 218, says: "The credit of this exploit, as well as of the capture of the Motee Mahal, had been accepted by another officer who has since risen to distinction. But the following explicit statement, under Sir Frederick Roberts' hand, has been published, and has not been contradicted: 'I took the flag of the 2nd Punjâb Infantry, by Sir Colin Campbell's orders, and *placed it on* the Mess House, to show Outram and Havelock where we were. The enemy knocked the *flagstaff* down *three times*, breaking the pole *once*. The staff is, I believe, still in the possession of the *2nd* Punjâb Infantry.'"

One is irresistibly reminded of the story of the

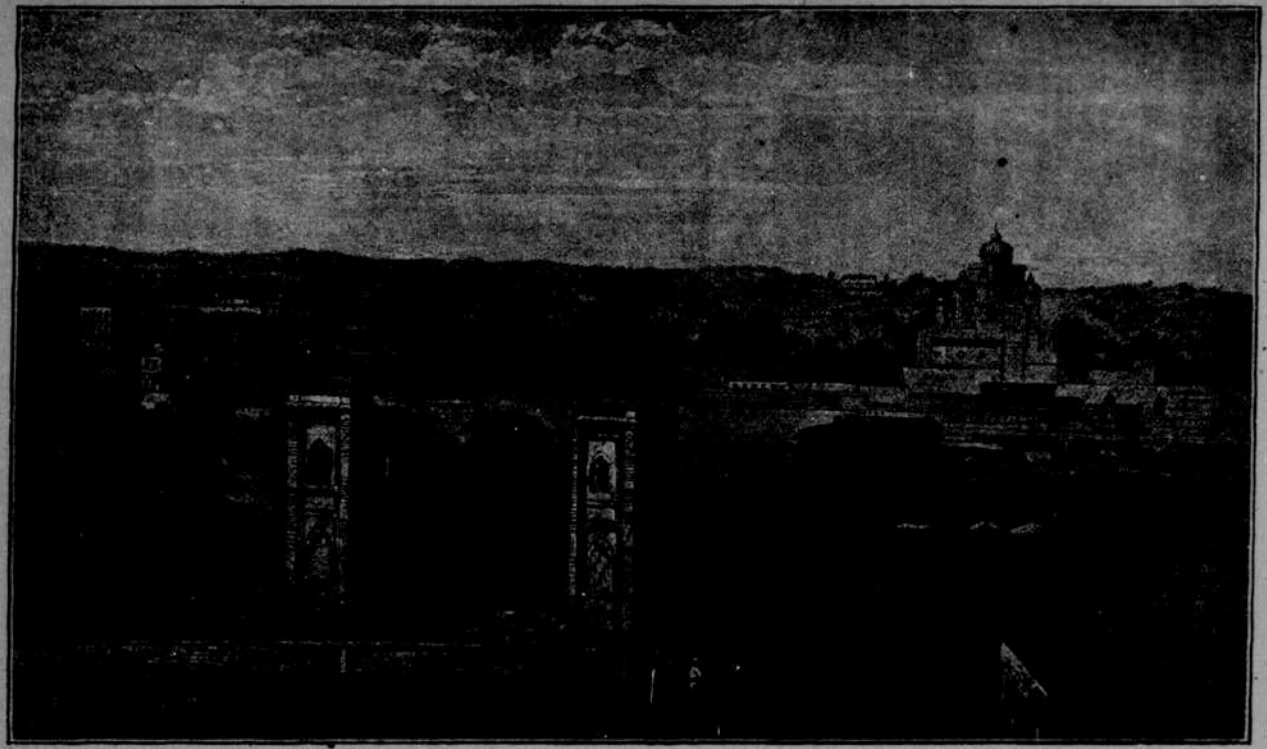
three black crows! Malleson was content with describing two falls of the National Emblem. Forbes and Roberts have testified to a third. I can only say that it is the first instance I heard of during the whole campaign, shewing such marvellous accuracy on the part of the rebel Artillery, and I had considerable experience of its capability. Nor is my own opinion unshared by that of others whom I have consulted. It is altogether phenomenal; I do not say it is impossible, but in the very highest degree improbable, that in the space of a few minutes, and only *for* those few minutes, the rebel gunners should have developed this wonderful marksmanship. Most people would be of opinion that the flagstaff, being hastily *planted*, toppled over of itself. I should very much like to hear where they procured the staff, and how they secured it? I think also that Colonel Malleson is bound to inform the world from whom he procured his information, detailed and circumstantial as it was, which induced him to promote Hopkins to the place of honour, *vice* Wolseley deposed? And lastly, whether he is now, on the *ipse dixit* of Forbes and Roberts, prepared to depose Hopkins, and place Roberts on the pinnacle of glory? When we returned *à nos moutons*, in the following Spring, the rebels had made quite a neat little fortress of the Mess House, which only required a few resolute men to have made it rather a hard nut to crack. But these were wanting, and it fell

into our hands without either a struggle or a flag-staff.

The meeting of the Generals, which took place the next day, has been often described, and has formed the subject of a stirring picture by T. J. Barker. My own share in it was somewhat ignoble. I accompanied Havelock, it is true, but a few paces behind him; and, not knowing Sir Colin, nor having any particular *raison d'être dans cette galère*, I sneaked off to get some tobacco, of which we were in desperate need, and of which we felt the deprivation far more keenly than the want of spirituous liquors. It seems strange that I was able to give up the enticing habit; but it happened in this way. In 1866, when quartered in Malta, I fell ill with "Malta fever," (a species of typhus, I believe.) Dr. Park, the excellent and attentive Surgeon of our Brigade, who knew how completely I had become a slave to the practice of smoking, strongly advised me to profit by the *nausea* which the fever had produced, and to try and give up the use of tobacco, assuring me, that if I could resist the craving for a short time, the desire would "taper off," so to speak, and I should have no difficulty afterwards. I suppose my good angel was in the ascendant, for I took Park at his word, and have never smoked pipe, cigar, or cigarette during the past 27 years. So one *can* be cured, and that without taking any vow of abstinence. Nor do I think it likely that I shall return to the fascinating pursuit, though I confess to enjoying, to this day, vicariously

and, if you will, parsimoniously, with considerable relish, the smoke of my neighbour's tobacco.

At last the order came for us to withdraw from the Residency, and we were granted by Outram, as a high honour, the post in the rear of the retreat. I think we appreciated it, but am also free to admit that there was a solemn sense of responsibility in feeling ourselves among the last who withdrew from the spot which had so long been the scene of desperate and murderous slaughter. The unburied bodies in the Palaces filled the air with an offensive smell, and an oppressive silence brooded over the place. It is not surprising, therefore, to know, that one poor officer, who was accidentally left behind until the morning, and who escaped without a scratch, went raving mad from the horror of the situation. But our secret was well kept, and not the slightest hitch occurred in the night's proceedings. So well, indeed, was the affair managed, that the enemy actually kept up their fire on the Residency during the whole of the succeeding day, until it seemed to have dawned upon them, at last, that the place was deserted. Thus nearly seven thousand persons, of whom not much more than two thousand were effective combatants, were silently and quietly withdrawn, with all their guns, from the heart of a hostile Eastern City, without the loss of a single man, woman, or child, during the operation itself. I leave it to Sherer's able hands to take up the thread of the narrative at this point.



FERAD BUKSH PALACE. 32ND MESS HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE. (VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE RESIDENCY.)

CHAPTER XVI.

"Dear to thee yet," said Iris, "is the aimless, wavering word,
Even as in peace-time. But War, the unswerving and stern, is upstirred.
Hector! of all men I charge thee—hearken and do!
For thou hast, in the City of Priam, war-helpers— and far from a few!"
So cried Iris; and Hector was ware 'twas a Queen had spoken that rede.
And he brake off the folk-mote, and they for their battle-gear hied with speed.

HOMER'S "ILIAD."

ANXIOUS WEEKS.

The throb of guns, ever and anon, was all that told us of the host growing more distant hourly. We seemed to be a very small party when left alone. Our new Commander was Colonel Wilson of the 64th, a type of the soldier now passed away. Gentlemanly, comely in appearance, of active and regular habits, a great stickler for all the traditions of the Service, a disbeliever in modern ideas of warfare, he was on a small scale what Sir George Brown was on a large

one; but withal a man of kindly disposition, and with much of the courtesy of an elder chivalry about him. The Probyns and Mr. Edwards had departed, and Probyn had been appointed magistrate of Futtehpore. But we had a few additions to our small society. Though death had, in the earlier Autumn, been very busy amongst the troops, and there was more than one somewhat secluded spot, where the simple, rounded heaps told of the unknown but not inglorious brave sleeping beneath, no minister of religion had appeared to console the last moments of those who fell for their country. But with the last reinforcements a Baptist minister, a Mr. Gregson, came up, as also a priest of the Latin Church, Father Conti. The Nonconformist was a man of considerable ability, and free from sectarian prejudice; indeed, he often dwelt with satisfaction on the circumstance that he had never been called upon to sign any especial "Credo," though of course his general acquiescence in what is understood as Christian orthodoxy was pre-supposed and actually existed. The priest was a Capuchin missionary, who had temporarily given up his particular vocation, under the emergency of circumstances. He brought with him several copies of the Rheims Testament, and some of these reached Protestants also who were devoid of all religious books. I received, too, a coadjutor in a Mr. George Benson, a man of much ability, who had got himself appointed to Cawnpore,

to relieve in some measure a great anxiety felt for relatives who were shut in at Lucknow.

Bruce's position, without the support of General Neill, was, in a degree, anomalous; but a commission he had received to correspond with Outram strengthened his independence. Still, of course, he was under the orders of Colonel Wilson, and it was not part of the latter's idea of military administration to exercise any divided authority, so that circumspection was necessary. As for the position of civilians, the old disciplinarian took an early opportunity of telling me that all the difficulties of India had arisen from weak attempts at holding the country by other than military tenure; and that, for his own part, he was quite unprepared to recognise any functions than those under his own control. I could not help thinking of Balzac's *Prince de la Bohème*, who refuses to admit that a person with so unchivalric a name as Godin has any perceptible status, "*Godin*! *cela n'existe pas, vous n'êtes rien, Godin*!" But as soon as it was perceived that official annihilation, if theoretic only and not practical, was not objected to in any way, all resentment evaporated, and we became very friendly. Sometimes I got little scrolls from Agra, and the Colonel much liked their being brought to him first, as of course it was proper they should be. The only difficulty was the telegraph, because Mr. Grant had decided that from time to time telegrams should be sent to him. But

however, Bruce played into my hands, and an opportunity occurred, of which I was glad to avail myself, when something in return could be done for him. The fall of Delhi, though it created an immense sensation throughout the country, of course let loose a vast body of ex-Sepoys and ruffians who started South. And some time after the column had gone to Lucknow, we heard that a considerable force of native troops was advancing down the Grand Trunk Road, they being determined, as it was said, to die in the *Cawnpore khet*, or fields of Cawnpore, where many of them, perhaps, were born. Bruce was anxious that something should be done to prevent this force actually advancing to within "measurable distance" of Cawnpore. But the Colonel had received strict directions, and shook his head. And as a diversion seemed to him advisable, to relieve himself of hints and suggestions he took the opportunity of a convoy starting for Alum Bagh, to appoint Bruce to take charge of it. Bruce galloped over to my tent, in consternation, for it did not suit his book in the least to leave Cawnpore; and yet of course he had to obey the Commanding Officer. So, on an understanding, I went over to call on Colonel Wilson, and gradually worked the conversation round to Bruce. If I had said a word of remonstrance, I should certainly have been asked to walk out. But I merely spoke in the most general way of Bruce's position: said how useful he was making himself to Outram,

By keeping kossids on the road, and how he had now got the threads of communication in his hands, which another person would find it difficult to take up. And, moreover, I dwelt on the point that General Neill had obtained special orders for Bruce to remain at Cawnpore. All this was said, quite casually, as if it had no bearing on present events, and Bruce himself also wrote in the same casual way. In the evening Wilson sent for Bruce, and said: "On second thoughts I scarcely think I can spare you." Bruce was a man who was confident, if he thought he was right; and so, no sooner was he relieved from fear of extinction, than he began hammering again at the expedition. I find no notice of it in Malleson, but all the same the expedition came off. Wilson with a handy little body of troops, and two guns, and accompanied by Bruce, went two marches up the Delhi road, and drove the rebels out of a village they had just reached. They fled towards the river, and he pegged into them as they were moving, and came back with his object effected and in high spirits. Stirling of the 64th commanded whilst he was away. The convoy I have mentioned as nearly blowing Bruce's candle out is not remembered without sadness. George Benson, who had recently, by the way, given a little dinner at the Hotel on his birthday, was constantly anxious to get nearer Lucknow, and he wanted leave to go with the convoy. On a point of this sort Wilson was all complacence. It seemed to him about

as important as if a black beetle had desired to crawl along the road in the wake of the guard. Benson went and hung about the Alum Bagh, undergoing many hardships, till Sir Colin came through. Then he pressed on to Lucknow, which he had so earnestly desired to reach, and was shot dead at the attack on the Secunder Bagh. Being in no recognisable position, I do not think his name was ever mentioned; but he was a brave fellow, and had he done under orders what he did for affection, he would not have filled such an unnoticed grave.

The rains up-country generally finish, at the latest, by the first week in October, and though the sunshine is very intense, yet mornings and evenings are balmy, the light golden, and the distances dream-like with the luminous haze. Rising very early on the morning of the 26th October, and accompanied by the faithful Azim Ali, I cantered on the soft side of the road towards Delhi, as we called it (for that had been the place our minds had dwelt so long on), and after a mile or two, fell in with the van of a large force. I soon met Sir George Campbell* (afterwards M.P.), whom I did not then know, but who stopped to ask news; and presently afterwards, saw three men riding abreast, two of them being Harington, of the Legislative Council, and Herbert Harington, telegraphist. These were relatives of mine, and of

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* See Appendix.

course the meeting was pleasant enough: we had all of us been through trials, but we were quite well and hearty, and looked forward, not behind. The troops now entering Cawnpore formed the well-known flying column under Greathed, that had such strange adventures at Agra, but were now commanded by Hope Grant. This gallant officer, well known before as a musician and performer on the violoncello, had at last found the opportunity so long expected, so nobly availed of, of coming to the front. My especial Harington was at the Hotel, and we had plenty to talk of, indeed everywhere the conversation was most interesting, stories of Delhi, stories of Agra, stories of the march, all full of romance. Herbert Harington was with his brother Hastings, the young Artillery officer to whom his brother gunners by acclamation assigned the Victoria Cross, for siege operations at Delhi. There was a Cross to be given, and the officers were allowed to choose the recipient. This was a double honour; "for valour" from the Queen, "for worth" from his corps. The career of Herbert Harington so well illustrates the temper of the times, that I may be excused for briefly noticing it.

He was at Oxford pursuing his studies. The Crimean War came. Studies seemed derogatory at such a crisis, and he volunteered for service; but the authorities would only allow him to go out in the transport. He went out and worked hard at Kertch,

and other places, came home through Hungary, and landed at Dover with six-pence in his pocket. Bought rolls, drank water, slept under a haystack, and reached at last the old parsonage where he had been bred. Then he returned to Oxford, and took a second, which, considering all interruptions, was very fair. But the charms of adventure had been tasted, and the quiet academical career seemed impossible. He must go somewhere. "To India," said O'Shaughnessy, "in my telegraph service, the finest service in the world." (This expression was, in a measure, hyperbolical). So in the telegraph he came, arriving at Agra in the cold weather, and taking his sword off the roof of the dâk carriage, with the expression: "My old Crimean sword, I shall not want *that* again." However, the Summer found him in the Volunteer Cavalry—only too glad to possess the old Crimean sword. And so here he had turned up again as a telegraphist. The column stayed a very short time in Cawnpore, crossing over into Oudh, and following the host we had seen wind out of sight, and had traced a little further by their guns. Harington went down to Calcutta to take his seat in the Legislative Council; Herbert went on towards Lucknow. But in the meantime reinforcements had been coming steadily up, and a constant stream of soldiers was upon us.

The merchants in Cawnpore had recovered their confidence, and would supply money in any amount; and my new coadjutor, Mr. J. W. Power, who had

come with the Agra column, and myself had a great deal of treasury work to do, paying the troops, etc. And though the district was still very disturbed, owing to certain causes—the chief being the absolute certainty that the Contingent was about to leave Gwalior—a belief began to spread that the tide was turning, and many communications from the Zemindars were received. Gradually one or two of the principal farmers, within fair distance of the station, consented to become Sub-Collectors, and to gather in the revenue. It seemed better that there should be no misunderstanding, and therefore, though it was certainly true that the Nana had taken some of the Summer revenue, it was intimated, from the first, that such payments would not count, and must not be mentioned. The Eurasian gentlemen who came from Calpee all helped in what work there was, and one of them, Griffiths, was a fine rider, and would occasionally gallop out and visit some of our Zemindar adherents. Still, of course, it was the day of small things.

On the 3rd of November Sir Colin Campbell reached Cawnpore, and the next day Power and I went to pay our respects. I had been told to expect rather a sharp fire of chaff, and therefore approached with an extra provision of equanimity. As far as mere manner went, we found the Chief rather elaborately polite, but he soon went off into sarcasm. He was very angry with Sir George Camp-

bell about an expression he had used in reference to one of the regiments, and he was exceedingly sore about the battle of Kujwa. Probyn, the magistrate of Futtehpore, had brought very prominently to the notice of Colonel Powell of the 53rd, the fact of a large body of rebels from Dinapore and Behar who had collected at a village to the south-west of the station, and Powell had taken upon himself to go out and attack them. He was killed, and the command fell into the hands of Captain William Peel, R.N., who, by a really brilliant movement, gained a complete victory. The enemy suffered severely, and three guns and three tumbrils were taken. But the battle had been fought against general orders, and Engineers had been used as common Infantry, and the Chief was displeased; angry even that Powell's attention had been drawn to the presence of the rebels, saying with great contempt that if "General" Probyn would mind his own business, it would be better for all parties. After this, a quarter of an hour with the calm, intellectual, diplomatic Mansfield, who gave some hints as to supplies and other points, in a very courteous way. He was a man with a striking face, dark thoughtful eyes, and a fine forehead.

A moment of trial had arrived for Sir Colin, whom it will be more convenient to call by the name he is now remembered by, that of Lord Clyde. At the very time a sufficient force had been gathered together to render the Relief of Lucknow certain, the

black cloud that had lain, a sullen mass, on the horizon, sped on apace to the zenith. The Gwalior Contingent moved to Calpee. It was not known then, but it is known now, that it did so under the orders of Tantia Topee, the Mahratta, who, in the absolute dearth of able men produced on the rebel side of the outbreak, has been credited, somewhat too generously perhaps, with high gifts of generalship. Lord Clyde had to decide which task to undertake first; meet the Contingent, or go to Lucknow. He determined to relieve the long-beleaguered garrison; and he left for the defence of Cawnpore a force of some 500 men, afterwards increased by Madras troops. But we were no longer under the command of Colonel Wilson; we had a new chief in the person of Redan Wyndham. He was quite a different type of man from the old regimental Colonel; he was handsome and *débonnaire*, very talkative, fond of a good story, dressy, and fashionable. But those who knew Colonel Wilson had grown to like him very much; he was not possessed of intellectual power, but he had a great deal of that worth which always makes itself felt. Just before he gave over command he had mentioned to me the pleasure he had received from a letter assuring him of the health and safety of his wife. I asked where she was, and he mentioned a station in Western India. I observed that the watch-word that evening was the name of the place, and it struck one forcibly

enough as a casual proof of the quarter to which his thoughts naturally turned.

With a detachment coming from the East, Joseph Manuel turned up one morning, having gradually got round from Nagode, and being determined to follow the fortunes of his family friend, as he regarded me. His name for me was "my superior," a title which was found rather embarrassing, suggestive of Mr. Barlow, the moral tutor, and seeming to call for some weighty aphorism to be delivered occasionally, such as: "You see, my dear Joseph, that in the long run, virtue secures that self-satisfaction without which the most splendid accidents of life would be tasteless and unprofitable," etc. The girl, Georgina Anderson, too, a Eurasian of some sixteen or seventeen years, who had been badly wounded at Humeerpore, and taken charge of by a native doctor, was brought in. Bandsman Jones, he who desired to perform on the flute at the races, was found to have a wife, and with this family Georgina was placed, where she seemed to be as happy as possible. With the Force that came from Agra, an Engineer officer named Major Norman Chester Macleod had appeared, and to him the entrenchment was made over. He was a man who, perhaps, was not very good at office work, had an impatience of details, and very likely, in those endless returns so affected by the Government, was sometimes behind-hand. But he had, nevertheless, a streak of genius: seized on the weak points of the

position, and made many remarkable improvements, which, when the hour of trial came, were highly appreciated. Having, in early surveying work, caught a fearful jungle fever, he was only able to sustain health by hydropathic appliances and a vegetable diet. It seems odd, but it is perfectly true, that a person who has strength of mind enough to adopt habits at variance with usage, in the certainty that they are beneficial to himself, does not escape the charge of eccentricity. And then to the observation, "What a good officer such an one is," comes the wretched depreciation, "Yes, but he is singular, he has a bee in his bonnet," and so on. Add to this that Macleod was of a very modest disposition. Years and years after the siege of Ghuznee in Lord Keane's time, it was found that Macleod was the man who laid the gunpowder against the gate in the night. I have often heard him tell the story. Of course, after it was done, escape had to be immediate and precipitate. To him, all eagerness about the result, came suddenly lightning in his eyes, a numbness in his face, a confusion in his head, a forgetfulness of what he was doing and where he could be, dust in his mouth, blood in his hands. He had fallen head over heels into one of the ravines forming the rough ground around the fort. Death has removed him long ago from the scene, but the great ability and brilliant readiness with which he secured the safety of that entrenchment at Cawnpore seemed to show that in any independent and un-

embarrassed position (and he required this freedom). he would have become a distinguished officer.

I had a correspondent in Calpee, and news was obtained also through Messrs. Passanah and Thornton, who had come from that bank of the Jumna, and the tidings were bad enough. The town swarmed with soldiers, and preparations were in full vigour for crossing over the guns—two eight-inch howitzers forming part of the battery.

General Wyndham had had orders to send on all Infantry, and portions of regiments coming up to Cawnpore, towards Lucknow, and loyally he did it. I remember him on the other side of the bridge, where planks had been laid down in the sand, early in the morning, seeing parties off. Seated on a handsome horse, and full of spirits, he was a fine specimen of a hearty English soldier. But some heavy work was before him. There seemed to us who had remained all along at Cawnpore to have been so many starting and none returning. We could watch them moving along the bank, and at last reaching trees which hid them—and then this wretched Oudh engulphed them. Even when Wyndham got leave to retain some of the reinforcements, he sent on a small Force with guns on hearing of the taking of Bunnee bridge. I and my compeer, James Power, had moved our tents off the glacis, and got them placed in a rather better situation for easy reference, as people were often wanting money, and here we saw all the world. There

were many officers who could not get up-country to their own corps, who were anxious to get employment somehow. A very old friend, Campbell Clark, of what was then the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers, turned up, and also no less a person than he whom in a former chapter I called Courtenay Johnson. He had held a very high post once at Lucknow, and thought he should be wanted again. A Zemindar had come one day, on a great, stout, rounded horse, such as you see painted in battle pieces, with a flowing mane, and he consented to sell it, and it was secured for Johnson's use.

And now came on the three momentous days, the 26th, 27th, and 28th of November. Even if I had the necessary power and knowledge, it would be out of character with these sketches to attempt to produce an outline of the military events that crowded themselves into this short space. Malleson has given them clearly enough, only he does not seem to me to have borne in mind that though the movements of the enemy have become known now, they were very indistinctly followed then. Information as to the number of men, or guns, in any particular place, could not be obtained with any accuracy; and Wyndham neither had, nor could have, much notion of what the rebel leader was really intending. The General had come into our tent on the 25th, and had been talking about what he meant to do. "I am certainly not going to

let these fellows think we cannot act on the offensive," he said, and then he added, "these small engagements are awkward things, very little glory gained in winning them, and perhaps some valuable life is lost, and people say it was wasted." That night, on an intimation from Brigadier Carthew, he rode out to the camp, which had been formed on the Calpee road. The next day the battle took place near the Pandoo Nuddee, and a very brilliant affair it was, and completely successful, it must be remembered. The two howitzers of which we had heard were taken, besides a 6-pounder. As evening fell, several who had been present appeared, and we heard full accounts of the various incidents of the day. Early the next morning all was bustle and excitement, the troops had to stand to arms at daybreak. The enemy, however, did not appear, and we now know that the Force moving along the Calpee road were waiting for the advance of their comrades from the Delhi road. Those who had been living outside had some of them moved into the entrenchment, and we had made arrangements for striking our tents in case of necessity.

It was about noon, and I had gone into the entrenchment, and was standing with some officers on the grass, when we heard a heavy cannonade open from the direction of Nawabgunj, where the old civil station stood. From that moment, of course, all was excitement and confusion for hours.

From time to time we got scraps of news which sounded encouraging. Carthew, as is well known held the right successfully for a long time. However, we moved our tents and traps, and got them quietly into the entrenchment, so as to be prepared. And as the, afternoon ended, the better things we had hoped for in the morning seemed passing away. Wyndham, on his way to see how the right was faring, received false intelligence that the entrenchment was being attacked, and sent orders for his left to fall back. There was a stampede amongst the few non-combatants still outside, to get into the entrenchment; and then a very disorderly entry of military with bullock-drivers, camp-followers, and what not. Mowbray-Thompson, Power, and myself, got up on a rampart, and surveyed the scene, which was one of indescribable confusion. It is pleasant to think our soldiers do not withdraw well: they fortunately have very seldom to do it. And now night fell, and the whole Force was inside the entrenchment. There were fires burning in one or two directions, and altogether it was rather an awkward time. The non-combatant portion of those enclosed had a large shelf of ground between the river and the bank assigned to them, and here the tents were placed close together. Just beyond was the Commissariat, and then a path led to a temple hanging over the water. There was an exit, by which a large house could be reached; this had been in a measure

fortified, and was occupied by Wyndham and his Staff, Bruce, and others. We retired as it grew dark to the shelf where the tent was, and found all our acquaintances. Kasinath, the fat Brahmin, and Azim Ali had made friends with some Commissariat people. Bandsman Jones and Mrs. Jones were close by; Anderson and Mr. Gregson, the Baptist minister. With the astonishing impassiveness of native servants, our little attendants had managed to cook dinner (as if a siege were a sort of picnic), and, like Swiveller's Marchioness, we made pretence of being very happy, and found it answer. Afterwards, being up in the open part, I caught a form I knew: it was Colonel Wilson. He was, of course, rather annoyed at what had happened, but still spoke with confidence of going at the enemy next day. "Straight at them, Sir!" he said, "it is the only way with these rascals. Good night." "Good night, Colonel." Sleep calmly, old soldier; it is thy last night on earth!

There was a determined little task to be done in the early hours of this night. One of the two big guns taken out, had been left in the town, in the middle of the streets. There was no reason why the enemy should not have come into the city if they had liked, but they were cautious and waited till the next day. This, of course, could not be ascertained then; and therefore the band that sallied forth to bring in the gun thought the project might be rather a

hazardous one. However, after midnight it was in the entrenchment. The General had to make all his arrangements over night. Poor man! He had caught a frightful cold, and it had taken away his voice; so when he desired to be especially emphatic, a wheezy earnestness was all that could be produced. I expect he never lay down or thought of sleep, and was only too glad when morning came, and he could set about retrieving matters. The next was a terrible day. It is not too much to say that the hero of the occasion was the Madras General, Brigadier Carthew; and yet he actually received a reprimand —a most unjust one—which had to be withdrawn, and ought never to have been given. He, it will be remembered, went out and occupied a position on the right, but between this ground and the river there was sufficient space for the rebels to advance towards the entrenchment, and to post guns on a rising bank. When this was perceived, Wyndham sent word to Colonel Wilson, who was in command of the entrenchment, to sally out and occupy a place parallel with that held by Brigadier Carthew. The old Colonel, only too glad, doubtless, of an opportunity of carrying out the policy he had enounced the previous evening, issued forth at the head of his own corps, the 64th Regiment. On what little matters issues turn at a critical moment! Often and often since have I walked over the road he took. It ran in a line with the river for some little way, and then

forked. One branch wound gently down below an old burial place, the other descended more abruptly beneath rising ground, which at the top became quite steep.

If the Colonel had known the difference of the roads, and had taken the one nearer the river, to his right, and skirting the grave-yard, he would have come to a place whence he could have peppered the rebels at the guns they had pushed forward, without exposing his own men. It was, of course, not the least his fault; but he took the wrong turn, went down the more abrupt road, and so under the bank recently occupied by the enemy. His skirmishers climbed up the steep part, and got possession of the guns, but these could not be retained. Major Stirling, waving his sword, jumped across one of the guns, and shouted encouragement to the men embarrassed with the ascent. He was cut down by troopers coming up. The enemy rallied to the spot, six of the officers of the 64th were killed, and the endeavour to carry the height failed. In consequence of this, the mutineers closed up, and occupied the ground by the river, approached close to the entrenchment, and, from a sheltered position on the bank, opened a peculiarly misdirected fire on the bridge; and at a later stage made a feeble attempt to loose a fire-boat down the stream. Poor Campbell Clark had been brought into hospital, dangerously wounded; another friend, Parsons, I had seen go by with his arm all shattered,

and I think it was late in the afternoon when, wandering near a gate of the entrenchment, I heard a voice reciting words, and looking round saw Moore, a Chaplain recently come, in his surplice, moving slowly along. And then there passed, stretched on a hospital dhoolie, reverently covered up, and attended by a favourite Portuguese servant, all that was left of poor Colonel Wilson !

The sun was setting, or had set, when Power and I went down to see how the bridge was faring. It had never been in real danger, so inadequate had the attempts of the enemy proved. We crossed over, and were standing by the palisade at the end, when we saw a cloud of dust on the Lucknow road. This grew into a small knot of horsemen, the central figure of which was peering across the water, as he turned his large-limbed horse on the quivering planks of the bridge.

The figure was Lord Clyde. When we went to bed that night we felt that all real anxiety was at an end.

Early the next day Captain Peel took up a position on the Oudh bank, above the bridge, and pounded away into the enemy's left, with his big guns worked by the sailors. When the troops had passed over, and this occupied the whole morning, the convoy commenced to cross, and their transit was not complete till the next evening. To witness this transit was, as may be conceived, a spectacle full of

interest, ladies and children and servants, and the wounded lying in their dhoolies, all went by in an apparently endless string. Colonel Malleson seldom omits an opportunity of alluding to the abilities of Tantia Topee, but it is difficult to understand, if he was the "astute" leader he is represented, why he never attempted to interrupt the passage of the convoy. The river was comparatively low; above Cawnpore both banks were entirely in the hands of the Mahratta; and he had plenty of boats; why then did he not send Horse Artillery and Cavalry across to harass Lord Clyde's rear? But nothing whatever was done. The British Force went safely over, was stretched from our entrenchment far away along the east side of the canal; but the rebels occupied the town, and their left, having the shelter of trees and old houses, was pushed close up to the entrenchment.

Standing at the ascent from the bridge, as the convoy passed, many familiar faces were recognised. One or two of the wounded had themselves carried on to our shelf in the entrenchment; amongst them, Colonel Fraser-Tytler, who had been such a type of activity; he had a nasty wound, and was quite helpless. The younger Havelock also—by this time, indeed, alas! the only one—was down. We could get out now to the east, not simply as before to the fortified house where Wyndham was, but on to the plain. Indeed, you could drive. The convoy was behind

the camp, and in comparative quietude. I went to call on Mr. Martin Gubbins, and saw his wife and sister-in-law, who, with that extraordinary calm courage English ladies possess, did not give any idea of having been through a frightful siege. The sight of children again was very pleasant, and they, true to their character, were wholly absorbed in their dolls, or some sort of knotted handkerchief which passed as such, or perhaps an empty sardine-tin drawn by a string, and enjoyed the cheerful weather, without thought of Tantia Topee, or any other bogie. When I returned to our tent the noise seemed very great; but it was not continuous, only spasmodic; and perhaps some of it was, in a measure, unnecessary. If any of the enemy came within sight there began a discharge of musketry on our part, which did not leave off for a long time. Why the rebels did not shell the entrenchment seems unaccountable. Occasionally a bullet came whizzing across, and one officer just sitting down to a cup of tea was killed in his chair. Once or twice, too, they began to fire round-shot at a central building used as a hospital, and considerable alarm was felt about the wounded. I tried to see Clark, but a doctor said: "He has only one chance—which is, quiet—pray let him have the benefit of that." We heard, too, that Parsons was very bad, and would lose his arm.

The convoy did not start for Allahabad till the

3rd of December, and then Lord Clyde was unwilling to move till news had reached him of its safety. The enemy occasionally became very audacious, mistaking doubtless the reason of the delay in attacking them. One day, when a friend and myself were in the large camp, they managed to get the range of Lord Clyde's quarters, and knocked all the breakfast things over in his cooking-tent. Not long before the end came, Bruce, who was in the fortified house, with Wyndham and his Staff, sent a little note to me, to say that he was to have an appointment, and that after this crisis had passed the abnormal state of things at Cawnpore would, of course, cease, and the military management of the city terminate, and that he was directed to make over charge to me. So I got out of the entrenchment by the little temple on the river side, and reached the house. That particular morning, the rebels had taken it into their heads that this house was a place of some importance, and, after some very bad shots, had got its range. The inmates had been driven out of the south verandah altogether, but the other side of the building was safe. As the house stood unevenly, there was on one side a small chamber partially underground, and Bruce said: "Go down there, and I will get pen and ink." I went into this hole, and, finding some bread and bacon on a shelf, was improvising a luncheon, when Bruce brought his papers. In this queer way I took charge. The

incident did me a good turn afterwards, for—incurring some rather priggish censure—I was enabled to represent the time and occasion as rude enough to excuse certain executive deficiencies. I have said that the enemy came close up to the entrenchment, on the extreme right.

John Power of my service, who had been distinguished in the early part of the Mutiny by holding on at Mynpoorie with his brother James, and De Kantzow, when all the others withdrew, had come down with the Agra column, and had gone on to Lucknow.

He was back again now, a fine tall man who delighted in a kind of fantastic calmness which was very entertaining. At his invitation, Mr. Gregson, the Baptist minister, and I went one evening to visit the posts on this extreme right. Of course most of the way we skirted along the bank, which had been thrown up, and where at short intervals soldiers were seated, ready to start up and fire if occasion called. It was not one of the stormy intervals, and therefore, besides being safe, the walk seemed also quiet. But there were occasional spaces—patches lighted up with the shining moon, where one's figure came out very distinctly, and might have formed a good mark for anybody in the trees, or buildings near. Mr. Gregson, as a minister of religion, and I, as the father of a family, thought it advisable to cross these patches at the double; but nothing would induce

our friend to accelerate his saunter. "What are you afraid of?" cried he. "Oh," I answered, wishing vaguely to justify the action, "I do not care about myself." "Then please to say," continued our imperturbable companion, stopping in one of the bright patches to dispute the point, "for whose sake you *do* run?" At the extreme end down by the river we came to the wall of a small shrine which had steps to the water's edge, and here palisades had been put by our people. It was very curious to hear the rebel Sepoys talking inside this temple, and it could be done without difficulty, for they were, in space, only a foot or two from the English soldiers.

The operations at Cawnpore are described by Tantia Topee in his journal, or statement, in the following curious words: "Having arrived at Cawnpore, there was a battle which lasted eleven days. After eleven days, the rebel army was defeated, and we all ran away." The idea of the long battle pleased the insurgents very much, for one of the Contingent being taken afterwards in a village near, and brought in, said to me: "We performed a great action, and the fame of it has probably reached Wilayut." So completely are precautionary measures misunderstood by Asiatics. Of course, it is easy to think what a source of anxiety the convoy was to Lord Clyde. However, at length, it reached Allahabad, and the General's hands were no longer tied. It is, I believe, a fact that the rebels had

begun to doubt of success, and to anticipate that they would soon be attacked in earnest; for, before the 6th of December, some movement of return towards Calpee on the part of a portion of the Force had certainly commenced. Those who desire to know what occurred when Lord Clyde considered the proper time had come for clearing Cawnpore of the host that had invested it, will find the account clearly narrated in the pages of Malleson. Some of the reviews have found his language too magniloquent, and have thought a defence of Lord Clyde for "risking his centre" rather unnecessary, when, in point of fact, the rebels were quite unprepared with any plan for resisting the attack which they could scarcely have thought would not ultimately be made. But, at any rate, it is easy to see what really took place by reference to the map, and by following the statement. And this surely is something. About nine o'clock a tremendous fire was opened from the entrenchment.

Malleson speaks of a "great artillery duel." It was scarcely that, for every one remarked how slack the return was. And though the rebels certainly had no idea how soon their right would be forced, and their camp actually taken, just as it stood and had been tenanted, there is reason to believe they had fallen back from their extreme left. The batteries in the entrenchment were very interesting, being worked by different races, one by Sikhs, one by

Madrasees, and so on. I had formed the acquaintance of one Madras Artillery soldier. He was a little chap, but wiry and strong enough. He spoke English well, and was, I suppose, a Roman Catholic. He said: "You have never seen, I dare say, a native soldier like me. We are much nearer the English than the fellows up here. There is very little difference, we can eat any meat we choose, and drink wine." "And fight, I suppose?" I said, "the English are thought to be very fond of fighting." "Oh, fight," he cried, "I should think so. We are just English over again, only a different colour."

That forenoon was certainly one of the noisiest conceivable, where we were. What took place need not be repeated here. Malleson has spoken very plainly about the events at the Subahdar's Tank; and friends of General Mansfield have found great fault with him for saying what he has said. Camp reports are not of much value, perhaps, by themselves; but where there is other evidence, they may be held corroborative. Certainly there was very much discontent felt. There was a sense of an opportunity lost. But no one seemed to think that any oversight had occurred. The words attributed to General Mansfield, when he checked the attack, were: "What is the use of intercepting a desperate soldiery, whose only wish is to escape?" The belief that this phrase was used, added to the singular expression in the despatch: "I could have taken the

guns," leads to the idea that he did not think the *jeu* worth the *chandelle*, deciding that it was better to spare precious British life than destroy worthless mutineers. And if he could have been sure that the guns would be easily taken in pursuit, perhaps the forbearance would have been excusable; it would certainly have been intelligible. But we know that the guns were very nearly got away; for Sir Hope Grant, who followed up the enemy afterwards, says himself that he only just caught them. The Mutiny would never have been put down if calm calculations had prevailed at first; but circumstances were not desperate now, and perhaps it was thought that the time of the Nicholsons and Neills had passed. At any rate, Lord Clyde expressed not one word of censure. The return from the Calpee Road pursuit did not take place till late, so that matters remained, that night, in the entrenchment, pretty much as before; but the next day we began to move out, and were able to go into the city. It was difficult to prevent looting, and, riding into one lane, I found a knot of women in great trouble, who declared they had been made to give up their nose-rings and other jewels; and, moreover, that the culprit was in a neighbouring house. I went with them to find him, and behold! he was one of the new police, who, by simply showing his firelock, had gained complete submission from all parties. He had quite a handful of ornaments about him. But Mowbray Thomson had succeeded Bruce in charge of

this body, and he took very strenuous measures to prevent further misconduct, so this particular offender was flogged at once, and dismissed the force.

One incident, however, took place, indicative of the lawlessness which, of course, had a tendency to break out on such occasions; for which I was very sorry. There was a tent-maker, in the bazaar, named Choonee Lal, a man who had throughout taken the British side very loyally, and had been of great service in many ways. Naturally handsome, he had by grain diet and simple habits obtained a certain look of benevolent content, which made one almost believe in that ideal goodness Krummacher and others have attributed to Indian sages. He was sitting, it appeared, on a charpoy, only half dressed, and proposing to come up to camp, when he saw, near his house, two soldiers enter a shop, and compel its keeper to give up his money. Choonee Lal knew English properly, and spoke to the men, telling them they were protectors, not oppressors of the poorer citizens.

An aphorism so gentle might have passed, but he unfortunately added that if any officer knew what they were doing, they would be punished. This sounded like a threat, and the knowledge of English, too, was calculated to create some alarm; and so the two fellows turned on their monitor, and one of them, putting his musket absolutely against Choonee

Lal's side, discharged it. The poor body, with face uncovered, and the pleasant smile still lingering in death, was brought to my tent, by the murdered man's nephew, who was present when the event occurred—and a truly sad sight it was.

General Wyndham, to whom the circumstance was at once reported, was greatly moved; and interesting himself extremely in the enquiries which were set on foot, managed to have the men identified and arrested; and the case was afterwards brought to a successful issue.

We got out again into tents in an open space, and indemnified ourselves for any past discomforts; but we often afterwards visited the ledge under the bank, where we had all lived, hugger-mugger, for several days.

But the place was not quite free from unpleasant associations, owing to a circumstance which occurred during our incumbency of it. Mr. Gregson and I were present when a noisy crowd approached the bank overhanging the lower plateau, and we found, in the centre of it, two men being roughly handled by some sailors and others. They were really bullock-drivers employed by our side, and having got wounded, were in search of medical aid. But being ragged chaps, and smeared with dust and blood, they were set down at once, by the lawless party with whom they had fallen in, as rebels. No remonstrance or explanation that Mr. Gregson or I could

make was of any avail, and the unhappy fellows lost their lives, and were precipitated head-foremost to the level below.

CHAPTER XVII.

Ah me! What perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!

HUDIBRAS.

DUNCAN'S HOTEL.

On the 8th of December, Lord Clyde sent Colonel Hope Grant in pursuit of that half of the rebel force which had retreated northwards, with a view of crossing into Oudh. Grant caught them at the ghât near Sheorajpore, and captured fifteen guns drawn by beautiful bullocks. A large mass of the enemy got away towards Calpee; but they crossed the Jumna, and though they kept up great excitement and disorder in the part of the district near the river, they never actually returned with any set purpose. Lord Clyde, did not, however, leave Cawnpore till Christmas, and his camp was formed some way out of the town on the north-west side.

We were, of course, free now to move and to choose some locality suited to our wants, and a large

house was occupied as the headquarters of the Civil Administration, not far east of the Canal. It was a many-roomed, rambling place, standing in a compound, with a small garden and trees near it, had once been used as an inn, and was called by the natives Duncan's Hotel. Here quite a new life began. I and my immediate coadjutors, Power and Henry W. Clark, with Mowbray Thomson as the head of the police, formed the nucleus of the establishment, and certain aggregations gradually took place. Dr. Tresidder, who had formerly lived at this station, was appointed Civil Surgeon, and becoming acquainted with what was going on in the hospital of the entrenchment, he learnt from us that two of the patients were especial friends. The day was actually fixed for Parsons to have his arm amputated; but Tresidder declared that if the case were entrusted to his especial care, he thought he could save the limb. Arrangements were accordingly made, and permission obtained; and Parsons and Clark—the latter though better was still in a ticklish condition—were removed to Duncan's Hotel, where, with better air, specially prepared food, and the constant attendance of Tresidder in the house, they both got quite well. Parsons possesses his arm, and Clark has given up trying to recover his watch chain. He was wounded dangerously in the stomach, the bullet carrying in part of the chain of his watch, links of which came away one by one, leading to the mild pleasantry that

he was delaying recovery in search of his lost property.

It was never known how many inmates the hotel contained, for besides all of us, including some Oudh men temporarily attached, visitors occasionally turned up, and there was a dinner in the evening, to which persons not living in the house sometimes came. Joseph declared that though hitherto repressed by circumstances, he possessed a native genius for catering. To him, therefore, was entrusted the commissariat; and though rather wasteful and extravagant, it must be admitted he kept the table well supplied.

At length at Christmas—the very morning before Christmas day—Lord Clyde started for Futtehgurh, and the force at Cawnpore was reduced to a small garrison again, under Inglis. The entrenchment of course formed a fort; but there was no occasion to withdraw within it any more. John Power, who, as has been mentioned, had come down from Agra, and had been to Oudh, was to go on with the Force proceeding to Futtehgurh, and assist in making any Civil arrangements possible, as he possessed the necessary powers. But when the troops were nearly at the end of the district, I got a letter from General Mansfield, saying that it seemed odd the Magistrate was not present to place establishments of police where the troops had passed through. So Mowbray Thomson and I started that evening, and, riding all

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night, reached the camp. I only stayed one day, for they had reached the limit of Cawnpore jurisdiction.

But I was very glad I went, because I saw the Chief in such a good humour. He was in Bruce's tent when I went in, was telling anecdotes, and as kind as possible. "You have heard of the Koh-i-noor, I suppose, a world-wide gem? I tell you, I, Colin Campbell, have had that stone in a box with me in the Punjâb, as if it were a toilet article, and no one the wiser." All sorts of subjects he talked about, and was most pleasant. It was a slight craze with General Mansfield that order ought to succeed immediately after troops had once marched through a part of the country. When Lord Clyde started up the Trunk Road, he sent Walpole by a kind of loop-line through the south-west of the Cawnpore district, and astonishment was expressed that pacification did not at once take place. But; besides broken bodies of rebels appearing sporadically, in various directions, during the six months of anarchy, many of the old landholders had expelled auction purchasers out of their villages, and kept up disturbances in the vain hope of staving off the evil day of restitution. It was impossible, therefore, to proceed otherwise than slowly, in getting matters straight; and confidence required time to establish itself.

As we came back from the camp we were received by a good old Zemindar, who had been in communication

with the British Authority at Cawnpore, had entered upon the duties of a Sub-Collector, and had begun collections for us under written orders sent to him. He had been obliged to fly before the Contingent; but he was back again, and occupied the collecting house, having filled it with his own armed retainers. I thought, as I walked in, amongst the wild matchlockmen, of the Board of Revenue, and of how little that sacred body dreamed a year before of a Rajpoot chief with his clan in charge of one of the fabrics devôted to the mysteries of the Fisc. Amongst the frequenters of the dinner table at Duncan's Hotel was the Commissioner, not the excellent Chester, who had departed, but another. He was a person of energy, and had done well himself; but he was better, perhaps at a definite post, performing a task, than ruling other men; at any rate the other men thought so. However, in private life he was agreeable enough; and after dinner generally asked to have two very influential natives brought in, who travelled with him, and scarcely let him out of their sight (a proof, by the way, of his influence and ability); these we called his two kings, as they wore gorgeous apparel. One morning the Commissioner sent for me, and quite casually remarked: "You are going to Ghazipore; you will find matters less in confusion there." I certainly understood him to say that he had nothing to do with the move, but that it was Mr. Grant's wish. It seemed very odd, but I did not fear Mr. Grant,

because I knew he took in the real position of things at a glance, and was a just and self-reliant man. So I sat down at once, and wrote to Mr. Grant, describing the way in which I had taken charge of the city from Bruce; and giving reasons why the district was still in a very excited condition, and how necessary patience was in expecting the re-establishment of order, and ended by saying that imbecility, like other qualities, required time to fully display itself, and that I had yet scarcely had any opening for showing want of capacity.

Mr. Grant wrote back at once, that more could not have been done than had been done under the circumstances, and that he could not agree with the Commissioner, that removal was necessary, or would be fair. Years and years have passed, and I am sure if the Commissioner is alive I sincerely hope he is happy, employing his leisure—as has been suggested for retired Anglo-Indians in *Allen's Mail*—by an improved method of poultry breeding or some other innocuous pursuit; but at that time I made up my mind to educate my children to uproot and destroy his race—in true Corsican fashion. However, a display of energy was necessary for a decision; and so Mowbray Thomson and I made a night raid to seize some supposed property of the Nana. I believe we were deceived, and taken by a Zemindar to his enemy's village, and that we looted the wrong people; but we crept into the place, at daybreak,

with a body of men armed to the teeth, turned somebody's house, at any rate, upside down, and returned in triumph. We acted in good faith at the time—the doubt came later—and we actually had this telegram all to ourselves: "The well-known Mowbray Thomson, aided by the energetic Magistrate, has succeeded, by a well-planned night expedition, in seizing on valuables, the property of the infamous Nana." I heard no more of Ghazipore.

Lord Clyde was back from Futtehgurh by the beginning of February; and, of course, the place was very busy with preparations for the great attack on Lucknow. The horse that had been prepared for Courtenay Johnson had played him a bad trick on the return from Oudh. It was an entire animal, went neighing all over the place; and when he punished it to keep it quiet, it reared suddenly up and fell back, breaking Johnson's leg. So there was he—lying with his broken limb in Bruce's house, now a hospital, and not far from him lay Napier—afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala—slowly recovering from his wound. Meanwhile, we were not without distinguished visitors at Duncan's Hotel. We had Layard, and very pleasant and entertaining we found him. He was then passing from the traveller and savant into a kind of tribune of the people, which latter career, as we all know, was arrested by diplomatic honours!

Besides Mr. Layard, we had one or two travellers, a gentleman who had volunteered for any kind of service, and others; and last, but greatest, Dr. W. H. Russell, Special War Correspondent for the *Times*. Coming in one forenoon, I found a short but sufficiently stout man, with a bright eye and a merry smile, speaking with a slight Irish accent, and dressed in a frogged and braided frock coat. "This uniform," said our friend Clark, "is a sign of the *Times*." Russell promised to come to dinner, and we had a most merry evening, for in addition to other accomplishments he sings very charmingly in a social way, and gave us, "We will catch the whale, brave boys!" and, "O lave us a lock of your hair!" in splendid style, the choruses being organised with great effect. From that day he frequently sent me accounts of different events in the Campaign, and I have a bundle of his letters, some of them with plans of positions sketched with a pen. We gave another little evening when Colonel John Inglis got his Knighthood; then Russell came again, and sustained his reputation as a *raconteur* and an amusing companion, to everybody's satisfaction. It shows how the occupation of Special Correspondent has grown, when it is remembered that he was the only member of the Press actually present with the army, employed in recording the manner in which the Mutiny was finally dealt with. In seeing him at work I remarked one gift which seems an especially useful one. He

would be sitting, pen in hand, writing his diary, or what not. You entered. "I hope I am not disturbing you?" "Not the least; I am all ears, go on." You went on, told your tale, he listening and answering. You stopped. His eye dropped on the paper; his pen moved; he resumed the thread of his writing, without difficulty, and with an unembarrassed continuity.

Theophile Gautier had the same faculty. Emile Bergerat records: "Je l'ai vu plus d'une fois, à la suite d'une visite d'étranger ou d'ami, reprendre, sans s'être relue, une phrase interrompue, souvent à la moitié d'un mot, et la poursuivre dans tous ses développements avec la même tranquillité que celle qu'il mettait à rallumer son cigare."

Inglis was a delightful man to have in command—pleasant-tempered, agreeable-mannered, attending to anything asked, giving it if possible—saying at once why it could not be given if he thought it unadvisable. And often, with the easily-amused nature of a boy, he would start some little project. The soldiers, we found, were getting liquor very easily, and he had heard that they distilled spirit in a village just opposite, in Oudh. So he asked me one day to come and look for it. We crossed and got into a knot of little houses, and in an unlikely-looking out-house we found a still. Inglis was as eager as a school-boy at a badger hunt, and shouted at the discovery. We had some people with us, and we encircled all the villagers

we could find with a rope, and brought them over the water, to frighten them; setting the still on fire; and this, spreading to others we had not seen, made a clean sweep of the smuggling hamlet. A man came in the night to say the jailer was afraid of the prisoners, and Henry Willock and I got up to go and see about it. As we rode down we saw a man in a cloak on horseback, moving through the dark, accompanied by companions. It was Lord Clyde, starting for his celebrated attack on Lucknow.

One morning, at the time of the advance on Lucknow, a tallish man with yellow hair, a pale, smooth face, heavy moustache, and large, restless, and rather unforgiving eyes, came into my room at Duncan's. He looked at me in a stony way, and then relaxing his features with a laugh, said: "I have a job for you." It was William Hodson. I had met him in India, but not since the days of his celebrity; and the joke about the "job" was in reference to years before, when I was his fag* at Rugby, and had to brush his study out, and make his coffee by the time he came back from first lesson. Besides this relation, I had known him also in family circles, for his Archdeacon father belonged to a school of religionists, amongst whom my people also took their part. Willie Hodson of the yellow hair—not great in cricket or football,

* This was my second "situation:" I had previously been valet to the late Bishop of Madras.

HODSON SLAYING THE "SHAHZADAS," OR ROYAL PRINCES OF DELHI.

but distinguished for running and athletic feats of endurance—was a soldier almost by an afterthought, for he had to get into the army through the Jersey Militia on account of age, finding his true throne at last, on an Irregular Cavalry saddle. He had been wounded not long before, and the sleeve had been cut out of the blue, braided coat, to get his arm loose; and the "job" now was for me to have it sewn on for him by the time he returned. It was sewn on, but he never returned, nor did he require the coat any more.

I do not know how it was, but there seemed a sort of understanding that something should be said between Hodson and myself about a certain event. Somehow, it occurred to both that the door should be shut for that purpose, and that he should sit down and tell me—as he began to do at once—how the Princes had been killed at Delhi. I always thought, and think now, that the action was unjustifiable: but I must bear testimony to the fact that Hodson spoke of the circumstance with no bitterness at what had been said in censure of it, and with no harshness or bravado, but in a calm argumentative tone, certainly producing the impression that, rightly or wrongly, he had convinced himself that a stern political necessity existed at the moment for striking in such a manner as to cause a sudden and lasting terror. There I leave the matter of the Princes of Delhi. Hodson was then close to the end of his

career; and after his death he was injudiciously held up as a notable specimen of a type of soldier he could not, and did not, pretend to emulate. But there are grades between Philip Sidney and Trenck, and if he bore an indistinct likeness to the first, I must say I think he should not have been compared by Colonel Malleson to the second. I thought that morning's visit was a renewal of our old friendship. I was mistaken. I supposed it was a greeting: it was really a farewell.

A sign of altered times was the approach of persons with other aims than war, and other calls than those of duty.

Beato, of photographic celebrity, turned up—he who had made a reputation during the Crimean campaign; and, with others, came a French doctor, whom I had known at Agra. Into what shelter Dr. Sganerelle had flown during the Mutiny I do not know; but here he was, as sweet as ever on his theory for the cure of Asiatic cholera. He was a man of considerable knowledge, had seen many parts of the world, and seemed never to grow cold in his belief that cholera might eventually be stamped out, and that, in the meantime, cures could be effected with safety and certainty by means of the Sganarelle bath.

We talk of Asiatic cholera, and the disease has taken its place as one of the terrors of India; but native physicians attribute it to the English. It appeared, at

any rate, in the form now associated with it, during one of Lord Hardinge's wars ; and an argumentative Bengalee might perhaps pen an essay on the inquiry, whether Shakspeare and patent-leather boots were real benefits, when accompanied by brandy and cholera-morbus. The French medico, whom I may distinguish as Dr. Sganarelle—for, like that worthy in *Le Médecin Volant*, he could boast, *J'ai des talents particuliers—j'ai des secrets ;*—had made up his mind, from historical researches into the disease, that cholera took its birth in a particular city, and was annually renewed and invigorated from its native place, travelling, as he considered he could trace, from it, as from a centre, in various directions. This city was Hyderabad, in the Deccan ; and his proposal for the abolition of cholera was the complete sanitation of that metropolis. In addition to this master notion, Sganarelle had plans of his own for dealing with individual cases of the disease. He put the patient into a tin bath, fitting as nearly as might be to the human frame, in a semi-recumbent position, and boiled the mischief out.

Joseph, as steward of our large and irregular household, was becoming rather a personage. All travellers and visitors became acquainted with him, and laughed at his quaint and racy English. He has been sketched by no less a pen than that of Dr. Russell. Though very lean and old, Joseph was wonderfully tough ; but his ancient blood required a

little warming, and I observed that he took port wine for the purpose. As this stimulant was not used at the table, I asked him where he got it, and he replied with much simplicity: "I have a friend in the Commissariat; I give him some of your tea, and he gives me Government wine." This arrangement, if open to some remark from the moral point of view, seemed to work well, and was only put an end to by the common severances of time.

The position of Joseph made him much sought after by some of his own compeers; and on one occasion, wishing to speak to him in the evening, I found him forming one of a small theological symposium, to whose discussions I thought myself entitled to listen for a short time at an open door. There was a visitor present, who claimed for himself the soubriquet of the Worm of the Bible, "for," said he, "if modesty requires that I should submit to comparison with an insignificant creeping thing, still I am such a worm as has fed on the sacred pages, till my substance, as it were, has become one with the Scriptures themselves." Joseph treated these subtleties with levity, and remarked that far from conceding such a title to his friend, he believed that the simplest hermeneutic difficulty would pose him. To this the Worm replied, there was no question Joseph could put which would not meet with an immediate answer. And Joseph, with severe dignity, said, "then explain why Rachel weeping for her children would

not be comforted." The Worm replied that there was no such passage in existence, and that the propounder of the question was demeaning himself by unsuitable frivolity. Joseph, with angry determination, sent for a Testament, and read the passage out, glaring at his adversary with not undeserved indignation. The Worm attempted to create a diversion by satire, and remarked that the company were awaiting, with some impatience, Joseph's own exegesis. "No," said Joseph, "the company will not be gratified; it is quite enough for this evening that you should have been completely defeated, and I shall not take out the interpretation till a future occasion."

A familiar figure in those days was that of Paterson Saunders, senior—so called in connexion with a stout man of the same name, living Jorunpore way, a cousin I fancy. I had known him at Agra, when he was conducting the *Messenger* at that place. He was, as I have stated before, a younger brother of the well-known J. O. B. Saunders, and was a man of a singularly fine character. He had been, when young, in South America, and knew Spanish well, which had earned for him the name of the Don. If he had been born in Elizabeth's days he would have gone forth and fought those with whom he had only traded, and would have helped to win some strange land for the British Crown. As it was, he was always looking for Eldorado. "Four lacs and member for Fife," was the ambitious programme, which he did not,

however, fulfil. An upright, wiry man, with hanging grey locks, a fine seat on a horse, and a manly bearing. He was too ungirt for these latter days; and belonged to freer, more reckless, and more jovial habitudes; but he had a true chivalric spirit, a clear head, and wielded, moreover, a picturesque pen. He was often with us, galloping up to the house in the morning, and indeed occasionally riding gently from room to room on the handsome nag he had taught to trust his hand.

> "If we fell, we e'en gat up agen,
> And sae will we yet."

A favourite refrain with him. How the old songs ring in one's ears, when the singers have long been silent!

The large body of troops that escaped by Calpee gave anxiety from time to time, and it was thought advisable, occasionally, to show troops in the part of the district lying near the river, and opposite to where they were posted in some force. Sir John Inglis had sent out a small Column before the Lucknow operations began; and Mowbray Thomson and I accompanied it for a day or two. Part of the Force was the 34th Queen's Regiment. It was very pleasant to me to be with this corps, my uncle having served in it many years, and having given an account of some of its adventures in Spain, in his "Recollections of the Peninsular," a book which, in its day,

had a great sale. The Connaught Rangers had asked Thomson to do them a little service. They had lost a young officer at the Battle of the Bridge, under Wyndham, and they had never found his body; he was believed to have fallen into a well. Thomson had promised to try and find out what had become of the body. So, as we rode home, we stopped at a village near, and asked some questions. The peasants do not like such subjects, and answered in the shuffling way they employ when they do not want to answer. But, at last, we found there was a well on the plain near, which was not used; and we got some coolies and went there. We sat waiting whilst the men went down with ropes, and at last they brought the poor fellow up. His name was Day. He must have been standing on the edge of the well to look ahead, when a round-shot caught him, and down he went. It was probably a chilly morning, and he had slipped on a mackintosh. His watch was there, and other little personal equipments, and his rings still encircled the bony fingers. We had him reverently laid on a charpoy and covered up; and it was a consolation to his fellow-officers to place him in a grave, and to have the last words of hope read over him.

Some little time before the troops were beginning to come back from Lucknow I received confidential orders that I was to prepare to lithograph a certain document in an absolutely secret way. The paper had

been, I think, in General Outram's hands, and had received some modifications on his own responsibility. I found that Kasinath, the Brahmin Deputy-Collector, had been accustomed to write on stone, and did it clearly and well. There was a native in the city who possessed a press, and I sent word to him that I was coming down to his house about nine at night, and that he must place his materials and the two workmen, the roller, and the pressman, at my disposal. These two could neither read nor write. So, after dinner, instead of going to my room, I popped into a carriage with Kasinath—no easy task—for the Brahmin required the greater part of a palkee-garee, and we went to the printer's house. Of course we sent him to bed, and locked ourselves in a room with the roller and the pressman. Then out I came with the document, and Kasinath sat down to write it on the stone. It took a long time, and the workmen were very lazy and did not like staying; but, of course, no excuses could be taken, and after midnight we got all the copies safely pulled off and wrapped up—the stone cleansed from the writing, and all traces of our work removed. Then home; the packet of papers entrusted to the hand that was to receive them—and the task was over. This was Lord Canning's celebrated Proclamation, as slightly altered by Outram, or at his suggestion—a most extraordinary and unfortunate document, which not only remained

a dead letter, but positively had to be explained by Lousada Barrow to mean nothing, before the talukdars would finally come in. Its Parliamentary effects, leading to Lord Ellenborough's explosion and subsequent resignation, are well-known.

The days at Duncan's Hotel were drawing to a close. Dr. Russell has narrated how we cured him of his dysentery; and two of the last figures remembered are those of Sir Thomas Franks,* with his fine person and his Bombastes Furioso conversation, and the tall, manly frame of the lamented Venables.

* Sir Thomas Franks commanded the 10th Foot for some years; the present Sir H. Havelock-Allan was his adjutant. He had the credit of being somewhat of a martinet. Among other trifles he interdicted smoking in the officers' mess-room and ante-room. On one occasion he was dining with another Regiment; after dinner the hosts said "they would be happy to offer him a cigar, but that they were aware of his objection to smoking on the mess premises." "Ah! me dear fellow," said the obliging guest, "sure that's a regulation I'm obliged to make for the Tenth: *ye don't know the Tenth.*" Whom, it appeared, for some inscrutable reason, Franks could not trust with tobacco. F.C.M.

CHAPTER XVIII.

While memory watches o'er the sad review
Of friends that faded like the morning dew.

CAMPBELL.

THE NAWAB'S HOUSE.

As the district was now pretty well in British occupation, business increased naturally, and we required fixed and spacious premises, for office accommodation. A large confiscated native house was chosen for Cutcherry, and a bungalow opposite for our headquarters. A family who had made large sums of money at Lucknow in the old days had got sufficiently over the border to secure their property by settling at Cawnpore, and lived there, enjoying their wealth, and the rank they had received at the Oudh capital. There were three brothers, all Nawabs, and two of them had undoubtedly joined the Nana; whilst with regard to the third, who was called the Nanha Nawab, or little Nawab, some believed in his loyalty, and some did not. He was not comfortable,

however, at Cawnpore; and left India to reside at Mecca, a year or so after the Mutiny. Our bungalow belonged to one of the rebellious brothers, Bakur Ali, and when disencumbered of walls intended to seclude the women, was very nice, some of the ceilings being painted, after the native fashion, the colouring effective, though the drawing of course was rude.

Before our move we had to make arrangements for receiving Jung Bahadur, who was on his way from Lucknow to Allahabad. The Savada Kotee, which played a well-known part in the Mutiny, was assigned to him. He arrived on horseback, and was met by a kind of procession: the Commanding Officer, and Douglas Forsyth—who was at Cawnpore, overlooking the Nana's papers—and other officials being present.

The Prince had a spare, active figure, unwearied as yet by his years, or his habits; but the face was very Tartar—with the low brow, squab nose, and pointed eyebrow of his race. He wore goggles, too, partly for ornament, I expect, for he must have been well-accustomed to the sun. We sent him a carriage and some sowars; and on leaving he had a polite note written saying he had been very comfortable. There was at length a clergyman at Cawnpore, and an excellent one he was, named Moore. He and his wife received William Peel into their house, and nursed him tenderly during his terrible illness—confluent small-pox—till he succumbed. Our Baptist friend, Mr.

Gregson, was therefore at liberty to move up to Agra. He had, I believe, contributed annals of the Mutiny to a leading Nonconformist journal in London, and was a man of intellect, and singularly free from sectarian prejudice.

Father Conti, also, though not a chaplain, held on for a time. His cheerful face always lighted up at a visit. He would be found smoking a hookah, and reading up, in case of possible controversies, Cobbett's *History of the Reformation*. A very genuine character, with much of the simplicity of the agricultural class in Italy,

We had scarcely got into our new quarters when the capture of Calpee took place. It was the height of the hot weather, and the sufferings of the soldiers must have been very great. Two of my coadjutors were out: Willock with a detachment watching the river, and James Power with Maxwell's Force that co-operated with Sir Hugh Rose, from the northern bank of the Jumna. Of course, the clearing-out of the rebels made a great difference, and materially strengthened all authority. By the time the cold weather arrived, we were able to camp out in the district; and it was, of course, desirable we should show our faces. But it was deemed better to display some little capability of enforcing what was thought right, in case of necessity, and so, this year, my movements were accompanied by some hundred or more of the military police, and five and twenty sowars. The

competition system had supplied me with two companions, Tracy and E. S. Robertson. The former was a very fine young man, with a most pleasant wit, to which he did great injustice. He walked through life, to use Gautier's phrase, like a Hungarian noble, with pearls sewn on to his boots, strewing them on the floor, regardless whether they were picked up or not. Robertson was an economist and John Stuart Millite; was understood to have a scheme in his portfolio for the improved representation of the people, and was always game for a discussion either on finance or colonial policy. He wielded a very clever pen, and amongst the narratives of district troubles during the Mutiny, drawn up by the order of Government, the report upon the Futtehpore district was written by him, from facts and circumstances supplied by me.

It was early in December, and our camp was near Sheorajpore. One afternoon, when out with Tracy on an elephant, news was suddenly brought us from Bithoor that rebels had appeared on the Oudh side of the Ganges, and were forcing their way across, as it was understood, with a view of escaping across the Doab. A messenger was sent off at once to Brigadier Percy Herbert, and we all started for Bithoor. After Sir John Inglis had gone home, Brigadier William Campbell commanded at Cawnpore, an officer who had made a celebrated mull of the pursuit at Lucknow, but who, in private life was very amusing and pleasant, and

had in his day been one of the best flat-race riders in England. He, however, died in the later Autumn, and was succeeded by Percy Herbert, brother of Lord Powys, and who had distinguished himself in the Crimea. Soon after reaching the Grand Trunk Road I met a string of camels accompanied by huge dirty Cabulees, in their long chogas, their baggy pyjamas, thick matted hair, and with matchlocks in their hands. I asked if there was any disturbance up the road. They showed their white teeth—the only clean thing about them—and answered "*Bulwa khoob chulta,*" or in other words, "There is a pretty shindy." Fortunately, there was an officer named Sullivan, with a native levy not far off, and some rough Cavalry called Towana horse, and we all went together to Bithoor, reaching it the next evening. We learnt that the person commanding the rebels was Firoze Shah: they had completed their landing, and had occupied the encamping ground, a mile or so higher up. The people at Bithoor were very glad of protection, as they were afraid of being looted. Brigadier Herbert behaved with the greatest promptitude. He wrote to me:

"Cawnpore,

"December 6th, 1858, 4 a.m.

"My dear Sherer,

"Your note arrived about an hour ago. I have telegraphed to Lucknow, Allahabad, and Calpee. I am sending 200 European Infantry up to Bithoor to reinforce you. I have about 200 Cavalry of sorts there. I

shall move them up the road or across country according to what I hear. I shall communicate my movements to you as much as possible. Send me all information available.

"PERCY HERBERT."

He put a lot of soldiers into bullock-train waggons, and sent them straight up the Trunk Road; and forming a small flying column, made off post-haste for the Jumna, hoping to catch the rebels. Firoze Shah was off in the night; and the next morning, when the troops came, and we moved forward, we found the store-house burnt down, and some of the buildings at the encamping ground still smoking, the telegraph wire cut, and strewed on the ground. The officer commanding the English soldiers had to wait for further orders; but some of us rode to a neighbouring village to inquire what had happened there, and learnt that the last troopers had only just left the little street. Firoze Shah was met in the next district by Mr. Hume and Captain Doyle, and harassed, though not arrested. He managed to get across the Jumna just before Brigadier Herbert came up; but the effect of these prompt movements was very good; for it showed that rebels could no longer venture into our territory without pursuers springing up in every direction. On coming back to the Trunk Road, I found Herbert Harington, who has been mentioned before, sitting in a cart, mending the telegraph wire. These road duties were sometimes perilous. He went out to

mend a wire near Nawab Gunj, in Oudh, with a companion and one or two sowars. Irregular troopers were suddenly seen stealing along the road to get between the party and the Gunj villages. It was a case of galloping. Harington stuck his spurs into old Sophocles, a favourite horse, and at last got ahead, but he heard the breathing of the troopers' horses at his croup. A minute or two more and the gateway was gained. But the pursuers caught up poor Vaughan, his companion, and cut him off his saddle with their sabres.

The camping that Winter was very delightful. There is, perhaps, no climate more perfect than that of the cold weather in the central districts of the North-West. The golden mornings, the sunny but pleasant noons, the balmy elastic evenings: and the country, though never striking, oftentimes agreeably diversified by mango groves and tanks, the vast peepul trees of villages, and temples rising amidst verdure, and the slender minars of mosques. Then the welcome baskets of vegetables from the station, and the newspapers and letters from home. There was sporting, too, of the less exciting sort. Some of my friends used to say of my shooting, that even Professor Freeman could bring against it no moral objection, as it amused myself, and did no harm to any living thing. Matters were not so bad, perhaps, really as this; but I confess to the easy diversion of one more fond of natural history than acquainted

with woodcraft. There were partridges, and sand grouse, and rock pigeons, and teal, and wild ducks, and wild geese, and sometimes deer and neel-gai. We had a grand old Brahmin with us as shikaree. He must have been close upon seventy, but was a picture of health and activity, and astounding at walking or swimming, or any bodily exercise. He shocked the Hindoo servants by shooting a neel-gai, which they thought going too far, because the name means blue *cow*; but he bore them down with his Brahminian rank, and declared that it was only a deer, and a fit object of sport.

We had, as we travelled along, occasionally to investigate cases of crime, of which the perpetrators were absent, but of which it seemed desirable to make some record, whilst evidence was available. In a village, a mile or two out of Cawnpore, the farmer and the village accountant were on bad terms. The latter functionary is called up-country the Putwaree, and is often of the writing, or Kayuth caste. If he be a weak man he is the slave of the farmer; if a strong-willed person, he often sides with the peasants against the farmer. In the village I am speaking of, the Putwaree aided the tenants against their landlord, and he again had sworn vengeance should the British authority ever pass away. The day the Nana attacked Wheeler's entrenchment, at the first gun the farmer set out to look for his foe. It is said that

Henry IV. of France heard, in the night before his assassination, the footsteps of Ravaillac in the streets of Paris. One may imagine that the trembling Putwaree, who had hidden for some days in his house, had heard a hundred times the farmer's dreadful step. This day it reached his door. The poor wretch was dragged out, bound hand and foot, laid on a stone before the temple of Kalee outside the village, and his throat being cut, he was solemnly sacrificed to the goddess. It is gratifying to think that, on the whole, the British name was associated as a synonym with law. My moonshee told me that during the Mutiny he was living in a house in Bignour, and heard his next-door neighbour quarrelling with his wife. During the misunderstanding the husband said: "You had better be careful, there are no British now, and no reason exists why I should not break your head and throw you into a well." The lady took the political crisis into consideration, and became silent.

Amongst the spoils which Henry Willock had brought in from the district were a pair of huge kettledrums, which were duly advertised as confiscated property, but naturally did not command an easy sale. At one village I visited, a Goshain sent word he should be much obliged if I would call on him, explaining that he was prevented calling on me by a vow never to leave the storey of the house where he sat. So I went to him, and found a temple,

with trees overshadowing it, surrounded by a court. The shrine was upstairs, or what we should call the first floor, and the Goshain was seated in a little chamber by its side. Dressed in saffron-dyed clothes, he looked venerable enough, with his iron-grey hair and ample beard. He delighted in his present quarters as the abode of miracle—for a peepul tree was growing out of the earthen floor of this upper storey, which he held to be altogether out of nature. He had only been for a year or two at the elevation he had chosen, and seemed pleased to refer to the occasion when he carried out his intention of permanently ascending. He described how he had walked round the village, for it was the place where he was born, and each hut and every turning were familiar—then put his foot resolutely on the first step, to descend no more—till he should be brought down a dead body. He told me how the chamber where he sat had been filled, once during the disturbances, with soldiers, and how he feared he might have been dragged below. But no! The Deotar protected him. And now came the point of the interview. The kettle-drums! Willock's booty had come from this shrine, and the votary pined for his kettle-drums. No one accused the devotee of having been mixed up with the rebels, and it was a pleasure to be able to gratify him in so simple and inexpensive a way. He was allowed his kettle-drums. I had often before wondered what they could be, and I found they were

used to announce service at the shrine. Many of the Mussulman Fakirs were employed by the Mutineers as spies, and sometimes as Ghazees or desperadoes, who would rush on death, sustained by the hope of that reward which is thought to be in store for those who fall for Islam. But it was, of course, impossible to explain to T. Atkins the distinctions in devotional life, and one felt sorry for Hindoo saints who were sincere. If they had really given up the world, and having made up their minds that the phenomena surrounding them were Maya, or as Le Comte de Lisle calls them, "*L'unique, l'eternelle et sainte Illusion*"—had fixed their thoughts on the Supreme essence—it was rather hard to be suddenly ordered by an apparition in a red coat to "Come out o' that," and to be kicked off their mats as the rascally clergy of the country. At Bithoor, the Nana's place, there was a saint, half visionary, half mountebank, who sat on a board on the top of a high pole, and who passed his time between prayer and tying his legs in a knot round his neck. Whether the soldiers thought this new Simon Stylites an entertainment or not, I cannot say; but he escaped all difficulties, and we found him on his airy perch, during the Winter of 1858, as acrobatic and spiritual as ever.

Some years after the Mutiny was concluded, and when time was beginning, in a measure, to efface its events from the memories of men, I met an Eurasian gentleman of much ability, who had been Deputy-

Collector with me, in the time the description of which is now drawing to a close. I asked him how he liked his station, and he replied: "Very much, the duties are not heavy, I am content and comfortable, but," he added, with a faint smile, "it is not like the golden days of Cawnpore." I felt a slight chill at my heart, and thought within myself, I hope he only means happy by "golden." For, of course, on the gradual restoration of order there were two openings for corruption—first, it was difficult to get native employees of whose antecedents one had any knowledge; and next, accounts and lists and checks were all out of gear, and there was a great deal of confiscated property; and, moreover, no end of people about with ready money in exchange for recommendations and good words. A little incident impressed upon me the extreme caution that was necessary to avoid a bad name, as also how prevalent the belief was in lax morality.

The Queen's Proclamation was read on the 1st of November, 1858. There were no especial circumstances attending its promulgation at Cawnpore; there was a parade, a sufficient, but not remarkable collection of natives; and the senior civilian, Mr. Batten, the Judge, read the document out, from a carriage. Not far from the station was the village of a Rajpoot, named Goolab Singh, who was understood to have joined Tantia Topee in the attack on the entrenchment. He had fled across the Jumna; and

hearing that the Proclamation was going to be issued, out of mere bravado crossed over into the Cawnpore district, on the morning of the 31st October. But the part where he entered was in the jurisdiction of a hot-headed Mussulman Thanadar, who determined to arrest him, as he was quite justified in doing, for the amnesty merely extended to those who came in under the Proclamation, and was on that day only *in posse*. The Mahomedan surrounded the house, and the door was burst open, and he ordered the constables to enter. But no one ventured to face the old Rajpoot, who was sitting on a charpoy. The Thanadar drew his sword and rushed in. Goolab Singh shot him with a revolver; and the Mahomedan, although mortally wounded, with a last effort, ran the Rajpoot through. They both fell dead in the court. The story was so romantic that I was anxious to get the revolver; and though I had endeavoured to avoid being mixed up in any way with confiscated property, I asked the Nazir to buy this article in for me. It was knocked down at Rs40 (£4), which was really quite as much as it was worth. When I was leaving Cawnpore, a native gentleman asked if he might say what he thought of me, without giving offence. To see ourselves as others see us is a gift desired of the gods, and I replied: "Certainly." He said: "I have watched you very carefully, and I believe you to be an honest gentleman. You have had many opportunities, and you have only stolen

one thing—the pistol of Goolab Singh!" And as if this wretched weapon carried a fatality with it, it had already subjected me to an insulting importunity, for in one of our camping expeditions the son of Goolab Singh accompanied us, paying his compliments each day, till at last he thought he was favourably viewed enough to address me in a very coaxing tone: "I say, Sahib, give me back *my* pistol!" But if the times were lax, and the agency rough, the plan of appointing Zemindars as *pro tem* Tahsildars answered very well; and in one case, Kindur Singh, who was hereditary chief of his clan, and was educated enough to write Persian, not only kept his neighbourhood perfectly quiet, but exhibited considerable talents for business. An old gentleman in horn spectacles, and his teeth tied in his mouth apparently with soda-water bottle wires, he did not look as if he could control a clan; but his influence was very great. I was the means, through representation of his worth, of considerably enlarging his estates, but he did not very long enjoy his prosperity, for he was killed in a railway accident, actually in the station-yard of Cawnpore.

Before the Winter ended we had a guest in Mr. James Wilson, the Finance Minister, who came up to make local inquiries as to a tax on tobacco, and other projects. He was a shaggy-browed Scotchman, of middle height, and sturdy enough frame, very pleasant in conversation, though occasionally subject

to going off suddenly into the Hamburg currency, whither the inexperts went floundering after him. As he wished to write overland dispatches I had prepared a tent looking over the terraces of the garden; the flowers, and then the pomegranates and oranges, and at last, through breaks in the boughs of the neems and Dalbergins—the river Ganges. I thought the sunshiny vistas might inspire him with a few poetic thoughts; but when I went in to see if the post was ready, I found he had closed up the side towards the landscape. I suppose, as the painter Fuseli said was the case with himself "Nature put him out." The Spring wore away, and then the Summer, and one Sunday morning I was starting for the home of my kind friend, Dr. Tresidder, who had said: "Come to a quiet room which I will give you, where you may write up your letters, free from interruption," when, on sitting down in the carriage, I found myself as cold as death, teeth chattering, and every limb trembling; which state of things gave place to burning heat by the time I reached the doctor's. In about three weeks' time I was able to leave this kindly home, after a jungle fever, which has never wholly deserted me since, and indeed has tripped me up only a few summers ago. It was very provoking, for Lord Canning was just coming at the commencement of the cold season to hold a Durbar, and there were all sorts of arrangements to be made for the native

Princes; but everyone helped, and matters were got into good trim.

The Durbar, when it came off, was not a splendid one; but the occasion was suitable enough, and it was desirable that the country should see that pageants could now be resumed, as well as the ordinary business of the day. Willoughby Osborne brought his Rewar Raja, a fine, tall man; and the good old Ishree, Maharaja of Benares, was there; and Sir Richmond Shakspeare escorted Punna, Bettiah, and some of the minor monarchs of mid India. There was rather a droll incident at the Durbar itself. One of the small Rajpoot chieftains had brought an old grey and toothless courtier, who had got himself up in a ferociously warlike manner, and carried a portentous sword of the pantomimic scimitar description, such as I have seen handled by the late Mr. W. H. Payne, when with terrific moustache and a turban of many-coloured folds, he has enacted the part of the cruel Sultan in a Christmas piece. The old gentleman brought this heart-rending weapon to be touched by Lord Canning, and then in a loud voice began telling him that if his enemies ever gave him any more trouble he had only to say the word and this sword should be drawn in his defence. He had a great deal more to state, but fell at last into the hands of the Masters of the Ceremonies, and was hustled out of the presence, not, however, before he had quite

upset Lord Canning's gravity, who held out for some time, but at last burst into uncontrolled laughter.

When the Viceroy moved up-country, the Commissioner and myself accompanied the camp to the limit of the district. Fortune had been favourable again in the matter of a Commissioner, for the kindly and able Cuthbert Thornhill held the post. The last morning, he and I got up early, and rode out to a small road-side police-station, just on the edge of the Cawnpore jurisdiction. The motley groups accompanying a large encampment passed us, as we sat on a charpoy under the little verandah, till at last the highway was quite clear. Then a cloud of dust appeared far off, which grew into a carriage with outriders, and Lord and Lady Canning came up. The Countess had been, as is well-known, in her day, a "*Keepsake*" beauty, and was engraved with her sister as *Hermia* and *Helena*, when Mr. Charles Heath employed his *burin* in introducing fair faces to the public. She still retained her good looks, and was noted for the grace and affability of her manner. There was to my mind always something tragic about Lord Canning's countenance. The brow was as fine almost as that of his father; but the lower part of his face was weak. There was, too, a look about him of Hamlet distraction: that he, the muser, should have fallen on days demanding masterly action:

> "The time is out of joint, O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right."

He is not a very distinct figure in the eulogies of Sir John Kaye, and if he is more intelligible in the rather coarse painting of the "Red Pamphlet," the outlines have been almost obliterated by later touches in Colonel Malleson's acknowledged volumes. Perhaps, as time wears on, and all temptations to partisanship are removed, we may arrive at a delineation which will present to us the man as he really was.

Thornhill, who had considerable talents in design, had made himself very useful—indeed indispensable—in settling the plans for the new town at Allahabad, and Lord Canning spoke very warmly to him in acknowledgment; and then, on her part, Lady Canning added some kind words. Thornhill was of course gratified, and his face was bright as we took off our hats and the carriage moved away. It was an interview of doomed people; for, with the exception of myself, who may be held to have been a bystander, within a very short time they had all separated! There is no Earldom of Canning now, and the property is held in the family of Clanricarde. Near the River Hooghly, in the beautiful Park of Barrackpore, the lady is resting; and the very title of the noble house from which she sprang—Stuart de Rothesay—is extinct. The remains of poor Thornhill were committed to the waters of the tropic sea. Of the Earl Canning, however, a lasting memorial remains in Westminster Abbey, in the shape of one of the finest statues of modern times.

All that was poor and less worthy is suppressed, whilst the head denotes that intellectual superiority which undoubtedly existed. The pose is commanding and dignified; and the nervous gathering-up of the senatorial robe in the full-veined hand incomparable.

Our household arrangements had undergone some modification, for Badul Khan, who had sorrowfully bid us farewell the night we left Futtehpore, suddenly appeared one morning with a cart containing his goods and chattels, including his wife, and claimed the direction of *cuisine*, as an old-standing right.

Joseph was not very unwilling to resign, for accounts were always burdensome to him, and we had found it necessary to audit them with more precision than was altogether pleasant to his feelings. The actual writer of the house accounts was a little old cripple, who rode up daily for the purpose, on the most unfed of ponies. He professed to know English, but was occasionally very uncertain, and articles of consumption appeared, of which no explanation seemed possible. One was a "Windquick," an implement whose origin and uses remained obscure, but as it only cost twopence, the item was passed without remonstrance. The scribe loved to insert his name at an erasure, or alongside of his Total, and generally with qualifications calculated to move pity, such as "*lame, with very children!*" Joseph retained an apartment on the premises, where he received his friends.

One morning, Joseph brought a gentleman whom he said he wished to introduce to me, and a ginger-whiskered Englishman, past middle-age, of moderate stature, walked in, whom I discovered to be the celebrated Mr. De Russet, celebrated at least to those who have read "The Private Life of an Eastern King." For he was the very barber, to whose skill the elaborate locks of Nusr-ood-Deen-Hyder bear testimony in the effigies of him to be seen in the Moosa Bagh at Lucknow. In later interviews, he declared to me that the book was a pure romance: but he was too interested a party to be received as an impartial critic. One thing he stoutly declared, which I thought not unlikely, namely, that the conversations between the King and the librarian were purely imaginary; in proof of which, he urged that the King knew only two or three words of English, whilst the librarian was equally ignorant of Hindostani. All traces of fast life had disappeared, if they ever existed, from the appearance of Mr. De Russet, and he bore every aspect of a quiet, well-to-do tradesman. As the Winter wore on, Mr. Edmonstone appeared, and inspected the institutions of Cawnpore. His secretary, Couper, was an old Haileybury friend; and it was pleasant, in the altered circumstances, to recall former days, when we were young, and excusably (or inexcusably) foolish. He succeeded to his father's baronetcy, and became Civil Commissioner of Oudh, and afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces. But he

always remained the simple and cordial comrade of old, retaining his love of those quips and jokes which help to brighten the hours, and are not unpleasant to recall, even when their mild effervescence has subsided.

People pride themselves on comparatively unimportant achievements. Théophile Gautier was more proud of the blow from his fist which, at the opening of the *Château Rouge*, marked, on the new "Turk's Head," 582 pounds, than he was of his poetry and romances.

In humbler life I pin my celebrity to "The Fine."

The City of Cawnpore was mulcted £30,000 (three lacs of rupees) for its too ready acceptance of the Nana's occupation; and this sum was successfully realised, without an appeal. A protest, indeed, reached me from a goldsmith and banker, who claimed not to have been a regular resident, and he had up a solicitor from Calcutta to fight the matter out. But this functionary, who was an excellent fellow, wrote to ask me what I should do if his client did *not* pay. In a moment of inspiration, I replied: "I should resort to the usual processes for recovering revenue." One of these was personal arrest, and the protest was therefore withdrawn, while Apollo saved his votary.

And so the period which can properly be headed, "During the Mutiny," came to its close. Health had

been injured by the severe jungle fever, and friends were kindly unanimous in saying that a holiday had been earned. So my father-in-law and myself—with a temerity only exceeded by that of the Government in accepting it—gave our joint security* for what in those days was called the "Inefficient Balance," which at Cawnpore had risen, through unadjusted advances for military purposes, public works, and commissariat, to twenty-six lacs (£260,000) and I started by dâk-garee, through the long roadside avenues, till hill and valley were reached; and so through the jungles of Sherghatty to a railway station some hundred miles from Calcutta.

When I reached the metropolis, I found Harington living with Outram and Le Geyt, the latter being the legislative member for Bombay. The Indian Bayard, when driving in the carriage with him in the evening, with no especial claim to his confidence whatever, often spoke to me of passages in his career. The sense of his own celebrity never seemed to occur to him, and he talked about public events with the same simplicity with which on "the course," in the midst of all the fashionables, he would stop and chatter, jokingly, about the price of "*Tupsee Muchlee*," as the vendors of the renowned "mango fish" brought it along, fresh from the river. But it was not in the carriage, but at the house, and before

* See page 474.

several people, including the gaunt, talkative Chisholm Anstey, who was visiting Calcutta, that Outram began to speak of having postponed taking charge from Havelock till the Bailey Guard was reached. "It was a foolish thing," he said; "sentiment had obscured duty. Every man should carry out the task assigned to him. I do not know that I could not have got through the streets of Lucknow with less loss of life. At any rate, I ought to have tried."

This plainly-expressed regret seemed to me to do his character as much credit, as the mistaken but noble impulse which called it forth. This was before the Bill—brought in by Sir Charles Wood—"for the abolition of Sir Barnes Peacock"—and I visited the Legislative Council, which was, just then, a partially popular assembly. The members stood up, behind their respective desks, and spoke, with more or less point and fluency. Mr. James Wilson, as an old House of Commons *habitué*, was enabled of course, in some degree, like Dr. Johnson's lion, "to ravage without resistance, and roar without reply."

But there was an exception. The pale, small man, who occupied the chair, was possessed of an infinity of calm self-reliance, and even the great Economist himself was obliged to admit that there was no overriding Sir Barnes. I was "accommodated" with a seat on the Bench, during the remarkable trial of the "forged will," (Government v. Shibkrishnu and Others) when

one of the richest and most influential Baboos in Calcutta was transported, to the Nâf river, for 14 years, and Dr. Crawford to eight years' penal servitude. At length the "mail-day" came, on which I was to start: I drove down to breakfast, on the river bank, with the "Master Attendant," and was by him kindly put on board the steamship *Simla.*

CHAPTER XIX.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
I see you stand, like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.

KING HENRY V.

AT THE ALUM BAGH.

While the events that have been so graphically described by Sherer were passing around Cawnpore, Outram was forming a Force at Alum Bagh, which Force, for four months, held the whole of the Oudh mutineers in check in a most masterly manner, until such time as Clyde was able to get together a sufficient army to re-capture the Capital itself. The strength of Outram's division was almost exactly the same as that which he had considered sufficient, just two months previously, for the desperate movement of throwing himself into the Residency of Lucknow; though, of course, the heavy casualties had to be made good by fresh troops. It was composed of three Field Batteries, under Vincent Eyre, Olpherts,

and Maude, respectively, the former being our Brigadier; there was also a company of (Bengal) Garrison Artillery, under George Moir. Four squadrons of Cavalry furnished 370 sabres; of these 222 were drivers of the Military Train (now Army Service Corps); 68 were volunteers; and the remaining 80 were made up from the Native Irregular Regiments who had remained faithful. The Military Train men had been *en route* for China, but, on the news of the breaking out of the Mutiny, Lord Elgin had stopped them, and ordered them to be sent on at once to India. Most of the remaining Cavalry and all the Staff had formed a portion of the Lucknow Garrison; consequently for the first few weeks of our stay at Alum Bagh the condition of all our horses was deplorable, owing to the want of forage; but they soon picked up, and latterly the Cavalry left nothing to be desired, whether on the ground of dash, celerity, courage, or intelligence. The Infantry, of which there were nominally seven battalions, comprised the 5th Fusiliers, 75th, 78th (Highlanders), 85th, 90th (Light Infantry), 1st Madras Fusiliers, and Ferosepore (Brasyer's) Sikhs. The actual strength of these regiments varied from 300 to 600 bayonets. We also had a company of Royal Engineers (Sappers and Miners), commanded by Hutchinson. This officer was the designer of the accompanying map, for the use of which we are indebted to the courtesy of the Council of the

Royal United Service Institution. Any quantity of ordnance bristled in the embrasures of our entrenched camp; in all we had 51 guns, including howitzers and mortars.

Besides this Force at Alum Bagh, Outram had two guns and 400 bayonets under his orders, at Bunnee Bridge, about twelve miles distance, on the Cawnpore road. There were only sufficient means of transport to move two full battalions, with their ammunition and tents. But this was never required, and we were fairly comfortably encamped.

One of the first things we did, on moving into camp, was to build a mud mess-house, for which the services of our little army of bullock-drivers were enlisted, *moyennant* some small extra pay (which we provided), under the able directions of Henry Moorsom.

The soil of Oudh, and in other parts of India, is strongly impregnated with phosphate of lime, producing, as is well known, excellent grain crops. A sort of nubbly efflorescence exudes periodically, which is tough enough to metal the roads. But if this "Kunka," in a softer state, is mixed with a little water, and kneaded, it can be built up in blocks about as tenacious as sun-dried bricks. Many a good fire, glass of toddy, and rubber of whist, were enjoyed in this roughly-improvised mess-room, of which Moorsom and two or three others were honorary members.

Although the enemy were in immense force in the city, and it was certain death for individuals to venture 500 yards to the front of our position (as a glance at the map will show), yet they had a due sense of our powers of mischief; and, while cannonading us, nearly every day and all day, at long bowls, they rarely mustered up courage for anything like a serious attack upon our admirably chosen position. Even when they did, it was of a half-hearted nature, and they were most severely handled by Outram, who, when untrammelled by official responsibility, had excellent capacities of leadership. His sources of information, admirably served as he was by Ungud, Anjoor Tewâree, and others, were marvellously accurate. We used to have the most complete and comfortable notice of all their projected attacks, many hours before they were actually delivered. In this way we heard of the expected advance of the poor fanatic, who was dressed up to imitate Hannoomân, the Hindu Monkey-God, and who came on, at the head of a few hundred followers, in really gallant fashion. But a very large number of them were slain, and the poor Monkey-God, hideously wounded, fell into our hands.

The Alum Bagh was a sort of Oudh Ehren-breitstein, as far as its impregnability and commanding position were concerned. Its heavy ordnance searched the surrounding country in every direction; and, whenever the enemy showed themselves in sufficient

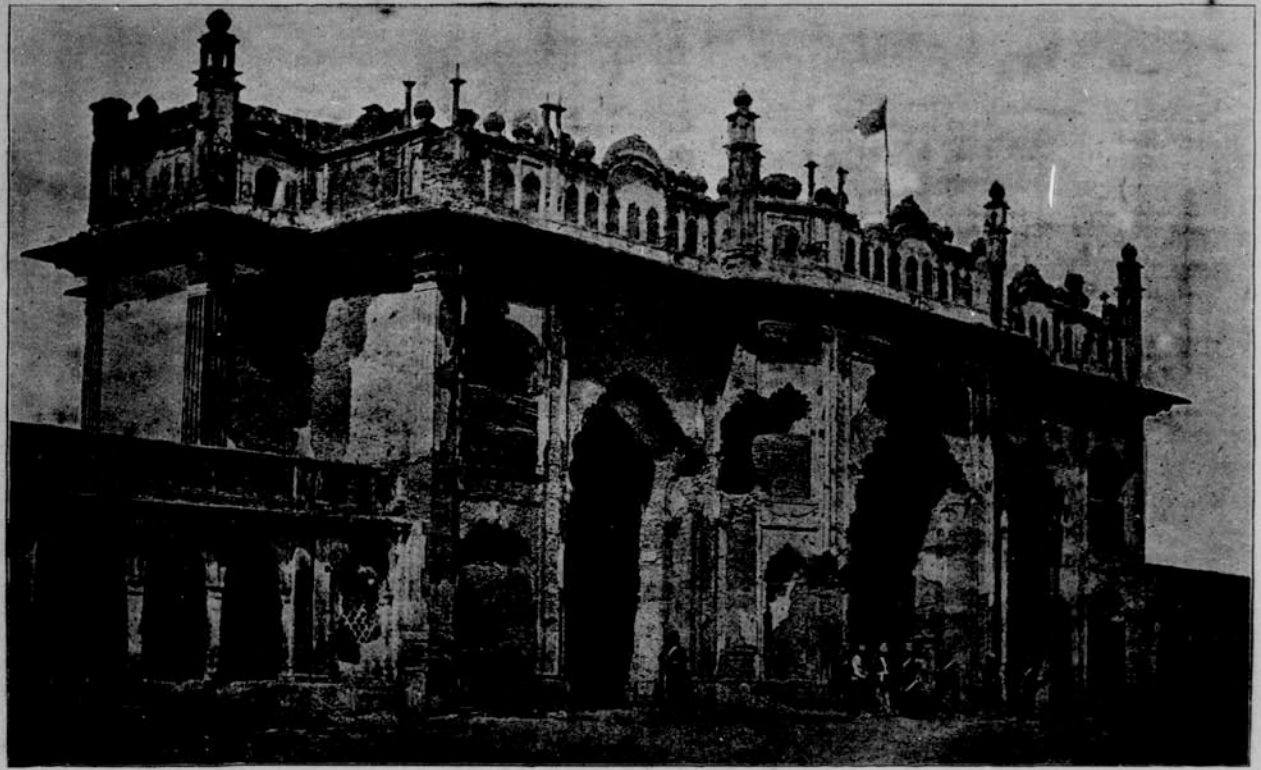
numbers to make it worth while wasting ammunition upon them, we inflicted heavy slaughter. Even during our two months' sojourn in the Residency, when its garrison (under MacIntyre) did not number 300 men, the enemy refrained from an assault, although they continually bombarded it. The total losses, during this period of 49 days, had only amounted to one soldier killed, and two wounded : although the camp-followers and cattle suffered severely.

On one of these so-called "attacks," I happened to have a couple of guns in our picquet on the left (or North-West) front; where, it being the post of danger, of course Outram was conspicuous. It was growing dusk, and the General was getting a little cross, as the enemy, while keeping up a provoking, desultory fire, showed no intention of coming to closer quarters. Besides, it was near dinner time ; and, although there were rarely any gastronomic delicacies in our camp, the fare was by no means of the despised proportions with which we had to pacify our stomachs in the preceding months. The earthwork had been constructed by the Engineers, and neatly finished off, with fascines and gabions, in the most approved style. As the grim, but genial-hearted General sat on the parapet of the work, his legs dangled in the embrasure from which I had been firing. After some minutes had passed, he turned to me and said : "Why don't you go on firing?" "If you wish it, Sir, I will," I replied. "Yes, do so,"

answered Outram, still perched up, cheroot in mouth, on the parapet. I cut and fixed the fuse, and loaded, but, of course, I waited until he moved his legs out of the embrasure. Seeing this hesitation, he sung out: "Don't mind me! Fire away!" I saw that the embrasure had a wide mouth, and hoped he was clear of the recoil, but it was not without inward misgivings that I gave the word to "fire!" When the usual cloud of smoke and dust cleared away, we had the satisfaction of seeing our good and beloved General descending, leisurely and unhurt, from the parapet; then, covered with dust and blackened with smoke, he mounted his great strawberry-roan "Waler," and jogged off slowly and silently back to his Camp. I never had the courage to ask him what his sensations were, but he must have had a tremendous shock, and he certainly never sat in an embrasure again, at least while the gun was being fired from it.

The actual fighting strength of the rebel army opposed to us in Lucknow seems to have amounted, at first, to between 50,000 and 60,000 men, according to their pay-sheets and other trustworthy information. But, as time went on, and Lord Clyde delayed his advance to the attack of the city, these gradually swelled to the immense proportions of over 100,000; of whom 7,000 were Cavalry, and 80,000 trained Infantry, with 100 guns. But, during the whole four months, Outram kept the road to Cawnpore open, and

our convoys used to come and go almost as fearlessly as before the Mutiny. With the exception of two or three pounces which we made upon the enemy, whenever they ventured out towards the rear of our camp, in each of which we inflicted heavy loss on them and took all their guns, comparatively little occurred to vary the monotony of our life. There was plenty of game in Oudh, but of course it was safe from us for the time. I had brought a very fine bull-terrier out from the Residency, which used to amuse itself nearly every night with a set-to with some sort of *ferœ naturœ*. Erstwhile a pariah dog, then a hyena, jackal, or what not; nothing came amiss to him. Several times he turned up in the morning with porcupine quills sticking in his forbidding visage, and it sometimes required a good strong pull to withdraw the dart. An amusing conversation between some of our native servants was overheard during one of the most "vigorous night attacks." "Do you think it is time for us to run away, brother?" said one to the other. "No," replied his *bhai*; "I think I will wait until the *gora lôg* begin to run." But, fortunately, the expected example was not set by our people, and the dusky brethren returned to the gurgle of their hubble-bubbles, and the unceasing and monotonous discussion of rupees, annas, and pice, as, huddled together for warmth, they spent the long Christmas nights in the Alum Bagh Camp, under the "fly" of their master's tent With such occupations,



ROUMI DURWAZA, OR CONSTANTINOPLE GATE: MADRAS (ROYAL DUBLIN) FUSILIERS ON GUARD.

indeed, these simple people absorb the hours of rest throughout the year, and with such a dietary they replace food, sleep, and even washing. The re-action usual after exciting events soon set in among Outram's Force; as was proved by the frequent courts-martial among the men of certain regiments. While it must be confessed that a good many of us officers whiled away our spare time in a perhaps scarcely less reprehensible manner, namely, by a continual study of the devil's picture-books.

At last, early in March, Lord Clyde returned, and, with 20,000 good troops, and 180 excellent guns, felt himself fully justified in laying siege to the Oudh capital. Outram's Force was broken up, but he took command of another of equal strength, and operated, with his usual brilliancy and invariable success, on the left bank of the Goomtee River. But in the important particulars of daring and dash, Outram's wings were sadly clipped by Colin Campbell, who, reversing Marshal Pelissier's famous saying, absolutely forbade Outram to "break an egg in making his omelette." In other words, he was forbidden to execute a movement by which the rebel army, already in retreat, would have been infallibly and entirely crushed, if, by doing so, he lost "the life of a single British soldier." One is tempted to wonder whether Clyde deliberately wished to spin out the campaign, for private reasons of his own; or whether there was truth in the tale current at the

time, that, not long previously, when in command on the North-Western Frontier, under the Government of Lord Dalhousie, the latter stern Satrap had good grounds for his alliterative despatch: "Colonel Colin Campbell has carried caution to the confines of cowardice." It is well known that Sir William Mansfield, afterwards Lord Sandhurst, shared the Fabian tactics of his chief, as historians have bitterly written regarding his action at Cawnpore. But that nothing succeeds like success, is at least an equally well-known and truthful dictum.

One by one the different corps were ordered to march, and join the Commander-in-Chief's camp at the Dilkoosha (Garden of Delights). When we received our orders, no hour had been fixed, and, as the weather was always fine, it occurred to me that we should best avoid the fatigue and heat by marching at night.

Accordingly, at about 8 o'clock, my Battery, at the usual strength of six guns, with waggons, etc., complete, left our camp at the Alum Bagh, and sloped silently and slowly towards the East. I had carefully taken the bearings, and it was a lovely starlight night, the ground being level, hard, and good. I steered our course by the stars. It was necessary, at first, to make a slight detour to the Southward, so as to avoid the corner of the suburbs of Lucknow, where the enemy were known to be in considerable force. I felt very certain of what I was about, but I can

quite understand that my officers and men may not have had the same entire confidence in my powers of pilotage.

Consequently, they have since confessed to having been a good deal startled, when, after about an hour's march, there suddenly rang out in the still air, the well-known challenge in Hindostani of "Kôn hai?" (who goes there?) and a rattle of arms was heard, as a guard turned out to meet us. At once it flashed across my mind that it must be a strong picquet, presumably of a Punjâb Regiment, and I answered, without hesitation, "Gora lôg!" (white people!) But I am also free to confess that I was not sorry to be assured, by their response, that we had tumbled upon friendly Native Troops, who soon guided us to the Artillery Camp. One of my officers told me that these were, to him, the most critical moments through which he passed during the whole campaign. And I can believe it. Everybody knows that driving, in a dog-cart for 'instance, you have much less confidence in the charioteer's skill, when you are sitting alongside of him, than when you are on the box yourself.

On the following Sunday morning Church Parade was ordered. Brigadier (afterwards Sir George) Barker, R.H.A., honoured us by inspecting the parade. I have already spoken of the dilapidated condition of our poor fellows' wardrobe, nor had they since improved. Very much the reverse, in fact; for

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on going into the Residency we left the whole of our baggage behind us. But some of the Royal Artillery, and especially the R.H.A.—of which brilliant branch of our corps Barker was a distinguished member—turned out nearly as smartly, that day, as they do on Woolwich Common. Barker marched up and down our ranks without uttering a syllable. Then he came in front of us, and I awaited some word of recognition.

A solemn pause was broken by these memorable words: "I think, Sir, your men might have blacked their boots!" I saw, by the Sergeant-Major's chop-fallen face, that the remark was but too true, and that the luxury provided by Day and Martin was evidently procurable in the Commander-in-Chief's Camp. I had, therefore, no excuse to offer, but was constrained, with contrition, to admit: "Yes, Sir, I believe so; but it had not occurred to me." However, blacking or no blacking, there was plenty of hard work ready for us, in the terrific bombardment with which, with much wisdom and judgment, Lord Clyde assailed the Capital of Oudh. That our gallant fellows bore their part in it right well was fully admitted, firstly by our immediate superiors, Maberly, Crawford, and others, again by the critical Barker himself, and lastly by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief. But we were only "small potatoes" in that grand *podrida*, taking our turn, to-day at the mortars, to-morrow with heavy guns,

according as our centurions commanded us. We had but few casualties, one of them, however, was our trumpeter, Joseph Orr, an exceedingly plucky lad who was shot in the knee-joint, and died miserably from *tetanus*.

The rebels left their gunpowder lying about in the most careless fashion. The consequence was that, although we "drowned" vast quantities of it, a good many accidents happened, both to men and officers.

One of these explosions took place not far from where I was standing. Going up to the spot, we found two or three of those plucky little Nepâlese (Ghoorkas) lying badly injured, and they were taken to the rear. As they were being assisted, they spoke of one of their number who had disappeared entirely. Search was made for him, but all we could find was the end of one of his fingers.

One day, we were ordered to destroy vast stores of gunpowder, discovered in the vaults below the Great Mosque in the Kaiser Bagh. By this time Prize Agents had been appointed, and their police searched every soldier vigorously, as he left the Palaces on return to his camp. Having a few minutes of idleness, I was strolling about, and examining the magnificent baldaquin, which, supported by pillars, overhung the tomb of the Holy Man to whom the Mosque had been dedicated. I found it coated with pure silver, and called my Sergeant-Major's attention to the fact. I seem to remember hearing some

sounds of breaking, wrenching and hammering. And certainly, on returning half-an-hour afterwards, the baldaquin had been levelled with the ground. When evening set in, and we had finished our day's work, I marched my men back to camp, riding, as usual, alongside of them. The police were keenly on the alert that day, and some shawls and cloth of gold were ruefully surrendered to them. On arrival in camp, as I dismounted, my hand happened to enter one of my holster cases. To my surprise, not unmixed with amusement, I found that these latter were chokefull of silver, which had been carefully hammered into solid nuggets. So I had, quite innocently and unwittingly, been the carrier of stolen goods. Again, for conscience sake, I asked no questions; but I fancied that an anxious readiness to relieve my syce of the custody of the horse augured ownership of the contents of the holsters on the part of my men.

We have heard a great deal about the value of the loot in Lucknow; but the figures shown by the Prize Agents do not by any means represent the amount actually abstracted by our troops and camp-followers. The official returns gave a little more than fourteen lacs of rupees (£140,000), the share of each private soldier amounting to £3 15s. But I believe the gunners of my battery received over £60 each. With kindly liberality, they appointed to each survivor of the Campaign, whether effective, invalided, or in

hospital, an equal sum of 600 rupees. Estimating that about 30 men shared, this would give a total of rather more than £1,800, irrespective of the prize money. But this is only an approximation, and there is no doubt that individuals belonging to other corps picked up a great deal more.

Towards the close, I think the very last day, of the capture, I had a battery of mortars in the square of the Great Imâmbara, and was distributing a good many dozens of 8-inch shells, with considerable, if not commendable, impartiality around and among the northern portions of the beautiful city, when I was offered, by a man of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, a superb cream-coloured horse, carrying a splendid tail, dyed red with henna. The soldier asked me 100 rupees for it. At once recognising that, besides its tail, the horse had really excellent points, I immediately closed the bargain, telling the (temporary) owner that I would bring him the money in the morning. He, however, declined to wait so long, sensibly but respectfully remarking that "accidents might easily happen" to prevent his getting the money. Just at that moment Edmund Roberts, then Surgeon of the Cameron Highlanders, happened to pass by. Being quite as good a judge of a horse as myself, and possessing the superior advantage of carrying some ready cash about him, he "nicked in," and became the permanent owner of the pretty beast for exactly 50 rupees. Edmund Roberts, like

his illustrious namesake, was afterwards one of the best-known and most popular men in the army. The excellence of our joint judgment was established, for the "red-tailed nag," at subsequent race meetings, won quite a pot of money for his owner. Volumes might be written regarding loot in India, and how it was gotten. *De mortuis*, etc., so we will not name them; but several of the foremost "loot wallahs" paid for it with their lives.

I have now to confess my own solitary delinquency in that respect (not counting the holsters full of silver). One evening, some time after the capture of Lucknow had been effected, my senior Sergeant asked to speak to me. The men, he said, had divided amongst themselves *(vide supra)* the value of a few things they had picked up, but there was a little trifle over and above, which they did not like to break up, and—would I accept it? At the same time he handed me something wrapped up in silver paper. Its weight at once told me that it was a valuable gift, and I hesitated about accepting it; but, after consulting my brother officers, I decided to do so. It proved to be a hookahdân, of pure gold, about a foot in height, which had belonged to the Begum (Queen) of Oudh. Just at that time a friend wrote to me from England, asking me to become godfather to his daughter, and when I got down to Calcutta I exchanged the men's present, at Messrs. Spinks' for a Victoria Cross in

diamonds, adding to it a string of pearls which I had bought from the Sikhs; so the equivalent of the Begum's hookahdân was put to a good use, as it still adorns a very pretty neck.

Readers will remember the reference made to my meeting with "Brown Holland," at the capture of the ex-King of Oudh. I saw nothing of the former afterwards till the Spring of 1870. In May, of that year, I was acting as Secretary to a Company, which the Duke of Manchester, Bedford Pim, R.N., George Dudell, and myself promoted. It was called the "Emigrant and Colonist's Aid Corporation, Limited." His Grace was the Chairman, and we had half-a-dozen other peers on the Board, besides substantial City men. One day Holland called to see me.

He had had to leave his Regiment, owing to a complaint of the chest; and he said he was walking about London, seeking work; would I give him employment? I said that I really had nothing for him to do, but would give him a few shillings a-week as supernumerary clerk. Accordingly, he came to the office nearly every day, for four or five hours. One day I received an open cheque from Mr. Bell, of Darlington, one of our Directors, for £50, on account of calls. Holland said he was going into the City, and asked if I had any message. I gave him Bell's cheque, and asked him to pay it into Messrs. Dimsdale, Fowler, and Co., Cornhill, who were the Bankers of

the Corporation; our offices being in Queen Square, Westminster. It was on a Thursday. The next day Holland did not come to the office. On Saturday afternoon, at about three o'clock, I received the following telegram:

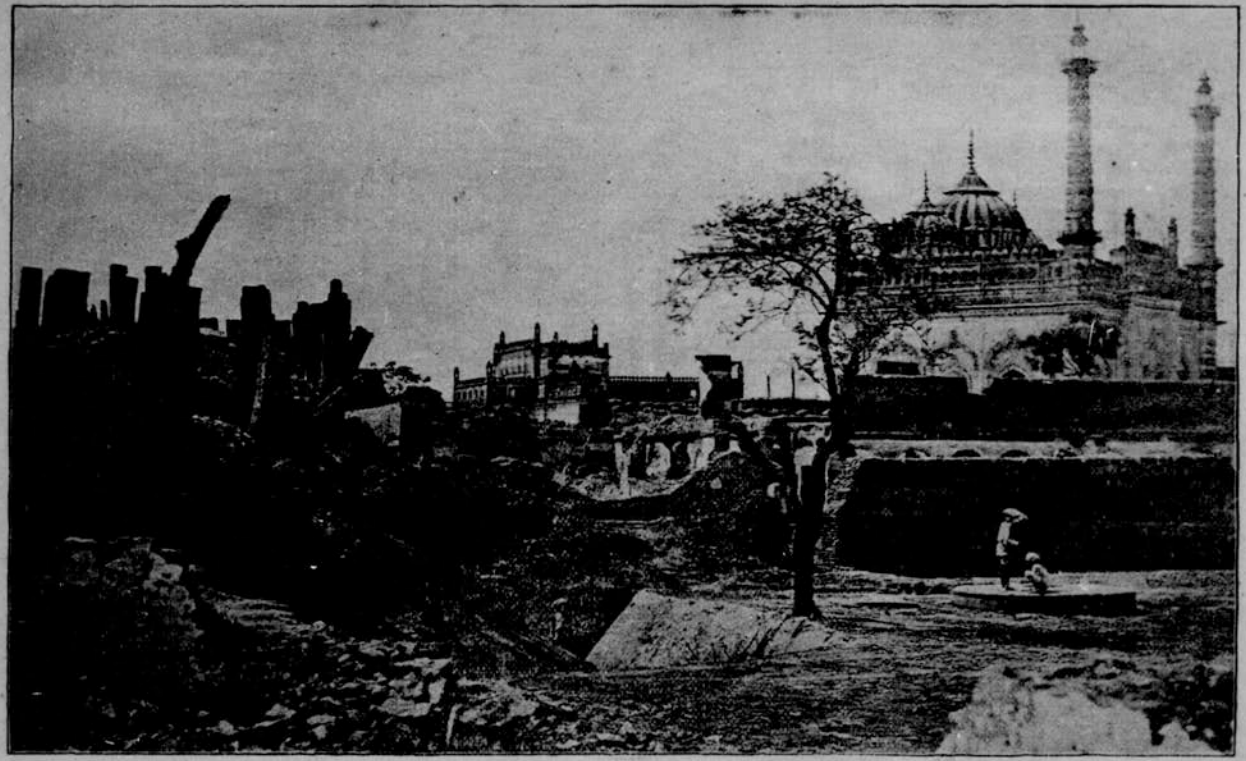
"Dimsdale, Bankers, write received letter of allotment, but no cheque, please see to this as was sent through you."

The proverbial feather would have crushed me. I turned to the other clerk, and asked him what it could mean. "Where is Major Holland?" I asked. Oh! he had not been that morning. Nor the previous day. I ordered the clerk (whose name, by the way, was also Pym, only spelt differently from that of the naval officer's) to take a cab at once and go to the bank, if possible before it closed, and see what it all meant. Being accustomed to West-end Banks, I did not think he had a chance of finding Dimsdale's open; but, as he went out of the door he said: "If I don't come back, it is all right." To which I replied: "All right! How can it be all right?" A couple of hours passed, during which I put together all the facts of the case, as I read them, and could arrive at but one solution of the mystery: namely, that Holland had been unable to resist temptation, and had taken the money. He had given me his address, somewhere in Notting Hill, and had told me that he had married a farmer's daughter, and that they took in lodgers.

. At last my anxiety became overpowering, and I went to Scotland Yard, telling them the story exactly as I have told it here. They said they "supposed I wanted a detective;" to which I reluctantly agreed. We started together in a hansom, arrived at Holland's address, and were shown into the drawing-room, the sole furniture of which consisted of a pair of muslin curtains. We enquired for Major H. He would probably arrive shortly. As we could not take a seat we walked up and down the street. At last Holland arrived. I went to him, showed him Bell's telegram, and asked him to explain the matter, at the same time telling him that the person with me was a detective. He said he had no explanation to offer, except that he had paid the money in. I pointed out to him that, deeply and sincerely as I regretted it, I had no alternative but to arrest him, if he had no other explanation to give. He said nothing; and we drove miserably to Westminster Police Station, and lodged him in durance vile. It was then late on Saturday evening. The next day I hunted high and low for Pym, the other clerk, but could not find him. At half-past ten o'clock, just as I was going to bed, a loud knock was heard. It was Pym. "Good Heavens," he said, "what have you done? You have arrested Holland, and he is innocent!" I jumped into a cab, drove to the Police Office, and withdrew the charge, saying that I felt it my duty to offer an

apology, without prejudice to whatever proceedings he might choose to take. The following morning I appeared before the Police Magistrate, and made exactly the same remarks. Holland was already provided with a legal representative, who attempted to speak. The Magistrate, however, stopped him, observing that I had expressed my regret, but, of course, his client had his remedy. Within an hour of my return home I was served with a writ, in an action for false imprisonment. In about ten days the case was tried in Red Lion Square.

My advocate was the present Sir Edward Clarke, M.P., then "a rising young Conservative barrister," as C. E. Shea, my solicitor, described him to be. It appeared that Pym had been told by Dimsdale and Co., that "it was a mistake, as they had not connected the £50 with the call upon the shares," which was the only *amende* I received from the Bank. The strongest point against me at the trial, and Holland's advocate made the most of it, was that (although, for some technical reason about the "right of reply," I was not personally examined), I did not deny that Pym, on leaving the office, had said: "If I don't come back, it's all right." And the Judge, very fairly, said that "it looked like a malicious imprisonment." I was mulcted in £150 damages, and costs. Altogether, including the detective's fees, the little "mistake" cost me a good deal over £250. I had only the melancholy



ONE OF THE REBEL BATTERIES AT LUCKNOW BREACHED BY OUR ARTILLERY; 600 BODIES WERE BURIED IN THE DITCH.

satisfaction of knowing that, very much against my will, I had helped several excellent lawyers, and completely set my old comrade up in business. But I never heard how he prospered, nor do I know whether or not he is still alive.

The accompanying illustration shows one of the best constructed of the Rebel Batteries. It was near the Mosque on the S.E. side of the Kaiser (or Keisah) Bagh Palace. Our Artillery breached it, in a regular manner, and with destructive effect, during the capture of Lucknow. It was then assaulted, by the 93rd (Sutherland) Highlanders and 4th Punjâb Rifles, under the command of that splendid officer, Adrian Hope. It was here that Macbean, of the former Regiment, cut down 11 Sepoys with his own hand, as they rushed out of one of the houses. Altogether 600 corpses were counted, and buried in part of the ditch shown in the engraving. Sir Colin described it as "the severest struggle of the Siege." Hodson was also mortally wounded, a few yards from this spot, on the same day. We (R.A.) occupied this post the next and following days. As I lay there, on the second night, the effluvium from the festering heap of bodies, though they were covered with earth, was so overpowering that I was totally unable to sleep.

CHAPTER XX.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us.
Smile, Heaven, upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would produce these direful days again
To make poor England weep in streams of blood.
Now civil wounds are stopped: Peace smiles again:
That she may long live here, God say—Amen!

KING RICHARD III.

THE AMNESTY PROCLAMATION.

While we were quartered in the newly-built fortress of Lucknow, towards the end of 1858, Her Gracious Majesty, with the unanimous approval of the civilised world, announced her assumption of the control of the Indian Empire, at the same time wisely proclaiming an amnesty to all rebels who had not been guilty of the murder of Europeans. As there were still several bodies of desperate men in arms against Her Majesty, with whose courage I felt a sneaking sympathy, I had (what may have been con-

sidered) the presumption to offer my services to Lord Canning, as a hostage, to be surrendered to their chiefs, in hopes thereby of inducing some of them to lay down their arms and accept the amnesty. His Excellency, in courteously thanking me for the offer, said he thought the bodies of rebels were too scattered to admit of its being accepted, as it could be hardly efficaciously used, and I am bound to say, on reflection, that his Lordship was probably in the right.

When I came to Calcutta, in the following Summer, he proved his appreciation of the policy I endeavoured to pursue, by naming me to the Governorship of the Andaman Islands, conditionally, at least, upon the non-acceptance of that post by another officer, whose name I forget, to whom he had written to offer it. Unfortunately, for me, it was accepted.

After spending the Summer of 1858, in Lucknow, we were very glad to get an order to march into the North of Oudh, and take part in Lord Clyde's "cold weather campaign," against the now dispersed and disheartened rebels. We had, by way of variety, a Battery of long 18-pr. iron guns, drawn by elephants. It was often difficult work enough to cross the streams, the guns sometimes sinking up to their axles, requiring to be dug out, and planks laid down in front of the wheels, the elephants always displaying extraordinary intelligence in the way in which they

utilised their immense strength at the bidding of the mahouts, who were, however, frequently exceedingly cruel in the manner they urged the poor beasts on. One elephant's head and ears were a mass of sores, and I have seen the mahout drive his sharply-spiked goad with such force into the elephant's forehead as to be unable to pull the weapon out again. For the greater part of the march we were associated with the (23rd) Royal Welsh Fusiliers, a splendid Regiment, proud of their recent and glorious memories of Crimean days, and who were most anxious to have a serious engagement with the rebels. But, as long as we were together, there was not a shot fired, except at "florikan," black partridge, wild duck, and other succulent game.

Although barely out of the tropics, the weather was really cold at nights, frost being occasionally seen. At that time the only provision of ice, for the hot weather in Lucknow, was made in the following manner.

For a few nights, about Christmas, hundreds of shivering coolies used to crawl out, at about four o'clock in the morning, and bring in several thousand little shallow earthen saucers, which had been exposed all night, with a little water in each. They skimmed off the thin sheet of ice which had formed on the surface, and threw it into the straw, with which the ice-house was half-filled. The ice so collected usually lasted till near the end of the hot season.

Practical jokes were not uncommon in our camp on that march. As the more convivial members of the mess retired to rest, they used often to select a particularly comfortable-looking, well-closed tent, for an experiment: which began by purloining the "chillum" of a coolie's hubble-bubble, with its red-hot ball of burning cow-dung. Upon this a few grains of red pepper were sprinkled, and the chillum carefully introduced into the tent, the mischievous jokers waiting events a few yards off. First a gentle "hem!" would be heard; this increased into a severe cough, not unmingled with "cuss words." The end invariably was, that the wrathful occupant would rush wildly out into the cold air, and throw open his tent, do anything, in fact, to get rid of the irritating fumes. Of course, by the time the *dénouement* was reached the chuckling jokists had quietly entered their own tents, with all the apparent innocence *galliards* of that description know well how to assume.

Soon Sir Colin, apparently, had need of our elephants for other purposes than to drag "long eighteens" about the country, and we were ordered to return to the Letchmenteela Fort at Lucknow, long teams of oxen drawing the guns.

For a brief space of time we had had horses given to us for our nine-pounders; but very few of our gunners could ride, and the Campaign was near its wane, so we relinquished them with small regret. It just enabled us to say that we had employed every

variety of Artillery equipment, within the knowledge of that arm of the service, at the date of the Mutiny Campaign. Yet such had been the march of scientific intellect in the interim, and we consequently felt our own ignorance so crass, that the moment we arrived in England, we petitioned to be sent to school again at Shoeburyness. There, in a squad with nineteen others of all ranks, non-commissioned officers included, we soon learnt the up-to-date developments of that magnificent branch of the service. But novelties though they then were, they are probably, to-day, almost as *arriérées* as our grandmothers' candle-snuffers.

Such intellectual giants as Dr. Russell, of the *Times*, Colonel Malleson, C.S.I., and many others of lesser note, have done justice to the closing scenes of the Indian Mutiny. The patient reader will therefore be spared further effusions on this subject from my pen. But I hope he will bear with me while I describe one or two sad and commonplace recollections concerning, very deeply, *mea propria persona.* Balcarres Ramsay, in his "Rough Recollections of Military Life," has been good enough to pay me and my men some compliments, which, as far as the latter are concerned, were thoroughly deserved. But he complains that, on my arrival in Calcutta, in '57, I did not give him as much assistance as he seemed to have required in solving the knotty point of the difference of pay between Royal Artillery and

other troops. It was only lately, and by the merest accident, that I discovered I had thus vexed his official soul, and I take the earliest opportunity of expressing my regret for the misadventure. It is a long time ago, but I clearly remember placing the services of poor Lamont at his disposal, and I really fail to see what else I could have done. But, alas! I now clearly comprehend Ramsay's anxiety to have these matters put perfectly *en règle*. About a year afterwards, in Lucknow, I remember Olpherts remonstrating with me for my folly in exposing the precious life of my pay-sergeant to the mercy of the rebel marksmen. "Nothing," said that witty Irishman, "would induce him to risk *his* pay-sergeant's life, so he had left him behind in Cawnpore, wrapped up in cotton-wool." My brave colleague knew by experience, which I did not, that the ways of the Auditor-General were as dark as those of the Heathen Chinee. It was generally believed, but whether it be true I know not, that the minor officials in that department received a percentage upon all disallowances. It certainly looks probable. In the Summer of 1859, when the Mutiny had been completely quelled, I was ordered to take my Battery down to Fort William. Naturally, one of my first visits was to the Paymaster-General's office, where I asked to look at my account. It showed a balance in my favour of more than 20,000 rupees (£2,000). I enquired if the disallowances of the Auditor-General

had been eliminated? The reply was that most of them were brought to account, but perhaps a few more might still be debited against me. Anyhow they said, I could safely draw £1,000, and they paid that sum into the hands of Messrs. Gillanders Arbuthnot, my Calcutta agents.

Not long afterwards I fell ill, and lay for several weeks in the Officers' Hospital. Thence I was ordered, as the only hope of saving my life, a complete change of air, and a sea voyage. Accordingly, my cousin, James Francis Hewitt, of the Bengal Civil Service, took my passage in the P. and O. steamer *Bengal;* and more dead than alive, I was about to embark in her. The next day, he came to make the sorrowful announcement that, unless I could provide security, I should not be allowed to sail; as, in consequence of disallowances by the Auditor-General, my account at the Paymaster's Office was overdrawn by £2,500! However, he most kindly became security, and I left. We were overtaken by a typhoon in the Bay, and the ship's doctor would not take the responsibility of my continuing on board, consequently they landed me at Point de Galle. Here, to the surprise of everyone, I took a turn for the better, and was very soon up and about. I went on to Colombo, renewed my acquaintance with old friends, thence to Kandy, where I stopped a month with Smedley, who had been made Judge of the Cingalese capital. Then, returning to Point de

Galle, continued my voyage to Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong; spent six delightful weeks in Manila, strange to say, without an earthquake, and returned by the same route to Ceylon. Here I married, and brought my bride back to Calcutta. Alas! when I arrived there, the whole sum was still in *deficit*. Just at that time a near and dear relative died, and left me some money, which, however, only just sufficed to clear my account at the Paymaster-General's. What I should have done had this legacy not been received, it passes my imagination to conceive. I had drawn nothing since the first thousand pounds, and I had taken every means in my power, during the few days I was in Calcutta, to endeavour to disentangle the accounts. But it was a hopeless task; and just at that moment I was ordered with my Battery to Dhacca. We passed six months there, during which I found myself in command of the cantonment, being at that time a Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, although still only a Second Captain of Artillery. On the way down the Sunderbunds to Dhacca, cholera again made its appearance among my men, and, on landing, fresh cases occurred at intervals. Being then entirely my own master, I resolved to move my men out of the unhealthy city, and put them, under canvas, on the Racecourse. At the same time, I gave them a few days' rough shooting, on the lines of our Nilavely experiences. The consequence was that, from the

day we moved into camp, the cholera completely ceased.

Captain Smith, then in charge of the splendid elephant "Kheddah" (or stable) at Dhacca, gave me a treat which, as he said, I was "not likely to be able to enjoy again." He lent me 97 full-grown, perfectly trained elephants, for our *battues*. Thirteen of them carried howdahs, full of sportsmen armed with double-barrelled guns; and the remaining 84 were simply "pad" elephants, each, of course, with a mahout on its neck.

We were then in the height of the rainy season, the rivers had swollen enormously, and the grass had attained prodigious dimensions, nearly covering the elephants. The sight was one of the grandest I ever witnessed, as these stately animals, in perfect line, beat the jungle for our sport. It swarmed with game, but these, owing to the density of the undergrowth, were very hard to hit. We had both a tiger and a leopard on foot, but did not wound either of them. The senior non-commissioned officers were mounted, and the gunners marched, very contentedly, along, in the intervals between the elephants, blazing away at every mortal thing that got up in front of them. Our bag included a good quantity of black partridge, a couple of sambur deer, and three or four wild boar. Major Jennings, "Jinks" as he was called, a genial and courtly Irishman, commanded the 19th (Princess of Wales' Own Yorkshire) Regi-

ment, who were quartered with us at Dhacca, and we were fast friends: although at first he felt a little disappointment at having to relinquish the command of the cantonment during the six months I held it. Very shortly after we left, poor Jennings died of cholera. I had a seizure from it also, but did not get as far as the "blue" or "collapsed" stage which, with scarcely an exception, is the fatal end.

George Gordon Morris, of the Bengal Civil Service, one of the finest "shikarees" in India, was my constant companion in our shooting trips, during the frequent periods when he was "visiting his district." Our main object, of course, was the Royal Tiger; but we only had a glimpse of two, and got but one shot: on which occasion Morris, reluctantly, consented to our firing, as the quarry was on the move. But we shot several wild buffalo, with splendid horns. In the hot season, the only part of that animal eaten by Europeans was the marrow-bones. We were well mounted, and Gunnee Meer, a wealthy Zemindar, had lent me a couple of first-rate "shikar" elephants, and I hired two others, while Morris had always three or four of his own. Our mornings were devoted to big game, until the sun grew too high and hot. After tiffin, our horses were saddled, and we had some stretching gallops after pariah dogs. Perhaps it was rather cruel, but the brutes were more than half wild, and gave us a tremendous spin to catch them, before they

reached the shelter of the nearest village. In fact, if you did not press them very hard at first, they would lead you a dance during the whole afternoon. "First spear" of a pariah greyhound is not such an easy thing as it sounds, and it was not the season for pig-sticking.

One morning we were beating a very "tigerish" looking copse, and had great hopes of finding one at home. Suddenly the mahouts wheeled our elephants round, and with shrieks of fear and pain made for the open plain. For two or three seconds I did not realise the danger, nor was it great, except to the nearly naked natives. Our elephants had disturbed a nest of wild bees, which swarmed upon us in clouds. Having a curtain to my sola topee, and flourishing a towel briskly, I did not receive a single sting. But our servants fared much worse; one of them had his face so thickly covered with the barbs that they looked like brown hair. We pulled the stings out, and washed the parts with brandy where they had been stung. The consequence was that the next day our servants were quite well, although a little weak. Our blood is more heated than theirs, and a European so injured would certainly have had a raging fever, and probably have died.

The very day after I left Dhacca, a fine tiger came into an empty house, just on the edge of the Race-course. So the natives simply shut the door, and

brought "Kubber" to the "Sahibs." Whereupon, two or three of the 19th officers sallied forth, and shot him, comfortably, from the roof of the house, before breakfast, just as they might have shot a pig or a cat. Some people have luck! A few months afterwards, Morris had a narrow escape in those jungles. He had wounded a tiger, which sprang upon his elephant, and actually had its paws on the howdah. Morris's native servant clung round his master in a paroxysm of terror: but the former shook himself free, drew his hunting knife, and, with one mighty blow, severed the tiger's vertebræ: the brute dropping dead at the feet of the elephant. There was then a man, whose name I have forgotten, at Dhacca, who had had his arm completely chawed up by a wounded tiger, and yet had at the time retained sufficient presence of mind to pretend to be dead. When the beast at last left him, he raised himself up, and shot the creature dead. Very few elephants are quite "staunch" to tigers. Gunnee Meer's biggest tusker was famous for his courage; and seemed to enjoy the sport as much as we did. But there was no mistaking his excitement when his delicate organs of scent told him that the Royal quarry was in our close neighbourhood: then he would trumpet shrilly, and strike the ground sharply with the end of his trunk.

At last the unwelcome news arrived that I was promoted to the exalted rank of a full Captain, R.A.

and had fallen to a company of Garrison Artillery at Plymouth. Consequently, Reginald Curtis, who was my contemporary, and had been my college-mate, came out to replace me, and I bid a sad and sincere farewell to the relics of the noble band, who had been my friends and comrades for five long years. My wife and I engaged a large budgerow (house-boat), in which we were slowly towed back to the City of Palaces. But another five days' visit there did not throw any fresh light upon the "disallowances."

One of the items, which I failed to recover, was a type of many others; being in itself large enough to have nearly broken me. It will be remembered that, after our second action, I had promised, and paid, an increased rate of salary to my bullock-drivers, of which Havelock approved; and this I am happy to say, formed the precedent for a subsequent rise (without a strike) in the pay of all these poor fellows. But, not being up to the "tricks of the trade," I had neglected to obtain the necessary vouchers and authorisations for this: similar remarks applying with equal force to other technical discrepancies. Then came, as I have narrated, the death of my poor pay-sergeant, and with him perished all my pay-sheets and papers. So I was actually ruined by the Indian Mutiny. Sir George Barker, who, as I have shown, was not possessed with an overwhelming admiration of my qualities, nevertheless showed

himself sympathetic in this case, and did his best to help me to recover a little money from the Paymaster-General. But it was like the proverbial "attempt to get butter out of a dog's mouth;" which, as is well-known, *n'aboutit, jamais, à rien.* So, although I gained some promotion by the Campaign, I practically did not receive a red cent. in the way of pay or emoluments for nearly three years' hard work! A comrade's somewhat similar experience comes peculiarly pat just now. He sends to me the following extract from a letter written during the Mutiny:—"My acting Adjutant had his horse killed under him at Bithoor. He is by no means well off; and, being only 'acting,' his pay is not equal to meet such loss without assistance. On applying to the Government for compensation, I am informed, in reply, that this (Havelock's) Force is not on Field Service, and but simply quelling a Mutiny; and consequently, *no kind of application for compensation can be entertained!!*" Comment upon this *communiqué*, redolent as it is of the very essence of red tape, is surely superfluous. Yet it must be borne in mind that these were the men who, practically, had the disposal of our fortunes in their hands. Little booted it to fight under the banners of the greatest Empress-Queen the world has ever known, when her subordinates had the power to furnish or withhold the supplies, entirely at their own sweet will

and pleasure. That this is no figure of speech can be proved, even by my own Dhacca experiences, short as they were. Just as I was about to leave that important cantonment, I received an official letter from Headquarters in Calcutta, informing me that the Indian Government had resolved to return to the custom of considering Dhacca as a "half-batta" station, and that, consequently, the pay of the troops there would be reduced proportionately. It should be noted that, as the crow flies, though not by road, Dhacca is just under 200 miles from the Capital, which, according to some ancient ukase, determined the limit of "full batta." As it so happened, just at that period the air was full of an uneasy feeling on the part of the European troops, which gave some concern to our authorities. By a lucky inspiration, I wrote to "question the soundness of policy which would add to the causes of discontent in the minds of the British troops at that juncture." The consequence was that, by return of post; I received an official letter, saying that "the Government had reconsidered the question of batta." So my men received every anna to which they were entitled. I only wish I could say the same for their Captain.

In concluding these Memories, I would say a few words upon a subject regarding which my opinion has often been asked; namely, whether it is probable that we shall soon have reason to apprehend fresh

troubles in India, similar to those which we experienced seven and thirty years ago. Until lately I have always answered in the negative, as many persons now living will admit. And the exceeding and spontaneous loyalty evinced by the numerous Native Princes has hitherto borne witness to the correctness of my anticipations. Nor do I believe that any danger is now imminent, although several clouds have recently arisen upon the Indian horizon. Aliens, as we are, in race and religion, and holding the invidious position of a conquering nation, they do not love us, these proud Mahomedans, nor do even the meekest of the mild Hindus. Yet, so long as our Raj is eminently just and undoubtedly fearless, they respect it, and even esteem its administrators. Our greatest sources of danger in India, as indeed elsewhere in our vast Empire, seem to me to be two-fold. First the watchful enmity of those who are jealous of our success; the Muscovite for example, who is ever waiting to strike, and can hardly be restrained by his Tsar from trying to stab us in a vital part; when his myriads of "Tchins" would at once swarm in, and batten upon the carcase. Next from our own *laches*. As education *à la mode* becomes *répandu* in Hindostan, its quick-witted people cannot fail to realise and lay to heart our weaknesses, whatever they may be. One fact must surely strike them as an example to be followed whenever occasion presents itself. Namely,

that their sober and enlightened rulers, or at least nearly half of them, were actually on the point of dismembering the Empire: preferring it, as a light-hearted experiment, to the maintenance of firm and steady Government over discontented and unreasonable agitators. Surely this is apt to be an incentive to modern Catilines, *qui student novis rebus*, who, as history has repeatedly shown, are always forthcoming at such epochs; and who would be only too glad to rend the fabric of Government to pieces, in hopes of sharing in the plunder of the *débris*.

It is now pretty generally acknowledged that the Indian Mutiny carried some good lessons with it, both to the dominant and the subject races. Among other things, it gave us an important insight into the existence of a widely-spread misconception as to the true mission of British power in the East. I have referred to this already, and Mr. Sherer's calm and judicial survey nearly exhausts the question. He has lightly and delicately alluded to some instances of brutality and ignorance, on the part of soldiers and sailors, during these lawless and troublous times. In regard to what I may call this misconceptive aspect of the question, I am reminded of a conversation, which was told me by an officer who came from England with his regiment soon after the commencement of the outbreak.

As the troopship neared the shore, I think it was at Bombay, the soldiers on board were gazing

open-mouthed at a group of natives by the water's edge. One of the soldiers, addressing his comrade in a perfectly serious tone, asked: "Are these the *gentlemen* (or some synonym) we've come out to kill?" His neighbour was of opinion that the group consisted of women. "Well!" replied Tommy, "them's the *ladies* (or some synonym) that breeds the *gentlemen*," which would seem to have been a military variation of the naval ideas related by Sherer; only, in the former case, our friends suggested prevention rather than cure. But soldiers and sailors were not the only classes, in the great convulsive movement, who held erroneous views as to its true cause and remedy.

The following extract from a letter to the *Times*, three days after "Panic Sunday," and the day we left Calcutta to form part of Havelock's Column, shows that even educated Englishmen of that day held curious views as to our mission in the East:

"Calcutta, 18th June, 1857.—I am not for letting the State turn missionary. But if our soldiers knock down every filthy idol they see, and lay every Musjid level with the ground; and if they pollute every shrine, and plunder everyone that is worth plundering; I shall not be sorry. For as to these 'religions'—what are they, in fact, but lust, lies, treachery, murder, and social degradation."

Probably the writer, who signed himself "Anglo-Indian," expressed the views and feelings of many

good men and women, and perhaps such sentiments are still held by some of our co-religionists.

But it is in the highest degree unlikely that our Rule in India will, in the immediate future, be imperilled by over-zealous bigotry. Its shrines and its musjids are equally safe from the iconoclastic hand, either of our soldiers, our sailors, or our missionaries.

And I trust I may be allowed to offer the remark that the present age would seem to tend rather in the direction of indifference and supineness, than towards proselytism in the East.

Missionary efforts are now conducted in the quietest and most gentle manner: music and ceremonials playing a more and more important *rôle*. I am far from saying that the martyr spirit among us is dead; but I think it is just a little drugged, by the comforts and luxuries, not to speak of the pomps and vanities, of an ease-loving era.

We have, therefore, in my opinion, nothing to fear in the direction of a rising on the part of the three hundred million inhabitants of our Indian Empire, against their Christian Queen and Governors.

The educated classes of India are a constantly increasing number, and they, as has often been said, on the whole recognise the fact that we hold, with commendable fairness, the scales of Justice, while maintaining the independence of both of their own great Native Religions. They are also quite aware that

their revenues, as well as their property, are more secure, to-day, than they have ever been known to be during the history of their country. Indeed it would not be difficult to show that, in this respect, Hindostan is more prosperous than England.

As to the risks of invasion, they are, in my opinion, exceedingly remote. So long, at all events, as the people, and especially the Native Chieftains, are fairly contented with our Raj. And, even were it otherwise, they are shrewd enough to know that a change of masters would inevitably entail a shaking of the Pagoda tree, in which they would not be the gainers.

Russian designs upon India have been an open secret for the last thirty years, or more. It is the everyday dream of all Tchins in high command. Skobeleff, the darling of the White Tzar's legionaries, presented a most elaborate scheme, with this object, to his Imperial master. But that sagacious monarch, though smiling a kindly approval, relegated the plans to the pigeon-holes of the Intelligence Department, where they have long survived their able and fiery originator.

There is no question but that the millions sterling which Lord Beaconsfield persuaded us to spend in fortifying our scientific frontier were equally well laid out, from the insurance point of view at least, as his "little deal" in the Suez Canal Shares.

We have, at all events, the satisfaction of know-

ing, to-day, that, should the great Northern Autocrat decide to put his Legions in movement, for the invasion of British India—any such project, to have the very faintest chances of success, would require immense and elaborate preparations, involving many months of time, and more millions of roubles. Due notice of this would be infallibly afforded, by our numerous agents, from their various posts of observation. And there is still excellent fighting material among the Sikhs and other border tribes; these, supplemented, as they would doubtless be, by a couple of *corps d'armée*, from home, besides our Regular Army in India, ought, without boasting, to give a good account of a great deal more than an equal number of Muscovites, whose military qualities, however, I hold in very high estimation indeed."

This is not the place to enter into an elaborate explanation of my reasons for such optimistic sentiments: but I am prepared to defend them. Proceeding always, however, on the assumption that our troops would be well-cared-for, well-armed, and well-victualled, whatever the cost to the country. Assuming, also, which I have no reason to doubt, that our soldiers have not degenerated since our last campaign.

As to the effect upon other nations, which the knowledge of our recently-discovered Naval inferiority is likely to produce, that is indeed a grave question, and one of which it is difficult to forecast the issue.

By the way, it may be noticed that the facts of the case have taken the British nation totally by surprise, Conservatives and Radicals alike. Naturally the former are the more warmly desirous of driving the lesson home, and of stirring up the country to vote the necessary money to meet the emergency. But the latter complain, not without reason, that they have always cheerfully paid up every penny which has been demanded, and that they should not be blamed for the shortcomings, for which they are in no degree responsible. It is not likely that our lively and impulsive neighbours will leave us long without our being made to feel the consequences of our supineness. Their vapouring, restless vanity will surely find vent in further twistings of the lion's tail. Opportunities are constantly occurring; and we may expect many a fresh snub, affront, and even insult from that quarter. The Russians, less impulsive, and more dignified and magnanimous, are not likely to bark before they really mean to bite.

It may be true, as many think, and the signs are not wanting, that another great catastrophe is imminent, and that we are on the eve of a desperate struggle for existence as a nation. But, without presuming to speak of our claims to indulgence, we may be allowed to say that, looking with an unbiassed and unprejudiced eye upon the remainder of the world, it is not easy to select any other nation which is better qualified, by its proved capacities for

Government, to supply our place in India. To take Russia first. Will even her most fervid admirers pretend that her officials are less venal than our own: or less cruel, and repressive of the best energies of the subject peoples numbered amongst either of our gigantic Empires? Do Poland, Siberia, the Caucasus, Tartary, compare favourably with even our most recently-annexed territories?

The French, in common with ourselves, have lately largely increased their Colonial acquisitions; though they have suffered a loss in the Mother Country. In how many of the former have they shown a greater aptitude than ourselves for wisely governing: for acquiring the sympathies and developing the resources of the races they dominate? Look at Madagascar. The ruling tribe of that curious country begins fairly to admit that they are unable to preserve order amongst themselves. And I have not the slightest doubt that, were the proposal fairly and squarely made to them to-morrow, they would accept a British Protectorate with open arms. But have we not seen them, during the past two years, freely expending almost their penultimate dollar, in procuring munitions of war, for the sole purpose of keeping the French out of the interior of the Island?

Without claiming all the talents, still less all the virtues, for all the sons and daughters of Albion, it does not seem logical to believe that an all-wise

Providence is at all likely to hand over the peoples of Hindostan, the nearly 300 millions who own allegiance to their good Queen-Empress—to the tender mercies either of a Muscovite or a Gaul.

During a recent residence in the great African Island, a system of "dacoitee" was very much in vogue, an account of which may not be *mal àpropos*. The robbers there, whose legend is not "Legion," but "Ubique," vary their tactics according to the locality. Where the houses are built of brick, they make a hole under the window-sills, and burgle away *à discretion*. But in the lowlands, where the dwellings are mostly of split bamboo and grass, they only use a few lucifer matches. Selecting a house to the windward of the village, they set fire to it, and as the frightened inmates rush out to save their own lives, the thieves plunder the property. As somewhat similar forms of dacoitee are not unknown in Hindostan, the knowledge of the fact is in great measure a support to our Rule. For every educated native is perfectly well aware that, were we all cast into the sea to-morrow, the two principal religious bodies would instantly set to work to plunder, and to cut each other's throats, with just as little remorse as they did those of the British in '57. Nor do they believe in our attempting a "zubber dustee" conversion to Christianity. Consequently it is not the intelligent or the well-to-do

classes who are likely to revolt in Hindostan, any more than it is the case in London. The danger is rather, as in our own country, from a possible combination among the proletariat, instigated by mischievous, self-seeking, and unscrupulous demagogues. Of course the proletariat of India has not nearly as much political power as in Europe. The "living wage" question has not yet cropped up in that country: when it does, it will furnish some statistics which will not a little astonish some of our most advanced political economists.

Whether, in the not perhaps remote future, some far-seeing Statesman, of whatever racial type, may succeed in formulating a sound and sensible system of Home Rule for British India, is another question, to be considered, as the Judge said, at another time, in another place, and by a different set of people. Our present plan, of gradually and carefully nominating natives to posts of official responsibility, would seem to be the wisest as well as the fairest, which could be pursued by an alien race, which finds itself the supreme arbiter of the destinies of that magnificent Empire. It is precisely this magnificence which dazzles the eyes of our neighbours, and, while exciting their envy and cupidity, blinds them to the fact that, although we have not been impeccable in the past, Clive's defence of his own administration, which was accepted by his Judges over a century ago, is a fair retrospect

to-day, "My Lords, I am astonished at my moderation!"

Phlebotomy, as in surgery, is deprecated by most thoughtful politicians: except in the most desperate cases. Prevention is now generally esteemed better than cure. Perhaps the following quinine, so to speak, for this kind of fever, will not be considered a remedy sufficiently heroic to satisfy an impatient generation. It consists chiefly in maintaining our Naval supremacy, and the efficiency of our Military forces. Above all, in loyally supporting the Executive. In other words, in firmly and fearlessly preserving the magnificent Empire which Providence has placed in our hands.

It may be objected that these are platitudes. Unfortunately, they are all the compiler has to offer.

F.C.M.

London,
October 23rd, 1893.

THE END.

ADDENDA.

[POSTSCRIPT.]

Reference has been made to the strange vicissitudes to which our baggage was exposed during the campaign.

There was one occasion when a supreme sacrifice was demanded from Havelock's Force. It arose in this way. Of course we had been doing nothing but rough it, and that in the worst possible manner, since the first day we were ordered up country; nor do I claim any special privileges for troops, in such a Campaign as ours, in respect to clothing and comforts. But the fact, nevertheless, remained that, by hook or by crook, our men (and this applies to the whole Force) had got together a certain amount of necessaries—such as two or three shirts, pairs of socks, trousers, and so forth, which, although not occupying much space, made just the difference between comparative comfort and absolute misery

during the rainy season in India. That a soldier should travel as lightly as possible, of course, goes without saying; but this is some removes from the utter impossibility of his having a dry rag to put on, whatever may have been the weather of the preceding twenty-four hours. My comrades, Willis and Willock, both allude in their letters to this all-important subject. As a matter of fact, it is the first act of any old soldier, *qui se respecte*, to buy, at almost any price, at least one change of raiment.

In this way, being not altogether without means, our men had got together a very tidy kit, by the time we made our first crossing into Oudh. And our consternation was neither extraordinary nor unreasonable, when one day we suddenly received an order, which, too, was rigorously carried out, to leave the whole of our baggage in the middle of the road; as no transport could possibly be procured for it. Remonstrances were unavailing; personally, I carried mine to the verge of discontent, not on my own account indeed, but on that of my poor men, whose sufferings instinct as well as experience enabled one very speedily to estimate. But, no! the fiat had gone forth, and what happened was simply this—each man brought silently forth his extra clothing, blankets, waterproof, or whatever its nature, and deposited it upon a huge heap in the middle of the road, the rain all the time steadily pouring down. The thermometer stood, I suppose, at between 85 degrees and

88 degrees, and there we saw the sodden, sweltering mass giving forth a fœtid steam, and, as it seemed to our imagination, actually rotting as we looked upon it and marched somewhat sulkily on our way. It is not our purpose to enquire, at this lapse of time, whether the sacrifice was necessary or not. I merely record the fact, and the exceedingly painful effect it had on our minds at the time. We passed the spot only a few days afterwards, and, strange to say, every trace of the enormous heap had vanished, except a huge black stain on the road. Whether the adjacent villagers, who had observed the transaction, had taken an early opportunity of arraying themselves in the wreckage, or not, I am unaware. Or it may even have been, that the intense heat of the weather, combined with the excessive moisture, had speedily reduced the whole mass into a pulp—suitable, doubtless, for paper making, but for no other purpose as I am aware. I rather incline to the latter theory.

There is another incident that I omitted to relate in its proper place, which, perhaps, the reader will accept here. While quartered on the Cavalry parade ground at Cawnpore, in September, just previous to recrossing into Oudh, we had frequent and friendly discussions of the events of the battle of Cawnpore; the change of front; the spots from which the respective charges of the Highlanders and 64th had been made upon

the enemy's batteries; where the last stand of the Nana had taken place, and so forth. One afternoon three or four of us agreed to ride over and verify our impressions, or correct them if necessary. The junction of the roads and the railway embankment made our researches comparatively easy. But as just three months had passed and the rainy season had nearly ended, the crops, which we remembered to have seen the peasants sowing as we came into action, had attained splendid dimensions, and were for the most part fully ripe, "Bhootas" (or "corn cobs") being in fact the daily *menu*.

One of us, it does not matter which, said to one of the others: "Then if you are correct as to this being the spot which Fraser-Tytler observed was to be the centre of the camp, it was here that you refused to allow the body of poor ——, of the 64th, to be put upon the ammunition waggon, saying that we could not have our waggons so loaded, as the space was wanted for the sick and dying." We remembered the circumstance very vividly, as the whole of one side of the poor fellow's head had been carried away by a round-shot, and a sickening swarm of flies had settled upon the ghastly wound. We accordingly made a search, and, within ten yards from the spot, we found the remains of a skeleton, to which some tattered relics of clothing were still attached, *one side of the skull having been entirely carried away*. There were, it is true, in addition, a couple of

sabre marks upon the poor skull; but these had evidently been made by the rebel sowars upon the senseless corpse; and probably a few minutes after we had plunged into the heavy ground, and gone to the support of the Infantry, on the evening of the battle.

I carefully tied the poor fellow's skull up in my pocket handkerchief, and brought it into camp, where his brother, who was still acting as one of the gunners of my battery, reverently received and carefully interred it.

It is strange what impression events, of apparently trifling importance, occasionally make upon one's mind.

For instance, although it is just half a century ago, I scarcely ever walk past Drummond's Bank, in Charing Cross, without recalling the scene of the murder there, in open daylight, of Sir Robert Peel's private secretary, by Macnaghten; of which my cousin General Cornwallis Oswald Maude, and I chanced to be eye-witnesses.

Similarly, I am confident that I could pick out the scenes of several of our actions, with the greatest readiness, a month hence, were I called upon to do so.

In 1850, when a very young Subaltern of Artillery, I happened to meet Major Hugh Rose, in Frankfort, where I was able to render him a small service. This was long before the Crimean War, and Rose was

only a Major unattached, although holding an important diplomatic appointment. In 1859 he had become Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India, and had received a Peerage. Although we had not met in the interval, Lord Strathnairn had remained my friend, and, some time in May, he asked me to go and spend a day or two with him at Burdwân, where the Rajah had lent him his beautiful palace, and where a few of us were made exceedingly comfortable, in the mingled splendours of European and Asiatic hospitality. His Lordship, although always just a trifle *grand Seigneur*, was a most agreeable host, and Burdwân, especially on Sunday, was a most interesting place to visit.

The Rajah had an excellent and well-kept menagerie, comprising a good collection of nearly every kind of *ferœ naturæ* known to Bengal, and the *carnivora* were fed, regularly every Sunday, with living animals; a somewhat sanguinary melodramatic entertainment, which was perhaps better suited to Burdwân than to the Regent's Park. But it was a curious sight to witness. I remember we were a good deal surprised at the evident fear which a remarkably fine Bengal tiger evinced of its quarry, a small jungle pig; which the former proceeded to "stalk," in the most approved fashion, the pig, meantime showing a good deal of real or assumed *sang froid*.

At last, after apparently playing the game

according to the recognised rules, the grand tiger wound up with a spring on to the poor little beast, struck its fangs into the latter's neck, and there remained, sucking its blood, with an accompaniment of purring growls, in a very majestic and tigerish fashion.

Similarly, the very fine collection of alligators was fed with live ducks, whose wings had been clipped. These paddled about with the greatest apparent calmness among the great saurians. On a sudden the careful watcher was rewarded by a glimpse of a huge pair of open jaws enclosing a poor duck in their embrace. A slight flutter of wings, and in an instant all was again quiet in the vast tank.

On the occasion of my visit, the Honourable H. H. H—— and his lovely bride were among Lord Strathnairn's guests. It had so happened that, on my way down by train, I had found myself sitting next to Longueville Clarke, the famous Calcutta barrister of the then departing generation. Opposite to us was a stately dame who got out at an intervening station. As soon as she had left, Longueville Clarke named her as Mrs. B. B——, mother of the Honourable Mrs. H. H. H——. And he then proceeded to relate to me the following anecdote, with great gusto, and with the additional charm of his very best forensic manner:

"That lady, sir, was when a maiden of sixteen, even more lovely than either of her admittedly beautiful offspring. Dark? sir! Yes, but of

that exquisite blending of the races, which it has taxed the palette of the painter to pourtray, and has fired the song of the poet." Besides a good deal more which the reader, who has already his own ideal in his mind, can easily fill in *à discrétion*. It appears that there was, in the days when Mrs. B. B—— was young, a personage in Calcutta society, who was the son of an Indian Begum, and had inherited vast wealth from his mother; but, outside of this, was highly unattractive, not to say hideously repulsive, both in appearance and disposition.

However, nothing less would do for Mr. D. S—— but that he should become the lawful possessor of the very prettiest girl which that season had put upon the matrimonial market.

Accordingly, he became engaged to Miss P——, who was generally admitted to be incomparably ahead of her competitors in that respect. A very splendid wedding was arranged, the gorgeousness of which had raised a perfect *furore* in Calcutta.

Suddenly, and apparently without any motive, the fickle bridegroom transferred his affections to Miss Q——, one of his *fiancée's* bridesmaids!

Needless to say, Calcutta society was stirred to its very deepest depths by such a terrible *esclandre*; and to make the situation even worse, the dusky Lothario almost immediately afterwards jilted his second *fiancée*. So that the Begum's wealth was irrevocably diverted from what several very interesting families had come

to consider its legitimate direction. Actions for breach of promise were evidently, therefore, the only manner in which a portion, inconsiderable though that might be, could be secured for the poor defrauded creatures.

Accordingly, both Miss P—— and Miss Q—— brought their wrongs before a Calcutta jury. Longueville Clarke, at that time *facile princeps* among the pleaders of his day, was Counsel in both of these *causes cèlébres*. The first case brought on was that of Miss P—— (afterwards Mrs. B——). Longueville Clarke's eyes twinkled, and his sonorous voice rolled as he anew described the manner in which "this wretched little creature, this semblance of a human being, had dared to trifle with the feelings of his injured client." The respectable jury instantly saw their way to tremendous damages; whereupon exit Miss P——, slightly consoled with a few lacs of the Begum's treasure.

But then came the sensational moment. Longueville Clarke was retained, we have said, in both cases, but in the second he appeared for the defendant, and ten minutes had not elapsed before he was seen eloquently pleading the cause of "the hideous little being," whom he had so recently held up to the scorn and execration of all right-minded Calcutta citizens.

Nor were the spectators disappointed when his oration began as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard the terms in which it was my painful duty to describe the person who is now (indicating him by a wave of the hand) my client. I do not wish to withdraw one word of them; for, alas, they are too true. But, gentlemen, there exists upon this earth an even yet more degraded being: it is she who (pointing to plaintiff), having wormed herself into and enjoyed the confidence of the lovely lady who has just left this Court (a flourish indicating the east door), betrayed those confidences, and worked upon the feelings of Mr. D. S—— in the manner which I am ready to admit that she has done. I do not altogether exculpate that individual, but I ask you to mark your sense of the still greater perfidy of Miss Q—— by refusing her one rupee of indemnification."

The worthy jurymen were probably not a little puzzled, but Longueville Clarke got a verdict for both his clients, in almost as little time, said he, as it took to tell me the story.

I do not know how it may be now; but those were certainly golden days for leading lawyers in India. I remember meeting a very jolly little fellow, of barely middle age, who had come up to Cawnpore, just as we were going down to Calcutta, at the end of the Mutiny. He boasted, and I believe justly, that there was only one Englishman in India who had a bigger income than himself, and that one was Governor-General, Lord Canning. "And I make every penny

of it by my gab, sir!" Certainly great is the gift of the gab, now-a-days especially; it surely must run Truth very hard indeed; even if the latter, in the end, "*prævalebit*:" as we have been given to understand, any time during the past three thousand years, will, eventually, be the case.

F. C. M.

FACSIMILE OF THE NANA'S PROCLAMATION

Picked up by GENERAL FRED A. WILLIS, at Cawnpore, and lent to COLONEL MAUDE for the purposes of this book.

اشتہار

یک مسافر و حال شہر کانپور جو کلکتہ سے آیا تھا سنا گیا کہ کارتوسون کی بٹی سی پہلی و سلی یعنی دین اور مذہب ہندوستانیو
کو نسل مذہبی صاحبان کو نسل کی یہ ہدایی ٹہری کہ چونکہ یہ مقدمہ دین کا ہی اسمین سات آٹھہ ہزار کورہ انگریز کام آوینگا اور بچا ہ
ہزار ہندوستانی قتل ہونگے کاتب کل ہندوستانی کرسٹان ہوجاوینگا مضمون کی عرضی ملکہ وکٹوریہ کی خدمت مین بھیجی گئی تھی
منظوری آئی پھر وہ ملکہ کو نسل ہوی اور انگریزی سوداگر ہی شریک کونسل کی کئی گئی یہہ تجویز ہوا کہ سلطنی دلی کی سیاہ گھوڑہ سفید
مرمت ہو کہ بقدر فوج ہندوستانی ہی کہ سہارا بروقت فتنہ بلند ہونے کی ہا رتجاویز ہوئی جب یہہ عرضی ولایت مین پہنچی گئی
وہان سی ۔۔۔ ہزار گورہ بہت جلدی جہازون پر سوار ہوکر روانہ ہندوستان ہوی اور اونکی واقعی کی خبر کلکتہ مین آئی
صاحبان کلکتہ نی وہ سلطنی ہاتھی کارتوسون کی حکم جاری کیا کہ اصل مطلب اوس سی کرسٹان کرنا فوج ہندوستانی کا تھا کہ
جب فوج کرسٹان ہوجاوینگی تب جا بجا کی کرسٹان کرنی مین دیر نہوگی اور کارتوسون پر سور اور گای کی چربی لگی ہوی تھی
یہہ حال ہاتی بنگالیون کی ہوکارتوس بنانی پر متعین تھی معلوم ہوا چنانچہ اسبات کی ظاہر کرنیوالون سی ایک شخص جان سی
مارڈالا گیا اور باقی سب قید ہوئی یہان یہہ اپنی تدبیرین کرتی تھی وان یہہ خبر وکیل سلطان روم کی لندن سی اپنی سلطان
پاس پہنچی کہ یہان سی ۔۔۔ ہزار گورہ واسطی کرسٹان کرنی ہندوستانیو کی روانہ ہندوستان کی ہوی سلطان روم خلافت ملکہ کی
بادشاہی مصر کی نام فرمان بھی کیا خلاصہ اوسکا یہہ تھا کہ وکٹوریہ سی ہماری رشتہ کتی ہوہی وقت صلح کا تھا یہہ کیونکہ ہماری وکیل
کی اپنی سی معلوم ہوا کہ ۔۔۔ ہزار فوج گورہ واسطی کرسٹان کرنی رجا یا اور فوج ہندوستانی روانہ ہندوستان کو ہوی تھی پس صورت
یہہ ہوا وسکا مدارک حکم ہے اگر ہم غفلت کرینگی تو ہمارا تخت کو کیا منہہ دکھاوینگی اور یہہ دن ایکر وز ہماری بھی آنیوالا ہی کیونکہ اگر انگریز
ہندوستانیون کو کرسٹان کرلینگی تو ہماری ملک کا بھی قصد کرینگی جب یہہ فرمان سلطان روم مصر کی بادشاہ پاس پہونچا والی مصر نے
قبل پہونچی فوج گورہ کی انتظام و اجتماع اپنی فوج شہر اسکندریہ مین کیا کیونکہ وہی راہ آمد ہندوستان کی تھی بھر پہونچی فوج گورون
کی فوج پاشا مصر فی چار دن فرصتی نو مین ہاز ما شروع کین اور جہاز و نکو توڑ تاڑ کر ڈبو دیا کہ ایک گورہ بھی اون مین سے
باقی نرہا انگریزان کلکتہ بعد جاری کرنی حکم کا تی کارتوس کی اور بلند ہوئی اس فتنہ و فساد کی منتظر مدد فوج لندن کی
تھی کہ حق تعالی فی اپنی قدرت کاملہ سی وہین پہلی ہی اونکا کام تمام کیا جب خبر قتل ہونی فوج لندن کی معلوم ہوی تب
گورنر جنرل فی بہت رنج و غم کیا اور اپنا سر پیٹا + سر شب سر قتل و تاراج دشت + سحر کہ نہ تن سر نہ سر تاج و تخت +
بیک گردش چرخ نیلوفری + نہ تاراج بجا ماند و نی تاراجی + حسب الحکم پیشہ ابہاد رطبع شد ۔۔۔ نقد

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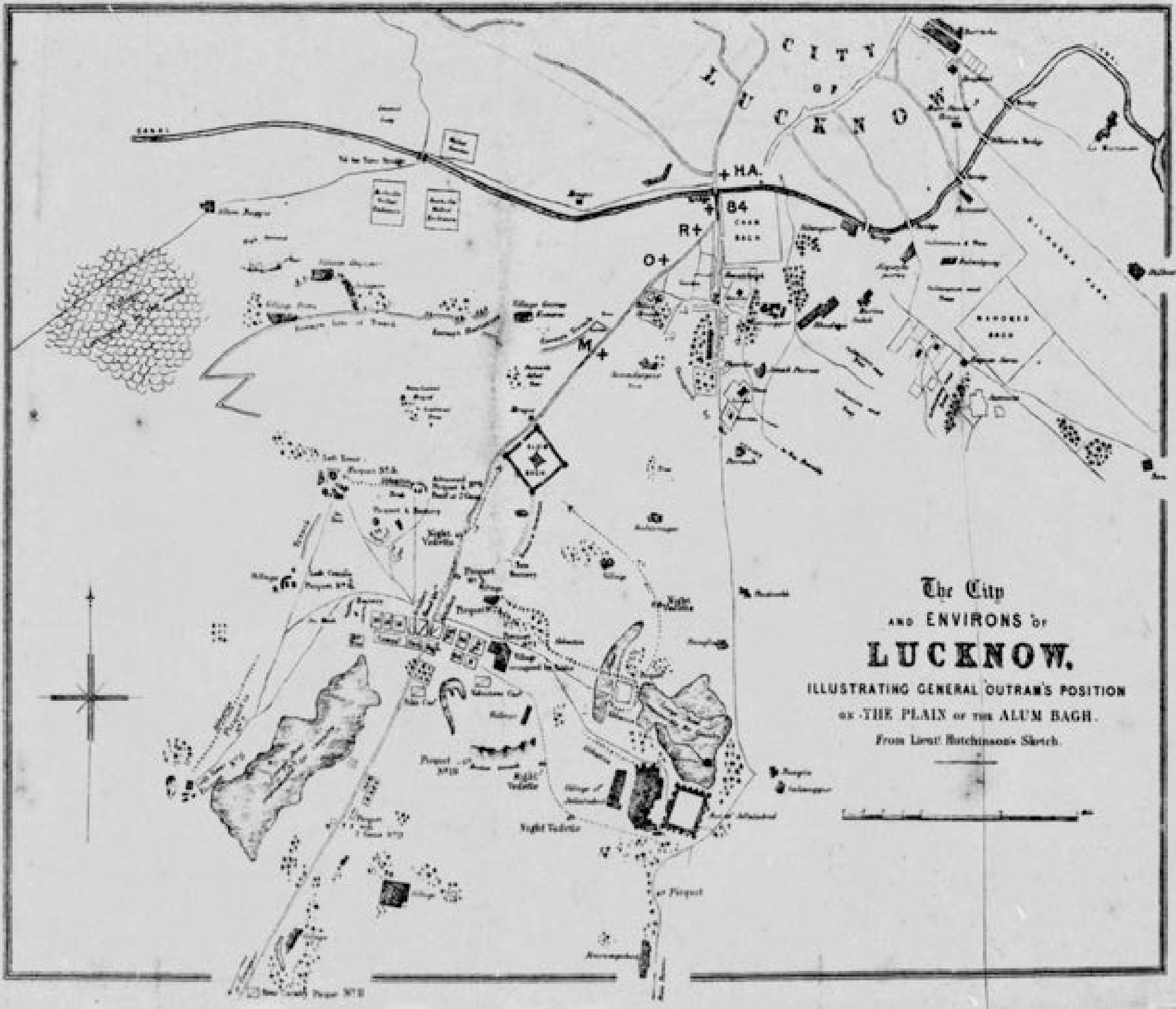

APPENDIX.

Translation of The Nana Sahib's Proclamation.

It has been heard from a traveller, who has just arrived in the city of Cawnpore from Calcutta, that before serving out the cartridges for the purpose of taking away the religion of the people of India, the Sahibs met in council, and this was the decision of the Council. That, seeing this is a matter of religion, seven or eight thousand European soldiers and English gentlemen will be killed, and fifty thousand Indians be destroyed, and then the whole of India will be Christianised. And a letter to this effect was sent to Queen Victoria, and her approval of it was received; and then a second time a Council was held, and some English merchants were also members of this Council.

This was determined: that assistance should be applied for, for the English troops, in proportion to the strength of the Hindostan troops; so that when the rebellion gained head they, the British, should not get the worst of it. When that letter was read in England, thirty-five thousand European soldiers were very quickly embarked in ships, and despatched to Hindostan. The news of their departure reached Calcutta, and then the order was given out in Calcutta to distribute the cartridges, for the whole object was to Christianise the Indian Army; for when the Army had been Christianised, there would be no delay in the people of India becoming Christians, and the cartridges were made up with the fat of pigs and cows. This information was received from the Bengalees who were employed in making up the cartridges, and of those who made it known one was sentenced to death, and the remainder to imprisonment. So

these people were in this way making their arrangements out here; while there (in London) the Ambassador of the Sultan of Turkey sent information from London to his Sultan, that 35,000 soldiers are about to be sent from thence to Christianise India.

The Sultan of Turkey issued a Firman to the Pasha of Egypt, of which the following was the purport:—"You are at peace with Queen Victoria. This is not a time for peace; because I have been informed by my Ambassador that 35,000 English troops have been despatched to India, for the purpose of Christianizing the army and people of India Under these circumstances it is still possible to prevent them, and if I am negligent, how shall I show my face before God? The same thing will happen some day to me; for, if the English Christianise India, then they will try to do the same to my country."

When the Pasha of Egypt received the Firman from the Sultan of Turkey, and previous to the arrival of the English troops, he assembled and formed his own army near Alexandria—for that is the route to India. Immediately on the arrival of the English troops, the Pasha of Egypt opened fire with his cannon from all sides, and destroyed and sunk the ships, so that not a single European escaped. The English in Calcutta, after issuing the order for biting the cartridges, and on this rebellion and disturbance gaining head, were in expectation of the assistance of the troops from London, but God Almighty, in His mighty power, had already disposed of them. When the news of the destruction of the troops from London arrived, the Governor-General was extremely grieved, and beat his head. At night he was making plans for death and plunder; in the morning he had neither a body for a head, nor a head for a crown. By one turn of the lotus-like heavens, neither Nadir was in its place, nor was there a Nadir.

Printed by order of His Excellency the Peishwah, 13th Zilkâdah, in the 1273, year of the Ægira.

This proclamation of the Nana Sahib was picked up in Cawnpore on my arrival there with Havelock's Force.

(Signed),

July, 1857. FRED. A. WILLIS.

A.—The Greased Cartridges.

Extracts from the Parliamentary Papers of the Session of 1857 :—Major Bontein, Commanding the depot of Musketry at Dum Dum, writes on January 23rd, 1857 : "I last evening paraded all the native portion of the depot, and called for any complaints the men might wish to prefer. At least two thirds of the detachment immediately stepped to the front, including all the Native (Commissioned) Officers. In a perfectly respectful manner, they very distinctly stated their objections to the present method of preparing cartridges for the new rifle musket. The mixture employed for greasing cartridges was opposed to their religious feeling, and, as a remedy, they begged to suggest the employment of wax and oil, in such proportions as, in their opinion, would answer the purpose required."

The Inspector-General of Ordnance and Magazines, Fort William, writes, on the 29th January : "As soon as I heard of objections having been made to the use of grease by the native soldiers of the Practice Depot at Dum Dum, I enquired at the Arsenal as to the nature of the composition that had been used, and found it was precisely that which the instructions received from the Court of Directors directed to be used—viz., a mixture of tallow and bees-wax. No extraordinary precaution seems to have been taken to insure the absence of any objectionable fat. Captain Boxer (Woolwich) is quite unable to offer any decided opinion as to the particular description of animal from which the tallow is derived. . . . It is certainly to be regretted," the Inspector adds, "that the ammunition was not prepared expressly without any grease at all, but the subject did not occur to me."

The Correspondent of the *Times* wrote on the 23rd of February. '57 : "We have had a very disagreeable business at Barrackpore. The cartridges for the new Enfield rifle are greased at one end to make them slip readily into the barrel. The Government ordered mutton fat for the purpose. Some contractors, to save a few shillings, gave pigs' and bullocks' fat instead. The Sepoys found this out, and there was an immediate explosion of caste feeling. Government, they said, was going to make them Christians. They

held, it is said, nocturnal meetings, and discussed wild plans for seizing the Fort and Treasury of Calcutta. The Government instantly directed the fat to be withdrawn, and ghee substituted. Then they got a new fancy. The paper, they said, had animal fat in it. I dare say this is true, the paper being made in England and mixed with animal size. There was a very high degree of feeling, and the Brigadier at last addressed the men, told them Government had no notion of making them Christians, and pledged his word that there was no such design. The men were again quieted, but they soon got a new crotchet. The news, they said, had reached their homes, and they would be turned out of caste before they could explain. This is nonsense, and Government stands prepared to use force, on the first overt refusal to do duty. I believe the excitement will pass away without the occurrence of so frightful a necessity."—(From the *Times* of 3rd April, '57.)

B.—Origin of the Trouble.

There is no trace of any conspiracy having existed previously to the issue of the new cartridges. The first manifestations of feeling were, as might be expected, on the part of the Hindoos. A low-caste man, employed in the Dum Dum Magazine, asked a Brahmin Sepoy to let him drink from his lotah (brass drinking vessel). The Brahmin replied: "I have scoured my lotah, you will defile it by your touch." The low-caste man rejoined: "You think much of your caste; but wait a little, the 'Sahib lòg' will make you bite cartridges soaked in cow and pork fat! and then where will your caste be?" The report was not long in travelling to Barrackpore and other stations; where the Sepoys brooded over it, until it took hold of their minds as a fact. About the same time, the Commander-in-Chief (General Anson) passed through Umballah, with an escort composed of two companies of one of the Regiments which were practising at the rifle school at that place. The Sepoys belonging to the detachments invited their newly-arrived comrades to an entertainment. But the latter declined, on the ground that they would lose caste by eating with those

who had imbibed the polluted cartridges. This spread the feeling through the up-country stations.

There is abundant evidence that, in the first instance, the Mahomedan Sepoys were by no means forward to join in the mutinous proceedings which grew out of the religious panic. But after such active agents as Azimoollah Khan, Ali Nukkee Khan, the Nana Sahib, Tantia Topee, and others, had sedulously fomented the sedition, the Mussulmâns were won over, and became even more hostile than the Hindus; the occupation of Delhi, as well as the insurrection at Lucknow, being of a decidedly Mahometan character.

C.—The Mysterious Chupatties.

With regard to the "Chupattie" story, a curious coincidence took place in 1818, just after the Peishwa, Bajee Rao, had been vanquished, and had abdicated; at the close, in fact, of the Pindaree Campaign. At every village there suddenly arrived a messenger in hot haste, the bearer of a coconut, which he delivered to the "Potail," or Head Man, with instructions to forward instantly to the nearest hamlet, whence it was conveyed onwards in the same rapid and mysterious manner. About twenty of these nuts were brought to Sir John Malcolm, then residing at Mhow, but some time elapsed before he discovered any clue to their hidden meaning. By some they were considered to notify the establishment of British supremacy, while others looked forward to a general rising in favour of the Peishwa. But no State secrets were then concealed within these "hard shells." It appears that a Brahmin at Jypore had sent round to his distant acquaintances a number of coconuts in honour of the birth of a son, and these, through the stupidity of the messengers, were soon wandering over the face of the land on an errand of mystery. An immense tract of country was thus thrown into a state of dangerous excitement, from Jypore in the north to the Deccan in the south, and from Guzerat to Bhopal.

Although no serious consequences ensued on that occasion, the incident shows how easily an agitation may be created, owing to the peculiarly impulsive temperament of the natives,

and the extraordinary system of network which unites together every town, village, and hamlet throughout Hindostan.

The following is the substance of a report which, however absurd it may seem to us, was fully believed in the lines and bazaar of the largest station in the South of India; and shows that the Sepoys acted under a general alarm for their religion.

"The Padres (Missionaries) addressed an Urzee (petition) to the Queen, representing that Tippoo Sultan made thousands of Hindoos become Mahomedans, while your Majesty has not made one Christian.

"Under your Majesty's orders are Sepoys of all castes. We therefore pray you to adopt this plan, namely, to cause to be mixed up together, bullock's fat and pig's fat, and to have it put upon the cartridges which your Sepoys put into their mouths, and after six months to have it made known to the Sepoys how they have thereby lost their caste, and by this means a certain road will be opened for making many Christians."

"When the Queen read the Urzee she was greatly pleased, and said:

"'This is a very good thought, and by this means I shall have every Sepoy made a Christian.'"

D.—Native Loyalty.

Mr. Greathead, the Commissioner of Meerut, wrote officially to the Indian Government as follows:

"Amid all the villainies and horrors of which we have been witnesses, some pleasing traits of native character have been brought to light. All the Delhi fugitives have to tell of some kind acts of protection and rough hospitality. Only yesterday a Faquir came in with a European child he had picked up on the banks of the Jumna river. He had been a good deal mauled on the way. but had made good his point. He refused any present, but expressed a hope that a well might be made to commemorate the act. I promised to attend to his wishes; and Imâm Bhartee, of Dhunoura, will, I hope, long live in the memory of man. The parents of the child have not been discovered, but there are plenty of good Samaritans here."—(*Bengal Hurkaru*, June 22, '57.)

E.—Panic Sunday.

The following are extracts from an account of "Panic Sunday" in Calcutta, from "The Red Pamphlet," p. 105. A gentleman living in Chowringhee, the most palatial quarter of "The City of Palaces," described what he saw from the top of his house.

"It has been said, by a great writer, that there is scarcely a less dignified entity than a 'Patrician in a Panic.' The veriest sceptic as to the truth of this aphorism could have doubted no longer had he witnessed the living panorama of Calcutta on the 14th June. All was panic, disorder, and dismay. The wildest reports were in circulation. . . . . Those highest in office were the first to give the alarm (always, of course, excepting Lord Canning, who never blanched or quailed, even for an instant). . . . . There were Secretaries to Government running over to Members of Council, loading their pistols, barricading their doors, sleeping on sofas—Members of Council, with their families, abandoning their houses and taking refuge on board ship; crowds of lesser celebrities, impelled by these examples, having hastily collected their valuables, were rushing to the Fort, only too happy to be permitted to sleep under the Fort guns. Horses, carriages, palanquins, vehicles of every sort and kind, were put into requisition, to convey panic-stricken fugitives out of the reach of imaginary cut-throats. In the suburbs almost every house belonging to the Christian population was abandoned. Half-a-dozen determined fanatics could have burned down three-parts of the town. A score of London thieves would have made their fortunes by plundering the houses in the neighbourhood of Chowringhee alone, which had been deserted by their inmates."

F.—An Escape in Oudh.

Lieutenant George Holmes Burnes, late Adjutant of the 10th Oudh Irregular Infantry, narrowly escaped the fate that befel his uncles, Sir Alexander and Charles, at Cabul. He wrote to his brother, an officer of the avenging Force at

Jubbulpore—(In the original the names of the friendly Rajah and his fort were written in Greek character)—

"MITAWLEE, Sunday, Sept. 13th, 1857.

"I fear that for many months you must have mourned me as dead, and my escape has indeed been wonderful: for since the 3rd of June (the date of the mutiny and massacre at Seetapore) I have been prowling in the jungles, exposed to sun and rain, and pursued by Sepoys and a small party of Irregular Cavalry. But I have hitherto escaped and hope yet to get off, as I am now protected by a friendly Rajah, who has fed me and those with me to this hour, and now that things seem bettering, I trust he will increase his care for us . . . Much have I to write, and but little space to put it, On the 3rd of June, the Seetapore troops, about 3,300 men, broke out into open mutiny, and shot their officers and every European man, woman, and child they could lay their hands on. I cannot now dwell upon the horrible scenes that ensued; so will relate briefly the part more immediately affecting myself. I was standing in front of the centre of the left wing, exhorting the men to be faithful to their salt, and to the colours they had so lately and so sacredly sworn to defend. They listened with the utmost respect, and evinced no sign of disobedience until the 41st and 9th (B. I.) came within 120 yards, when the right company broke their ranks, and, seizing me, took me to the rear, begging me to run and save myself, as they wished me no harm. Seeing my Commanding Officer and second in command going, I followed with a heavy heart, and not taking much notice of the volleys the troops were treating us to. I went to the house of Mr. Christian, the Commissioner, where all the remaining people of the station had assembled. Behind the house flowed a small deep river, and beyond was a jungle of thick cypress and brushwood; all agreed to cross and hide in the jungle. The house was now being surrounded, the police were in the garden, and had occupied a small temporary bridge across the river, where they shot a number of men, women, and children. Some escaped by a ford; as for me I followed in the rear, and came up with Mrs. Christian, the Commissioner's wife, struggling to get on with her little child in her arms—a girl, two-and-a-half years old; her husband carrying the boy

about six months old. . . . . I took the child from her arms, and with the help of Quartermaster-Serjeant Morton, of my regiment, got it away safe and sound; all three escaping unscathed through the fearful shower of bullets sent after us as we crossed the river, and hid ourselves in the friendly jungle. We went some 20 miles that day, taking the child by turns. . , . . I have since heard that Mr. and Mrs. Christian and the little boy were killed, so my little ward is an orphan; she is a very nice little child. I send this through an officer with whom I am totally unacquainted, but we sent a letter in French, by a Brahmin, to Cawnpore, and received an answer from Captain Gordon to-day, which enlightened us as to what is going on in India. I could not communicate before; or of course should have done so. I have since heard that Lieutenants Dorin and Snell, commandant and second in command of my Regiment, were shot near the river. I have lost all I had in the world; but I most regret my poor mother's jewels. I thought of them, and tried to go into my house after leaving the parade, but the mutineers were there and fired at me, so I went off without an article to my name. God bless you, my father and brothers; write and tell them about me."

G.—Neill's "Instructions for Captain Spurgin,"

in command of a Detachment proceeding on steamer to Cawnpore. Allahabad. 2nd July, 1857. "You are to push on as quickly as you can to Cawnpore; the object is to relieve Sir H. Wheler. Land nowhere; but, if necessary and opposition is shown, open fire and destroy as many Rebels as you can. On getting to Cawnpore, to the Ghaut nearest the entrenchment-camp best adapted for landing, communicate with Sir Hugh, let him know what you have on board, give him all the news of Renaud's Column, *which will be at Cawnpore on the 8th.* Land your men and stores as Sir Hugh Wheler may direct, and I hope the steamer will be made available by Sir Hugh to bring down here all the ladies and children, also sick and wounded officers. The Veteran Artillerymen on board will be a guard down the river, and will be, with the two guns, sent back here.

"Should Cawnpore have fallen, endeavour to communicate with Major Renaud. Let the steamer take up a good position in the river, where your guns can be best used, and hold your own. When it can be done, steam up, and attack the enemy if within reach of you, to bring off any who may have escaped. General Havelock starts on Saturday morning (4th of July) with nearly 1,000 men and three guns. You must remain (where?) until you hear from him. Your detachment will join him, and you have with you Renaud's baggage. You will be required to assist the Force in crossing the river. Any insurgents that may fall into your hands hang them at once, and shoot all you can.

(Signed) "J. G. NEILL,
"Lieut.-Colonel Commanding,
"Allahabad."

(*On the same half-sheet of paper.*) "3rd July, '57. Intelligence having been received last night that Cawnpore *may* (!) have fallen, you are to proceed up the river with the greatest caution. As you approach within 40 miles of it, you must be most vigilant in avoiding compromising yourself by getting within fire of guns: move up with caution as far as you can, obtain all the information possible of the state of affairs at Cawnpore, communicate with Major Renaud's Column, now at Lohunda, the railway terminus, near which he will remain until General Havelock overtakes him: the united Force will reach Futtehpore about the 8th (it actually reached on the 12th). You must communicate with the General, and advance up the river at the same rate as he advances, you will then secure the river on his right flank.

"Having obtained certain news of the state of affairs at Cawnpore, move up and relieve it if it still holds out, if it has fallen, either remain where you receive the intelligence, if a good place to remain, or drop quietly down near the Infantry column to a secure position, and wait until the advance of the Force.

(Signed) "J. G. NEILL.
"Lieut.-Colonel Commanding;
"Allahabad."

The above Orders which (except the punctuation) are an exact copy of the original, show the uncertainty which still prevailed as to the real "state of affairs at Cawnpore." There is a splendid audacity in the order to "move up and relieve Cawnpore if it still holds out;" remembering that the Force at Spurgin's disposal consisted only of 100 Fusiliers, and two guns manned by "Veteran" Bengal Artillerymen! There is strange confusion also in the dates. Renaud is spoken of as being "due at Cawnpore on the 8th July." Whereas, we overtook him, with comparative ease, at Lohunda, on the 11th, a long way south even of Futtehpore. There can be no sort of doubt that the junction which we then effected with him saved his Force from an awful disaster: as well as, in all probability, those on board the "Burrampooter."

F. C. M.

H.—The Ex-King of Oudh.

Malleson, who had excellent opportunities of information, thus describes the King of Oudh, just before the annexation of his country, and when Lord Hardinge had allowed him two years in which to set his house in order (Malleson's "History of the Indian Mutiny," vol. I., pp. 95-96.) "Nervous and excitable at all times, and greatly affected, the King essayed to speak, but the power of utterance had gone from him. So he took a sheet of paper and wrote upon it that 'he thanked the Governor-General, and would regard his counsels as though they had been addressed by a father to his son.' There are no counsels so habitually disregarded; *the King therefore kept his word.* . . . . He betook himself to his old courses. Sunk in the uttermost abysses of enfeebling debauchery, the King pushed aside business, which he felt himself incapable of transacting, and went in search of new pleasures. Stimulated to the utmost by unnatural excitements his appetites were satiated by the debaucheries of the Zenana. . . . . There was hardly an atrocity committed, from one end of Oudh to the other, that was not, directly or indirectly, the result of the profligacy and corruption of the Court."

Justice was not dispensed. The revenue was wrung from the people at the point of the bayonet. The expenses of the Royal Household were enormous. Hundreds of richly-caparisoned elephants ate up the wealth of whole districts, or carried it in glittering apparel on their backs. A multitudinous throng of unserviceable attendants; bands of dancing girls; throngs of parasites; costly feasts and ceremonies; folly and pomp, and profligacy of every conceivable description drained the coffers of the State.

I.—Extract from Havelock's Description of the Battle of Cawnpore.

"The enemy's Infantry once more rallied. The beating of their large drums, and numerous mounted officers in front, announced the definitive struggle of the Nana for his usurped dominion. I had previously ordered my Volunteer Cavalry to adventure a charge on a more advanced part of the enemy's horse, and I have the satisfaction to report that they conducted themselves most admirably. One of their number, Mr. Carr, was killed in the charge.*

"But the final crisis approached. My Artillery cattle, wearied with the length of the march, could not bring up the guns to my assistance; and the 1st Madras Fusiliers, 64th, 78th, and 84th Detachments, *formed in line*, were exposed to a *heavy fire from the 24-pr. on the road.* I was resolved that this state of things should not last, so calling upon my men, *who were lying down in line*, to leap on their feet, I directed another steady advance. It was irresistible. The enemy sent round-shot into our ranks until we were within 300 yards, and then poured in grape with such precision and determination as I have seldom witnessed. But the 64th, led by Major Stirling, *and my Aide-de-Camp, who had placed himself in their front*, were not to be denied.

"Their rear showed the ground strewed with wounded; but on they steadily and silently came, then with a cheer, charged, and captured the unwieldy trophy of their valour. The enemy lost all heart, and, after a hurried fire of musketry, gave way in total rout. Four of my guns came up, and completed their discomfiture by a heavy cannonade, and, as it grew dark, the roof-

* This only left us eighteen sabres.—F.C.M.

less barracks of our Artillery were dimly descried in advance, and it was evident that Cawnpore was once more in our possession. The points of this victory I shall have afterwards to describe."

J.—Another Account.

The following short account of the Battle of Cawnpore is from the pen of an officer of the 1st Madras (now Roya Dublin) Fusiliers. "Cawnpore, 18th July, 1857. My party then joined the main column, and we now *advanced against the other Battery*. When we came within range, down poured the round-shot and grape. *We were ordered to lie down*, but the scoundrels had got their distance so well that several were wounded. Six men of Her Majesty's (the Fusiliers were then H. E. I. C's.) 64th were killed, and poor Captain Currie of the 84th severely wounded by a round-shot.* We had several men wounded. . I had a bullet on my topie, felt-hat (*sic*), which providentially glanced off, and Captain Raikes had a portion of his sword-hilt carried away. Well, fancy! When they saw us down again they thought we were afraid to advance, so they sounded the 'advance,' and then the 'double.' The General, Havelock, now gave his order: 'Rise up, advance!' The whole line gave a cheer—such a cheer! it must have made the villains tremble from head to foot—and advanced in line against their Battery (always the one gun) under a heavy cross-fire, which they kept up very well, but did not do us much damage, as they fired too high. They evacuated their Battery, and fled in every direction. We fired into them until they were out of range, and then we rushed up the hill and found, to our joy, Cawnpore about half-a-mile in front."

K.—Details of the Battle.

The following letter appeared in *The Times* of September 17th, 1857:

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* This shot caught us while in *column-formation*, as we were making the flank movement.—F.C.M.

"Cawnpore, 17th July.—The heading of this will show you that we were victors in yesterday's fight. The enemy numbered about 7,000, with about 1,000 Cavalry. Their guns were three 24-pounders, two 9-pounders, and two 12-pounders; besides some Horse-Artillery, which they took off, as we had no Cavalry to pursue them. We marched twelve miles in the morning, and encamped nine miles from Cawnpore. At two p.m. the fighting part of the Force again advanced, leaving the baggage, with a guard, at the Camp. We heard that the enemy had thrown up an entrenchment across the road, so, instead of advancing straight upon their guns, we obliqued to the right, when about threequarters of a mile from them, for the purpose of taking them in flank; a manœuvre that saved us hundreds (!) of lives. Soon after we left the road they found us out, and did a good deal of execution with shot and shell before we returned their fire; as we had determined not to commence until within 800 yards. It was rather unpleasant, progressing slowly, as we did, through very heavy marsh and ploughed land; but when we got within range, which we did in about a quarter of an hour, we soon silenced their heavy guns, viz., the two 24-pounders and two 12-pounders, which had worried us so much from the entrenchment across the road; and, the whole line advancing, we soon drove every man from them. As we got into their battery they commenced firing upon us with two 9-pounders concealed in a village in front, and I took up three guns to silence them, with the 84th, while the other guns and regiments wheeled off to the right, and peppered the retreating Infantry; we then all came back to the main road, as both men and cattle were tired, having marched about twenty-three miles since morning, and over some very bad ground.

"This ended the first part of the business; we had carried the enemy's position, and taken six of their best guns, but they still had one 24-pounder about 1½ miles nearer to Cawnpore, and the Horse Artillery. The 24-pounder was taken by the 78th Highlanders and 64th, our leading guns advancing to help them. And although the 64th were a good deal cut up with the grape, as the rebels fought to the last in this action, and their firing was undoubtedly excellent (though it is rarely so), the enemy were ultimately driven right away into Cawnpore, and through it. A few parting shots being

administered to the Cavalry, who, during the whole time, had been harassing us on our flanks and rear, though always repulsed. This was the battle of Cawnpore. I did not get touched, but the killed and wounded are about 1 in 15 of our whole force. We had two fights on the 15th, one in the morning and one in the evening, capturing three light guns in the morning, and two heavy guns in the evening."

The following, from the pen of the late Captain Charles Crump, Madras Artillery, describes in detail the charge of the Seaforth Highlanders :

". . . . Then we moved down in line upon them and opened fire on their guns, which were in a very strong position in a village. We silenced two with our Artillery, but all we could do we couldn't get at the third heavy gun, it was so well masked. The 78th were ordered to charge and take the gun. *I never saw anything so fine.* The men went on, with sloped arms, like a wall ; till within a hundred yards not a shot was fired. At the word 'Charge!' they broke just like an eager pack of hounds, and the village was taken in an instant. I was up almost as soon as they, and one man told me, with a grin, he had just killed three men out of one house. The enemy were now in retreat, for we had turned their position, but the fight was still hard, for their Cavalry came round down upon our rear, and the guns had to be halted and opened upon them. After that we got so far forward towards Cawnpore that, without knowing it, one of their heavy guns in position was passed, and *they managed to slew it round* and open fire *on our rear* (the italics are ours). So we had to turn *and go back and take it.* This was done by the 64th. In fact it was, in point of heavy fire and fatigue, a very hard fight, but the end was that we took eight guns in all, and utterly routed the enemy, who evacuated Cawnpore during the night, and blew up the arsenal and magazine. We bivouacked on the field, *with little bed and supper*, (lucky fellow!) and marched into Cawnpore, this morning, where we hold a position—the barracks. All the Force is knocked up, and must rest a day. Alas! alas! All the women and children were murdered by these devils yesterday, when they found the day going against them."

L.—"The Times" on Havelock's March.

In the leading article of September 21st, 1857, *The Times* said:

"Havelock and his troops fought Plassey five times over between Allahabad and Bithoor. General Havelock's march is the very expression and type of our position in Hindostan. He advances, he fights, he conquers—everything goes down before him as long as he can stand; but it is desperate work to make head against twenty to one. What kind of task he found may be very distinctly collected even from the brief notification of the telegraph. After crossing the Ganges he had about 50 miles between himself and Lucknow. He had got over only 25 of these, and yet he had fought three actions, all successfully, and captured 21 guns. It is plain that the enemy must be swarming along the whole road like hornets, and at the end there is Lucknow itself, with a dense population, and all the mutineers of Oudh. Our latest accounts inform us that this dauntless little Column, reduced by incessant combats to 700 or 800 fighting men, but reinforced by the handful of troops which could be spared from Cawnpore, had again commenced its eventful march. On the 4th of August the advance was to be renewed, and all the hopes and the prayers of our countrymen went with them. With time the whole work would be but child's play. A month or two more would place 5,000 troops at Cawnpore, instead of 500; but a month or two more would have left Lucknow to the rebels, and the game had to be played, whatever the chances, with the cards which we held. Although the latter city was only thirty miles ahead, his army seems to have encountered that dire scourge of Indian armies, more terrible than any human foe, an outbreak of cholera. We know by sad experience with what fatality this dreadful disease fastens on an army fatigued by long marches, worn out by great excitement, and exposed at once to fierce heat and the exhalations of a partly flooded country. It was under similar circumstances, indeed, some forty (now seventy-five) years ago, that cholera, with whose fatal course we have now become so sadly familiar, first broke out (The Vellore Mutiny). But never, even in war, fertile in unlooked-for reverses, was there one which so plainly rebuked all human calculation as this. A General and

an army victorious beyond precedent, marching to assured success and the relief of a long-beleaguered fortress, within one march of their object, have been struck by the fatal pestilence, and, by our last accounts, Havelock and the remains of his gallant band, encumbered by their sick comrades, were painfully retracing their steps to Cawnpore, by the route on which they had advanced only a few days before, full of hope and confidence in as holy a cause as ever led men to battle.

"We cannot attempt to express the sympathy which the calamity that has befallen these brave men will excite, not only in England, but wherever the tale of their gallantry and their misfortune shall be told.

"After having accomplished more than could be expected of men, they have fallen under the mysterious dispensation of Providence. It is with man, however, that we have to fight, and as these few hundred heroes have sufficed to overcome every obstacle that the mutineers could oppose, and to defeat them wherever they attempted a stand, we trust that General Havelock may have been able in a few days to resume his march on Lucknow, with recruited ranks, restored health, and better fortune."

M.—Description of the Battle of Busarat Gunj. by a Non-Commissioned Officer of the 84th Regiment.

"It took five days before we were ready to cross the Ganges.

"Here it rained incessantly, and my party, which was the last, had no shelter, for on a march like ours no tents are brought; so some of the men had to wander about in the rain, without a roof to shelter them, the consequence was, that a good many took the cramps and died. . . . . Well, we at last marched for Lucknow, and the first reception we got, after marching a few miles, was a few round-shot, which were kept up very quickly, for the enemy were under excellent cover.

"We marched up among the trees, deployed into line and lay down.

"Our guns commenced to play; as they advanced we did also, to cover them; deploying and lying down *to prevent the balls hitting us!*

"Our skirmishers rushed into the intrenchment and drove them out. But then there was a fortified village; we had to rush into that, and such shooting you cannot dream of! You would see one of our men going quietly round a corner with a quick eye; the first to see shot the other. The whole of the houses had to be searched in this manner, and the village, when thought to be cleared, set on fire. But after all, as I passed the village, carrying the Queen's Colour, a lot of balls whistled past me, and several men were shot. Adjutant Brown received two wounds here, one in the arm, the other in the leg, but only flesh wounds. You would pity the poor fellows shot, some in the face and neck, others with their legs broken; men helping them along, with the damaged leg trailing along the ground.

"After they were driven through the village, they attacked us on the open plain; but our guns soon made them "leave that," so they skooted as hard as they could. They had a great many Cavalry; we have none, except some Infantrymen from all regiments, also a squadron (?) of gentlemen volunteers. Well, having beaten them thus far, and having taken fifteen of their guns, and it being half-past eleven in the day, we rested in the open plain, in the burning sun, to get a glass of (Commissariat rum) grog, and some breakfast. We stopped two-and-a-half hours, and proceeded to a fortified town some miles away. The enemy, of course, opened fire upon us, and there being no trees to shelter the fortifications, our Artillery played splendidly. We deployed, advanced, and lay down, taking our time from the Artillery; sent out skirmishers and a Regiment, all of whom closed on the town and broke into the place, the other Regiments closing and following. There was a good deal of shooting inside: at last it ended, and the British marched in triumphant. It was then nearly six in the evening, so the whole day, you may say, we had been fighting, in the blazing sun, and nearly the whole day in paddy fields, up to our hips in water, which was a good thing for us in the heat.

"We lay in front of a sheet of water, and thought all the enemy had left the town; but no such thing, the insurgents fired all night on our Grenadiers. Our muskets are useless compared with the Enfield rifles, and it was the Regiments who were in possession of them that did nearly all the business. However, the skirmishers of our Regiment captured two guns. We took four more in the town, making 19 altogether. I slept in the field, in the open air, all night, among the piles of arms; and no "rouse," the signal to march, having sounded, I slept until half-past five. I was very tired, especially having to march with my bad heel. We stopped in the sun until noon that day, and were then ordered into the town. We were glad to get out of the sun, but no sooner did we move than an order was issued to march that day at two. It was very hot, especially for us who had been in the sun all day. Guess our surprise when we found we were to "retire!" Yes, the General found he had only 1,200 men—that on an average he had lost, between death, men going sick, and killed and wounded, 50 men per day. He could not venture into Lucknow with this small Force, and, probably, similar daily decrease of men; so, though all were dispirited, I think he acted wisely."

N.—Rajah Man Singh.

Early in June, '57, this Chieftain was one of the principal Talookdars of Fyzabad. He warned Colonel Goldney of the spreading of the Mutiny, and offered to receive all the wives and families of the Civil Officers of that city, and to afford them protection in his own house. They, however, declined his offer at the time. Notwithstanding which he gave the most kindly succour to Miss Orr, and several other ladies, among whom was Mrs. Mills, who was wandering about in the greatest distress. But the mutineers would not allow him to protect the men, so he insisted upon 29 of the latter leaving his house. These, although *en route* they were robbed of everything they possessed, reached Dinapore safely on the 29th of June. Mân Singh was constantly in communication with Outram while we were shut up in the Residency,

and we were almost daily promised convoys of provisions from him. But his ability was probably not equal to his inclinations; at all events, he did not throw in his lot with us entirely, until after the capture of Lucknow by Colin Campbell, in the following year.

F. C. M.

O.—Neill's Order Regarding the Blood.

The following is an exact transcript of General Neill's famous order, respecting the clearing-up of the blood of our countrywomen.

"The Brigadier General (himself) has determined that every stain of that innocent blood shall be cleared up and wiped out, previous to their execution, by such of the miscreants as may be hereafter apprehended *who took an active share in the Mutiny*, to be selected according to their rank, caste, and degree of guilt. *Each* miscreant, after sentence of death is pronounced upon him, will be taken down to the house in question under a guard, and will be forced into clearing-up a small portion of the blood stains. The task will be made *as revolting to his feelings as possible;* and the Provost Marshal will use the lash freely in forcing any one objecting to complete his task. After having the portion properly cleared up, the culprit is to be immediately hanged, and for this purpose a gallows will be erected close at hand."

P.—Blowing from Guns.

From *The Times*, of August 4th, 1857.

"Some 200 prisoners of the 55th Regiment, B.N.I., have been tried here (Peshawur), and we blew 40 of them away from our guns, in the presence of the whole Force, three days ago; a fearful but necessary example, which has struck terror into their souls. Three sides of a square were formed, ten guns pointed outwards, the sentence of the Court was read, a

prisoner bound to each gun, the signal given, and the salvo fired.

"Such a scene I hope never again to witness—human trunks, legs, arms, etc., flying about in all directions.* All met their fate with firmness but two, who would not be tied up; so, to save time, they were dropped to the ground, and their brains blown out by musketry. Trials are going on and the mutineers will never forget the lesson taught at Peshawur."

Q.—Delafosse's Deed of Daring.

During the attacks on Wheeler's intrenchments, a shot from the enemy's batteries had blown up a tumbril, and set fire to the woodwork of the carriage, *in the place where our ammunition was stored!* It was clearly seen, both by the insurgents and by our own people, that if the fire were not extinguished, there would soon be a most disastrous explosion. So the Sepoy batteries poured in a deadly stream of 18 and 24-lb. shot. But, unmoved by these messengers of death, Delafosse went forth, threw himself down beneath the blazing carriage, tore off the burning wood with his hands, and, throwing earth upon the fire, stifled it before it could spread.

That is my conception of the sort of deed for which the Victoria Cross was instituted.

F. C. M.

R.—Native Artillery.

With reference to the behaviour of the Native Artillery, the following Order was published by Major-General Sir James Outram.

"Camp, Alum Bagh,
"25th December, 1857.

". . . . In consequence of the loyal and gallant conduct of the 6th Company, 9th Battalion, Native Foot Artillery,

* This must have been repeated four times with the same guns.—F.C.M.

attached to Captain Maude's Light Field Battery, Royal Artillery, during the *many severe* actions they have been engaged in, under Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B., and *especially* for their highly distinguished conduct in the several engagements *since the Force left Cawnpore*, the Major-General Commanding is pleased to promote the undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officers of that Company and Battalion to the Third Class of the Order of Merit.

Havildar Meer Hyder Ali Naik Kalka Sing Drill Naik Lal Mohamed Naik Semdeen	to the Third Class Order of Merit.

"Also, agreeably to the Nominal Roll furnished by Captain Maude, Commanding the 3rd Company, 8th Battalion, R.A., the following promotions will take place:

Havildar Meer Hyder Ali to be Jemadar.

Naiks Semdeen, Kalka Sing, and Lal Mohamed to be Havildars (Sergeants).

Privates Shah Sol, Unreet Sol, Baiz Khan, Shaik Koodoo, Ulluf Khan, Shaik Bulbun, Choormud, Ghunga Sing, Shaik Allubug, Dourga Sing, Kalka, Kansa Ram, Khalsa Gulzer, and Dhoorga Sing to be Naiks (Corporals)."

S.—Extracts from Official Report Previously Quoted.

"Major Cooper, Bengal Artillery,* has now arrived to take command of the Artillery, and can speak as to our efficiency since he has known us. But, as the officer who commanded the Artillery of General Havelock's column, from Allahabad to the Battle of Onao, I cannot close this without reminding you of the services which this Force has rendered to the country. We have fought 10 general actions, almost all in the month of July, and the latter six without tents or baggage.

"We have taken sixty-seven guns, large and small, forty-seven of which were silenced, in fair fight, by Artillery.

"And here I must pay a tribute to the zeal, intelligence, and general excellent Artillery qualities of Lieutenant

Crump*, of the Madras Artillery, who has been of the very greatest assistance during this campaign.

"Lieutenant Eardley Maitland, of the Royal Artillery, has on every occasion shown the most perfect coolness and courage, coupled with great intelligence.

"And lastly, I cannot speak too highly of that most valuable and excellent soldier Sergeant Alexander Lamont,* of the Royal Artillery, to whose untiring zeal much of our success against the rebels is owing; and I would suggest that he may be rewarded in any way Sir Hugh Dalrymple Ross may think fit.

"I have the honour to forward the returns which you call for; and to remark upon them that I have only 23 (out of 57) effective gunners left, some of whom cannot ride. I shall therefore be very grateful for reinforcements for the Company, particularly of trained drivers: as in the present state of native feeling, I do not intend to make any great use of native drivers for the Horse Battery which I am organising.

"I have forgotten one thing, perhaps the most important, namely, the noble conduct of our men—young soldiers too—not only before the enemy, for that is well-enough known, but also in camp and quarters. It will scarcely be believed that, although exposed to the temptations of Calcutta, Benares, and Allahabad, and with large sums of money in their pockets, I had *only one case of drunkenness* between the day we left Ceylon, June 7th, and our return to Cawnpore (from Oudh), Aug. 14."

Extract from Official Report to the Officer Commanding Royal Artillery; referring to the action at the Char Bagh Bridge.

". . . . In this action every man behaved well, and again Lieutenant Eardley Maitland, my only other officer, assisted me in keeping up the confidence of the men, by his cool and steady bearing under fire. He laid one of the guns which exchanged round for round of case and round-shot, at 150 yards range, against five of the enemy's guns; until the latter were almost silenced."

* All these officers were killed during the entry into Lucknow in the following month.—F. C. M.

T.—EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER, TO HIS PARENTS IN ENGLAND, WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN FREDERIC ARTHUR WILLIS, AT THAT TIME COMMANDING THE 84TH REGIMENT.

"Lucknow, Nov. 21st, 1857.

"We crossed the river from Cawnpore on the 19th, and were slightly engaged. It was a beautiful sight, I am told, from the Cawnpore side; just like a review: we drove in the enemy's outposts and took up our position at once; and remained on that ground all next day, Sunday, and on the following morning, 21st, advanced, drove the enemy from all their defences and followed them up so rapidly that they abandoned baggage, guns, and everything. We marched 17 miles, and then halted. The next day was a very long one, bringing us to within 12 miles of Lucknow without seeing any of the enemy. I must tell you that from 8 o'clock a.m. of the 21st, to the morning of the 23rd, it had never ceased raining *torrents*: this perhaps was well, for it enabled us to make long marches with little fatigue.

"At about two o'clock on the afternoon of the 23rd, we arrived within sight of the Mosque, etc., of Lucknow, and there found the enemy drawn up on rising ground in great strength. We formed our order of battle and advanced under a heavy fire from the enemy's Artillery.

"I had better tell you our movements day by day, and the events of these days.

"The enemy's Artillery, as usual had the range beautifully; the Right Brigade, or rather First Brigade, ought to have been in rear on this occasion, for the column takes it in turn: one day right in front, next day left in front, but the General wished the 84th to be the first into Lucknow to relieve their comrades, a company of ours forming a part of the besieged garrison: this was considerate.

"We advanced in line very prettily by Brigades—echelon of Divisions from left, viz.: Madras Fusiliers, then 84th, then 5th Fusiliers. The ground was awfully heavy from the previous rains, and the difficulty I have always had to contend with, is to keep the men from advancing too rapidly, and knocking themselves up. The Madras Fusiliers (who are a most unruly lot in quarters, are perfect devils at fight-

ing), directly we had driven the enemy over the crest of the hill, regularly broke and rushed after the niggers in skirmishing order: the officers utterly unable to stop them. I had the greatest difficulty in controlling my Regiment and preventing them doing the same, but am happy to say succeeded in making them advance steadily, and poor General Neill complimented the Regiment on its steadiness. By four o'clock we had driven the enemy into Lucknow: we then took up our position, and the base of our future operations settled, viz:—a large walled garden in the centre of which was a very fine house capable of holding about six or seven hundred men. It had been a lovely day, but at seven o'clock down poured the rain, and from that hour until dawn it continued. Everyone but the 5th Fusiliers, who were put into the house inside the walls, bivouacked with not a vestige of cover, and such a night I never passed, sitting on a stone, wet through and through; none of our baggage and servants having come up. Fortunately the next day was very fine, and one was able to get everything dry again.

"The casualties were not heavy in our Brigade. The 5th had a shell burst right in the middle of them, killing five. All day on the 24th we were busy drying the men's clothes and bedding, and were comfortable in our tents, but it was by no means safe, for the round-shot repeatedly came through our camp: one came into poor Pakenham's tent, striking the pole.

"It was arranged that all the baggage was to be placed inside this walled garden, which is called the 'Allambagh' (or people's garden), and some guns and 300 men left as a garrison, each regiment leaving one subaltern and a few men with all the sick. I forgot to mention that on the 24th, as the baggage was coming up, the rear of it was attacked by clouds of the enemy's Cavalry, and several of our men cut up; an officer of the 90th was also killed.

"The morning of the 25th was a beautiful day. No officers, except mounted ones, were allowed to take a servant, our grooms being the only servants to accompany the columns. We imagined in a day all the baggage would come on after us, so took nothing in the way of clothes, or anything, in fact.

"From the 'Allambagh' there is a straight road raised, with trees on each side; the country on each side of these

trees being inundated, and large elephant-grass growing; in this grass the enemy had myriads of men with musket and matchlock. At the end of this road was a bridge with a large house (from the 'Allambagh' to the house is about 800 yards), a battery was there and the house full of men; another battery far to the right and left.

"At eight o'clock we advanced under a very heavy fire, right in front, on *our* account; first came 5th, then Maude's Battery, the Artillerymen being made up by volunteers from the Infantry, (who have all been drilled, and do their work very well); 84th next, and after them Madras Fusiliers, then 2nd Brigade. *We did not return a shot*; and the men advanced very well under the heavy fire pouring in from all sides. We halted within 150 yards of the house, on the bridge, where the suburbs commence (this has always been a questionable act in my opinion), and Maude's battery opened on the battery to our right—the Infantry ordered to lie down, and I think it was a very welcome order to them, for the round-shot, grape, and bullets came crashing through the trees, tearing everything round one. My poor mare, who is a timid thing, stood it very well, and I sat there tolerably composedly for ten minutes (lost minutes I think); the 5th were ordered to advance and take the house, which they did, and bayoneted a lot of the enemy; they got very much scattered, and the 84th were then ordered to the front to take and clear the houses on each side of the road leading to the bridge over the nullah entering the city. I had just time to address a few words to the men, telling them I expected great deeds from them, their comrades were in front, in the garrison, anxiously expecting *them* to relieve them, and the poor wives and families in Calcutta looked to us to succour their husbands and fathers. So we set up a cheer, my poor dear and much-lamented friend Pakenham by my side gallantly leading on his Grenadiers, and charged up the streets, driving the niggers out of the houses into which I had turned the men as we passed. We had not advanced 100 yards when my poor friend was shot down, the ball passing through his right side from front to rear. He never spoke after. Conceive my anguish! Willingly would I have given my arm for his life, but it was not to be. He died a soldier's death, in a noble cause, regretted by every one who ever knew him. His

brother is Colonel Pakenham (we were Ensigns together in Dublin, and I knew him well), 30th Regiment, and I am going to write to him. A more gallant, noble-hearted fellow never lived, and if anyone was prepared to die it was he. He had been Adjutant of the 43rd, and was wrapped up in his profession. He was only 24 years of age, and the manner in which he performed his duties, and his general example to the subalterns alone, was of more value than you can imagine. Poor fellow, we had occupied the same tent and hut from the first, and we were most intimate friends. I can hardly bear to mention his name. He had promised to write to my father if anything happened to me.

"We still advanced until the road turned (almost at right angles) to the left (rather an Irishism, this) and I had had to send a company here, and another there, into the garden behind the houses to enable Maude's Battery to come up and prevent the houses being re-occupied, so that I found myself in the road with but a handful of men, the rest of the Brigade coming up sharp. After turning down this road to the left, you come to a bridge (over the nullah) about 100 yards from the corner of the road; a trench was dug across the road on one side, and on the other side of the bridge a strong stockade battery, in which were four guns, and my poor mare had a ball through her shoulder, and I was reduced to my legs.

"The opposite side of the nullah was lined with musketry, and I sent two companies to the left to occupy the houses looking over the nullah and to try and enfilade the battery and pick off the gunners with their Enfields, for all my Regiment were armed the day before we left Cawnpore with rifles.

"During the above operation, a young officer of the 64th, doing duty with my Regiment, was shot dead through the head. I never saw, before or since, such a frightful fire as this four-gun battery poured down the road, grape and round-shot.

"Maude's guns came up, and two were brought into action, and for about ten minutes it was a case of give and take; at one of our guns five men were knocked over. I am happy to say one of my old Company volunteered as a number at the gun in the poor fellow's place who had been killed, and he remained working at it until it limbered up, for which I recommended him for distinguished conduct, expecting he

would get a medal and gratuity, but to my surprise he is in Orders as recommended for the Victoria Cross (which is a mistake, I think). Maude worked his guns very bravely and steadily. I was in a front house when a gallant young Lance-Corporal came running up and said, "Oh, Sir! the Madras Fusiliers (who had not as yet been in front) are ordered up to take the battery. We can't let them go in front of the 84th." "Certainly not," I said, "if you will collect eight or ten men, I will go over the bridge with you." We got some men, and as the Fusiliers came up we all charged together (*this* is not known, and it was thought the Madras Fusiliers were the only people first up. General Neill, though, knew some of the 84th were there, for he saw us start; but, alas! for me and the Regiment, he was killed late in the evening, otherwise we should have been particularly mentioned, for we fought all the day under his eyes.) As we rushed into the road we received a shower of grape, which took five men on my right, and cut their legs right from under them. I was struck above the left knee and came down, but picked myself up, and finding no bones broken, rushed on for my bare life, and we were all cheering like madmen, and that one round was the last the enemy fired from *those* guns: the Battery was ours, and the Lance-Corporal shot down a gunner just as he was going to fire another gun. I have recommended him for distinguished conduct, and he has also got the Cross, *he* continually deserved it, for I never met a more untiring skirmisher, always in front, and always gallant. On we drove the enemy down the street for some distance, I stopped to tie my pocket-handkerchief round my knee and look at my small wound (it was a deep cut but not *long*, I think done by a piece of telegraph wire which the beggars used mixed with the grape) and then brought up my stragglers who were joining me from their different skirmishing points—at a cross road one of the enemy fired at me from the street on my right and hit me just behind the right thigh, the ball went through trouser and shirt, and cut the flesh, but how it came not to make a more severe wound, God alone can tell; it felt at first like a blow from a racket ball, which I have often experienced. I put my finger through the hole in the trousers and found there was blood, but again no bones broken, thank God! and so it was all right.

"The recall sounded, for it was found we had gone the wrong road. My poor old Company—the Light Company which had gone off to try and intercept the enemy with their guns from the right battery first mentioned—took a nine-pounder, and just as they came up to it, poor young Woolhouse (who came out to India with me and whom I had transferred to the Light Company when I was posted to it) had his right elbow smashed; the arm has since been amputated—poor boy.

"We came back to where the Battery was, and destroyed the guns and ammunition, and went on again, and from this point up to the Residency, where our countrymen were—was *a regular fight into Lucknow*—at every cross street guns in position, storming and taking them, and *running the gauntlet* through streets, the houses of which were all loopholed and full of men; when one thinks of it now, it seems terrific, and at the time one was worked up to such a state of frenzy and excitement, *nothing* was thought of but our poor countrymen here, and as to protecting our rear that was soon seen to be impossible, and we at once knew that when we did get to the Residency there was no getting out again without help from Cawnpore. We were *eleven* hours street-fighting, and at seven o'clock p.m., just as it was getting dark, we heard the cheers of our besieged Garrison; what a shout we sent up! Poor General Neill was shot dead, whilst passing under a large archway, and in the midst of my Regiment. I have lost a good friend, for I hear he took a fancy to me, and anything I wanted done for my Regiment, he at once did it, for I never asked anything without reason. You will not be able to estimate our loss, but my dear father will, in comparing it with other battles and numbers engaged. We left the Allambagh 2,200, and we lost 48 officers and 632 men killed and wounded, nearly a third of the whole. A more gallant thing was never done, and the Commander-in-Chief in last night's Orders called it a 'feat of arms.'

"The Residency could not hold us all, and we (84th) bivouacked in a road; after thinning out picquets and posting sentries, I threw myself on the road thoroughly done. I had another miraculous escape during the day—in my haversack I had three hard ration biscuits, and a towel, comb, and knife and fork; a musket ball struck the biscuits, smashing them to pieces and tearing a tremendous rent in

the haversack, doing no further damage ; but for the biscuits I should have been terribly wounded in the thigh, and perhaps lost my leg. As long as I kept moving my wounds did not hurt me, but they got very stiff towards night.

"The casualties in my Regiment were three officers killed (for I include Bateman, 64th, who was doing duty with me) and four wounded, including myself, Woolhouse, Barry, severe contusion inside, and young Oakley, severe wound in head, the ball tearing the flesh from the right temple and just behind the ear, the top of which it carried away—they are all doing well.

"The next four days were occupied in strengthening and taking up a position and in sorties to take the guns which were in battery all round the Residency, and had been hammering away at the Garrison for months: this was the old kind of work, rushing down streets under a terrible fire, blowing up the guns, and tearing back again. One morning, out of 160 men, I lost in a sortie 10 killed and 22 wounded, but no officers touched, thank God ; all of them are gallant young men as ever stepped, and behave very well, for they are most willing and zealous.

"An order came out for names to be sent in from each corps—one officer, one N.C. officer, and one private, for the Victoria Cross—this was afterwards altered to one man from each corps—but other regiments had already sent in the names of officers in accordance with the first order, and left it so, and they have all been recommended for the Cross. It is a blessing to know that the officers *(I hear)* intended recommending me, but I think giving the decoration to a man simply for doing his duty is absurd, and not in accordance with the spirit of the warrant. *I* only did my duty, just the same as every single officer in my Regiment. I considered it was the duty of the commanding officer to be the first man everywhere, just the same as every leader of a company considered it his duty to be in front of that company. Still I was pleased that my brother officers had considered I had done my duty by them and the Regiment.

"The days that followed our arrival were such anxious ones for me that I could not lay up, not liking to leave my Regiment (poor Pakenham having been killed), and the next senior being a young subaltern in his teens, but on the fifth day my knee became so swollen and inflamed that I could

not walk, and had to go to the hospital, where I was for three weeks, at the expiration of which time I came out all sound again.

"My Regiment occupied the Jail, the 78th in houses in a street on my right, connecting; and about 200 yards opposite to us, on the other side of the street, the enemy, and for two months were we mining and being countermined, the niggers beating us hollow at this work: they are the most indefatigable brutes behind walls in the world, and if their courage equalled *half* their ingenuity we should have been beaten out of this place in a week; they are up to every dodge and kept us (78th and self) in a constant state of anxiety, only one corner of my command could be mined, the remainder having, between my wall and the street opposite, a large garden. Still for the first fortnight there was not a night that the Regiment had not to stand to its arms, but latterly I knew their hours of attack (strange to say they rarely varied it, viz.: at 11 o'clock p.m. and about 3 a.m.) and generally went round my post to see all safe, and except there was anything very marked, did not awaken the Regiment or turn it out, but the constant state of anxiety I was kept in was very wearying.

"And now to mention our privations in the food and clothing way: we came in with nothing but what we had on our backs, the Garrison as badly off as ourselves; after the first day we were put on half rations, which *half* consisted of 12oz. meat, 1½oz. of unground wheat, and 1½oz. of rice, not a single thing else, no liquor of any kind, tea or sugar, and no tobacco; the last the men felt very much. I had to give it up: cigars sold at six shillings a-piece, 250 cheroots at the sale of a deceased officer's effects, brought £37. I paid six shillings for a cake of soap, which was the only thing I purchased at these extravagant prices. A dozen of brandy sold for 19 guineas, and clothes and everything the same—four shillings an ounce being paid for sago.

"I thought I could do very well, never having had a large appetite, but the instant I was placed on short commons my eating powers increased enormously, which was a great mistake. We had to wash our own and only shirt, but a Sikh soldier gave me a pair of ladies' stockings (which I converted into socks on the spot) and a lady's underflannel, which were a great help when the rest of my clothes were drying—

bedding, etc., we obtained in plenty. I had two Companies occupying (when first we came in) the Palace of the King's brother, where the men got no end of loot (Indian for plunder) of the most valuable kind. We ought to have established Prize Agents the instant we came in, but it was not done for a week after, and all the most valuable things were taken.

"I have a beautiful sword, for my father, and belt (gold lace) with enamel fastenings and scabbard—blade, pure Damascus, and a Cashmere shawl for you, my dear mother; it is a little worn, but worth £50: and a large scarf (Cashmere) for Anne; and this is all my plunder. On the 11th ultimo we heard of the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief at the Allambagh, from one of our spies, who brought in a letter from him, stating he should commence his advance on the 13th, positively; we accordingly expected he would be in *that* night, but they took it easier than we did. We had arranged (on the General's approach) a sortie, to take some buildings between us and the advance column—mines and batteries erected all ready, on the approach of Sir Colin, to breach the walls of the places we had to storm. I was told off to command the right division of stormers, to take the King's Deer Park and buildings (by name Hirn Khanah, in Hindostanee)—this is separated by a street from the principal Palace occupied by the late King, the Palace being the stronghold of the enemy.

"I will give you a copy of my instructions:

"'Storming party—1st Column, Right Division, to consist of 200 men to storm the Hirn Khanah by the right, breach to be forced by mine.

"'Advance 150 under Captain Willis. Working part, 10 men with crowbars and picks. 40 men support, under an officer, carrying ladders (21). November 23rd.

"'A supply of doors must be at hand,' (but I am not told *where* these doors were to come from) 'to barricade the small lane dividing the Hirn Khanah, which will be opened to the loopholed wall to the right of our lane barricade, the party to be drawn up in line in rear of the barricade, and to issue through the picquet house, and rush forth immediately on the mine being exploded, remembering that their breach is to the right of the Hirn Khanah; they will be exposed, in crossing the Square, to the fire of the City Gateway, and loopholes in *reverse*,

they must therefore enter the Hirn Khanah as speedily as possible, and keep to their right, keeping under cover of the buildings inside to avoid the above fire.

"'There is a gateway leading to the centre compartment, which is to be stormed by the Centre Division, which should be opened; or, if barricaded, should be blown open.

"'After the party is once in possession of the Hirn Khanah, all communication with it should be by the side, towards the garden, and not by the place of entry.'

"At one o'clock we were all drawn up and ready for the sally. Unfortunately, the powder had been down the mine 36 hours (the General not thinking Sir Colin Campbell would have taken *four* days from the Allambagh to our position) and there appeared to be a doubt as to the mine exploding, added to which the Engineer officer told me, just as I was about to start, that the distance to the wall was so great they could not get a candle to burn down the mine, and therefore after a certain point could not tell whether the end of the mine went so far as the place intended to be breached. All these doubts were very pleasant for me to hear, and I therefore asked the Chief of the Staff, whether the original instruction as to sallying out immediately on the exploding of the mine was to be carried out, or to wait and see if a breach *was* made, his reply was 'not to wait,' so off went the mine and out I started from a small door-way followed by Penton (a very gallant fellow), my Sergeant-Major; away we rushed, followed by the men as fast as they could issue from the small aperture, cheering away as hard as we could (there is nothing like shouting on these occasions), and conceive my despair on arriving at the breach that *was to have been* to find that the mine had exploded *ten yards short*, causing a large crater, and the wall of my part of the 'Hirn Khanah' intact: the men arriving to find an entry impossible, the enemy over our heads firing out of loopholes, but, fortunately, unable to depress them sufficiently to do us any harm. We could not tear down walls with our fingers, and our two ladders were only some eight feet long, instead of 18, and knowing a breach to be in the course of making by 18-pounder guns all the time we were waiting in the lane (previous to our sally) round to our left through which the Centre Division was to issue. I accordingly made for it, and clambered up

with our brave fellows, getting in, and under cover some minutes before either the Centre or Left Division made their appearance; in fact, they were up and entered *with my support* after the place was virtually taken. We drove the enemy out in great style, and I at once occupied and loopholed the wall which commanded the street, and there we were on one side of the street, and the enemy on the other, viz., in the large Palace. I regret to say I lost one killed and 14 wounded, including my poor acting Adjutant Ayton, who had his right arm shattered. It was taken out of the socket in the evening, and he is doing well, I am happy to say.

"A very praising Order was issued, in which the Commanding Officers of Divisions were mentioned *by name*, so hope it will do me some little good, but I can't help thinking this mentioning people in Orders who simply do their duty, as savouring of absurdity, and it will end in people expecting reward *for* doing their duty. [Here follows General Willis's description of his underground experiences, which has been given in pages 345 and 346.] . . . . . On the 22nd, a portion of my Regiment were ordered to take a bungalow, from which we were annoyed by the enemy; poor Sandwith, who had only arrived from Cawnpore with the reinforcements, and whom I had nominated that day to the Adjutancy, was killed. He was a very gallant little fellow, brave to a fault, and I regret him very much.

"On the night of the 22nd, *at midnight*, we evacuated Lucknow, contrary to the opinion of both Generals Outram and Havelock, but I believe the Commander-in-Chief was ordered by Government to do so, and I think with the small Force at his disposal it would have been impossible to take and hold it, at the same time keeping open the communication with Cawnpore.

"It really was done very well, but somehow I could not help feeling melancholy at having to give up a place that had cost us so much trouble. We marched out six miles and then halted, taking up our position and bivouacking for the night.

"24th November.—We have been in the above position all yesterday, and to-day arrangements are being made for the retreat. Poor General Havelock died this morning; he visited my post at the Hirn Khanah on the 21st, but it

seems that the news of his honours were so exciting to him that it virtually killed him. He complained on the 22nd of feeling very weak and exhausted, and from that hour literally sank from no apparent cause but exhaustion. The old man was hard on the men, I think, but one forgives him now.

"His column, which, it was said, was now to be petted and made much of, and to be sent off first on account of our past privations, is still on its original ground: the other divisions have already started, and I have this instant heard the Right (our) Brigade of General Outram's Division, late Havelock's Field Force, is to cover the retreat; so, *that* is the kind of petting we are to have. This is rather hard on us, for it would have been only fair to give that post to some of the Brigades which came up with the Commander-in-Chief, and which have not once been under fire.

"I shall close this to have it all ready, for the first opportunity of despatch, and trusting to the Almighty still to continue his protection to me, and prayers that I may be spared to meet you again, my dearest mother,

"I am, with love to dear father and Anne,

"Your most affectionate son,

"FREDERIC."

U.—EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO HIS PARENTS, WRITTEN BY HENRY DAVIS WILLOCK, OF THE BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE, LUCKNOW GARRISON, 9TH OCTOBER TO 18TH DECEMBER, 1857, AT ALLAHABAD.

"My Dearest Parents,

"Little did I think when I last wrote to you that my next letter would be written from this place, but so it is. I have been a prisoner in Lucknow since the 25th of last month, the day on which General Havelock's Force reached the 'Bailey Guard' (as the Residency is generally called). I was foolish in coming on, as it has turned out, but had it been otherwise, the trip would have been a very pleasant one. The idea of 'relieving Lucknow' seemed to me so glorious that I could not resist the feeling that urged me on, and—when in Cawnpore—I wrote to General

Havelock, saying that, in the event of the services of a civilian being required, I should be glad to accompany him, as I had done before. A gracious reply settled the matter, and away I came. I was not wanted, as General Outram entered Oudh as Chief Commissioner, doing all civilian work himself: but as I had got leave from General Havelock, I settled the matter by starting, at the same time writing to the Commissioner at Allahabad, to tell him of the arrangement.

"We started with a Force of 3,000 men and 18 guns, and beat off a large Force, on the first day's march, two miles from the river: defeating them so signally that no stand was made by them again until we reached Lucknow itself, where we engaged and defeated the Force in the open field on the 23rd, having marched up in three days. We suffered a good deal from the wet, for it rained incessantly during the whole of those three days. On the 24th we rested at a place called 'Alum Bagh,' in front of Lucknow, where we had encamped the day before. The whole of that day the enemy annoyed us with their Artillery, having taken up a position in some thickly-wooded gardens in front. Alum Bagh is a large garden, enclosed by a very high wall, with a very extensive double-storied house in the centre.

"On the 25th, then, the whole of the baggage, wounded, and camp-followers, were ordered into this place, with a guard of 250 men, and at 9 a.m. we started. I still chummed with Dr. Gayer; he was then doing duty with the 5th Fusiliers, who headed the Force. . . . . We were then about three miles from the Residency, as the crow flies, but about six by the road we took. The City, on the Cawnpore side, is skirted by very thickly-wooded gardens, with high walls of mud, and long, narrow lanes, with straggling lines of houses and mud huts, forming excellent covers for the enemy, who only fight behind walls. Well, we had to go through at least three miles of this, and had to commence work by taking a battery situated about 1,000 yards up the road, which it could sweep at every discharge of the guns: while three other batteries were placed on the right and left * and thousands and thousands of the rebels were lurking in the thick sugar canes on all sides.

* See Map.—F. C. M.

"Away we went, and, with the guns, proceeded about 500 yards, when we opened with our guns, *the troops lying down on the road*, where we remained for about twenty minutes 'under a most murderous fire,' as General Outram styled it in his Orders next day. It was, indeed, most fearful; the round-shot and grape literally tore the road up, cutting the brave fellows to pieces, while the bullets fell among them like a shower of hail. How I escaped I cannot tell. Why I was spared I know not. This much I can say, that I never for a moment expected to see night, the fire was so dreadful. I was as cool and collected as I could wish to be, but completely resigned for the worst, and, as I lay upon my face among the soldiers, I prayed earnestly—not for protection, but for forgiveness of my sins, and for you all, for I never expected to see another day. It is extraordinary how calm one feels on such occasions. I am not particularly courageous; but, on the contrary, am fond of taking care of myself; but I do declare that, when under fire, whether it was from excitement or what not, I have never felt so much apprehension as I have experienced when standing up to fast bowling at cricket.

"It was here that the Royal Artillery were cut to pieces at their guns by the musketry fire—so hot it was, rendering them perfectly inefficient (!) We lay then in this fire till we were ordered to get up * and with a cheer the men rose and charged up the road, driving the enemy out of their strongholds; they carried away their guns, which must have been Horse Artillery from the speed with which they retreated. Well, on we went, and forced our way through the gardens and lanes, losing men left and right; on, and on, through the most intricate places; taking guns here and there, and forcing the canal bridge, where they stood very steadily, firing grape and canister as our gallant fellows rushed up to the guns. The General had planned his method of approach, and halts innumerable took place in consequence, while the roads were picked out and routes determined. Away we went, and about 5 p.m. found ourselves opposite the Palace, from the gates of which a very heavy fire was opened, which, however, did but

* I have never been able to ascertain who was always directing the Infantry to lie down. Had they replied to the fire it might have been better for all.—F. C. M.

little damage, as we found shelter in some buildings. We were ordered on, and again started, getting into shelter after passing in front of the Palace, where, from the loop-holes, the musketry poured like rain.

"November 16th.—I continue my tale. Here we halted for some time; by 'we' I mean the First Brigade, for the Second had taken a different route, carrying with them the different stores we had brought in. The fire from the King's Palace, known as the 'Keisa Bagh,' was so severe that we had to run double quick in front of it, as hard as we could; and a scene of great confusion ensued when we halted—guns and Infantry mixed up, soldiers wandering in search of their companies, and the wounded in the dhoolies carried here and there without any orders. We had been there about half-an-hour when the Second Brigade joined us, passing in front of the Palace, emerging from a narrow lane close to it. Here they had to pass under the very walls, while the rebels on the walls hurled down stones and bricks, and even spat at our fellows; a fierce fire being kept up from the loopholes. After a little time order was re-established, and, after a fresh examination of the map, the Column was drawn up, and we started again. It was cruel work; brave troops being exposed to such unfair fighting. What can men do against loopholed houses, when they have no time to enter a city taking house by house? *In fact we ran the gauntlet regularly through the streets.*

"After we passed the Palace, our men were knocked down like sheep, without being able to return the fire of the enemy with any effect. We passed on some little way, when we came to a sudden turning to the left, with a huge gateway in front, and through this we had to pass, under a shower of balls from the houses on each side. The Sikhs and 5th Fusiliers got to the front, and kept up a steady fire at the houses for some time, with the hope of lessening the enemy's musketry fire, but it was of no use. Excited men can seldom fire into loopholes with any certainty, and we had to make the best of our way up the street, turning sharp round to the right, when we found ourselves in a long, wide street, with sheets of fire shooting out from the houses. On we went, about a quarter of a mile, being peppered from all sides, when suddenly we found ourselves opposite to a large gateway, with

folding doors completely riddled with round-shot and musket-balls, the entrance to a large enclosure.

"At the side of this was a small doorway, half blocked up by a low mud-wall; the Europeans and Sikhs were struggling to get through, while the bullets were whistling about them. I could not think what was up, and why we should be going in there; but after forcing my way up to the door, and getting my head and shoulders over the wall, I found myself being pulled over by a great unwashed hairy creature, who set me on my legs and patted me on the back, and, to my astonishment I found myself in the 'Bailey Guard!'

"What an entry compared with what we had promised ourselves!

"We expected to march in with colours flying and bands playing, and to be met by a starving Garrison crying with joy, ladies waving handkerchiefs on all sides, and every expression of happiness. But, instead of this, we entered as a disorganised army, like so many sheep; finding the whole of the Garrison at their posts, as they always remained; and a few officers and men only at the gate to meet us.

"The next morning we began to consider the state of affairs, and, to our dismay, found that the scoundrels had not bolted, as we expected, and that we in our turn were besieged. While the greater part of the Infantry went ahead, it was found impossible to bring on the heavy guns, and they remained out, with a portion of the Force, until the morning: when a strong party was sent out from the Residency, which took possession of the Old Palace, a long row of Palaces and Gardens, including buildings known as the Terah Kotee the Ferad Buks, and the Chutter Munzil. These buildings extended along the banks of the Goomtee (Serpentine) River, upon which one side of our position rested for nearly a quarter-of-a-mile: and the communication being then opened, our guns were brought up. We were then blocked off from all communications with Alum Bagh and the world in general.

"We then learnt that the supplies were so extensive that, with care, the entire united Force could hold out until the middle of December! Good news for us; for, if we had then been forced to evacuate the place, but few of us would have escaped, especially with such a number of helpless women and children to escort.

"For some days after we entered, the confusion was most frightful. Not an officer or soldier had carried with him any clothes but those he wore, and not a servant accompanied his master; the regimental cooks being alone allowed to go. So, without clothes, means of cooking, and the crowded state of the garrisons and hospitals, we were in a sad state of discomfort. . . . . I got to the 'Brigade Mess Square,' and there did duty, Major Ashton Warner administering to my wants. I was in great luck, for Warner had saved most of his clothes, and he most kindly placed all his stock at my disposal until I was able to procure others at the different auctions of deceased officers' property. Before I was in a most wretched state; I had been unable to wash or change my clothes for three days. I had not passed a brush or comb through my hair . . . In a few days we extended our lines, driving the enemy from square to square out of the Old Palace. The Relieving Force was told off to different posts, and order was re-established. Those of the Sepoys who had bolted on our entry into the city, returned, and the siege re-commenced in the most refreshing manner. An attempt was made by Outram to send out our small body of Cavalry to Alum Bagh, but they were forced to fall back, finding the road blockaded, and the enemy too thick about them. We then regularly settled down to the siege, and had to make the best of it.

"The first operations were to sally out, and take some of the enemy's guns which had been annoying the Garrison; and we blew up several houses which had given shelter to the Sepoys and matchlock-men, who kept up a most annoying fire from the loopholes. This done, the Garrison was much relieved. We also extended our position towards the Iron Bridge, and also towards the new Palace, the Keisah Bagh; threw up fresh batteries, and strengthened the old position very much. The Garrison was a very different place from what I had expected to find it. From hearing it spoken of as 'The Residency,' I expected the entrenchments to be confined to the house itself: but the position of the adjacent buildings enabled Sir Henry Lawrence to erect batteries between them.

(Mr. Willock then describes the position in detail).

"Their guns poured in round-shot day and night, being placed in such dodgy places that our batteries could make

no impression upon them. The engineers had so little time to run them up, that most of them were, from a military point of view, quite useless, being exposed to the fire of guns from positions which they had no power of commanding.

"The siege then resolved itself into a mere blockade; by which I mean that, although the round-shot and shell rattled in on all sides, it was nothing to what it was in the earlier stage; the cannonading was as fierce, but the musketry, which did so much execution, was much reduced in consequence of the destruction of the adjacent houses. Our firing was a mere farce in comparison with theirs. Men continued to be knocked over daily. The natives, of whom there were swarms, were killed hourly; for we had nearly a thousand dhoolie-bearers alone. Our European average loss was about three daily. The enemy had run short of ammunition, but were able to supply themselves with as much of their own making as they pleased, which did very well for their purpose. Their bullets were mostly made of telegraph wire, which inflicted horrible wounds. We were placed on half rations on entry, which consisted of sufficient attah (meal) to make four "chupatties" a day, a little dâl (peas) and 6 ounces of gun-bullock beef. We had no grog (the Relieving Force); the old Force had some, which soon ran out. . . . . But the thing we all missed was tobacco. . . . . I imbibed the fumes of the leaves of a guava tree. . . . . Many of the soldiers made themselves ill by smoking neem-tree leaves, which are very strong and pungent. I soon found my health much affected by confinement: I got thin and weak, and was much pulled down by dysentery. . . . . But we all kept our spirits wonderfully. . . . . The enemy were only seventy yards from us, and little duels were made up each day by each party from their loopholes. . . . . .

"Matters continued in this style until a letter was received from Sir Colin, saying he was coming on, and would be with us on the 10th of November. He was at Alum Bagh that day, and then the excitement commenced. You can imagine the joyful state of mind we were all in, to think that we were once again to be free, and enjoy the fresh air of Heaven undisturbed. Sir Colin took a long route . . . taking several days to do it in; while we made arrangement for meeting his Force by undermining the buildings opposite our advanced fort. At last he came near. Our mines ex-

ploded, our brave fellows rushed on, turned the rebels out, took up fresh posts, and met their gallant relievers. The road was open to the camp, and a few privileged ones went to and fro. We were all forced to stick close to our posts, while those who visited the camp made our mouths water, with tales of how they had been fed on bread and butter and wholesome fresh grub. My bearer and khitmudgar came in from Alum Bagh, like good fellows, and I was once more jolly.

(Mr. Willock then describes the withdrawal of the Garrison, women, children, and sick.)

"After a six-mile walk, in ankle-deep sand, we were halted in a field, and told to make ourselves comfortable for the night. Here we were in a pretty plight. Nothing to cover ourselves with; while the cold was intense. So we lay, like so many sheep, huddled together to keep ourselves warm till the morning, when we rose, stiff and cold, with a poor prospect of finding our servants, in a camp of 9,000 men. It was useless, and Colonel Masters, Major Warner, Captain (Sir John) Farquhar, all of the 7th Bengal Cavalry, found some good friends among the officers of the Military Train, who put us up and made us most comfortable, till we got our traps the next day. We then commenced our march, arriving in Cawnpore on the third day; when we found the Gwalior devils in possession of that city, and firing shot and shell into the entrenchment. But we passed across the River Ganges without hurt, and after three days' halt, commenced our march to Allahabad, i.e., the families, Oudh civilians, and the sick and wounded. We marched twenty-four miles each night—the ladies, children, and wounded being in hackeries, and the officers on foot or on horseback. It was miserable, and very cold, our rate of marching being only two miles an hour.

"At last we arrived, and I found myself in Allahabad safe and sound, without a scratch, though not quite so fat and sleek as I was on leaving. Not having used a razor since I left, and being a good deal browned by exposure, many people did not know me at first, but I am now (Dec. 18th) as jolly and as fat as ever."

HENRY DAVIS WILLOCK,

at the outbreak of the Mutiny, was Joint-Magistrate at Allahabad. Received command of a Company of Volunteers, and

served under Neill in the operations against the rebels, including the storming and capture of Kydgunj; volunteered to accompany Renaud's Force (advancing to the relief of Cawnpore) as Civil Officer; served in that capacity under Havelock, and took part in twelve actions under the latter General, including the entry into Lucknow, where he served as a volunteer member of the garrison, until the final relief by Clyde. Returned to Cawnpore, then besieged by the Gwalior Contingent. Was appointed Civil Officer of Maxwell's moveable Column, watching the banks of the Jumna. Was present at the capture of Calpee by Sir Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn), and other minor engagements. In June, '58, appointed as Civil Officer with General Berkeley's Field Force, watching the southern borders of Oudh, where he was present at the capture of Tihol and Dehaeen. In March, '59, was appointed Joint-Magistrate of Shahjehanpore District. Received the Mutiny medals with 3 clasps, being the only civilian who received 3 clasps. Received a private's share of prize money (for Lucknow) of £3 15s. Also a Letter of Thanks from the Queen-Empress. In 1883 was promoted to be District and Sessions Judge, First Grade, Azimgarh. Retired in 1885, after 31 years' service.

The Late Sir George Campbell, M.P.

Sherer refers to his meeting with this exceedingly able civilian, who for many years afterwards was a conspicuous figure in the House of Commons, having been returned for Kirkcaldy Burghs in 1875, and represented that constituency until his death last year. "I only knew him slightly; but he was good enough to take the chair one evening when I read a paper before the Society of Arts. A writer in the "Guide to the House of Commons," said of him: "There are few men, sitting in Parliament, who are better able to instruct it, and on more subjects, than the Member for the Kirkcaldy Burghs, and none whom a perverse House is less inclined to listen to." The fact was that Sir George had, in his oratorical moments, and these were almost incessant, a monotonous, creaky delivery, which was particularly irritating to the listener; and he had also a trick of swaying his right

arm forward and backward, as though he were a leadsman about to take soundings, but never letting the lead go. Sir George had been Governor of Bengal and a Member of the Council of India. He wrote the "Handy Book on the Eastern Question," and was equally well versed on a hundred other subjects. Sherer's remarks, in Chapter XVI., about Courtenay Johnson's horse, which had been bought for him by a Zemindar, remind us of Sir George's artistic pretensions. The House was discussing the propriety of purchasing some of the famous Blenheim paintings, in one of which the great Duke of Marlborough was mounted on a charger. But Campbell would have none of it, declaring that such a "great, stout, rounded horse, with a flowing mane," was "untrue to nature, ... and altogether an impossible creation, such as the world never yet produced."

F. C. M.

V.—Surviving Officers.

The following is believed to be an accurate list of the surviving officers (November, 1893) of the Relieving Force, under Generals Outram, Havelock, and Neill, who entered Lucknow on the 25th of September, 1857:

Staff (in order of seniority).

General Sir James M. B. Fraser-Tytler, K.C.B.
Lieut.-General D. S. Dodgson, C.B.
Lieut.-General Sir Henry M. Havelock, Bart., V.C., K.C.B.
Lieut.-General J. Gordon, C.B.
Lieut.-General G. S. Macbean, C.B.
Colonel F. E. A. Chamier.
Colonel F. Morland.
Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Battine.
*Deputy-Inspector-General R. Domenichetti, M.D.

* Dr. Domenichetti, after taking part in every action of Havelock's campaign, was placed in charge of the sick and wounded at the Alum Bagh, on the above-named day; where they were closely besieged, until the arrival of Clyde's force in November.

ATTACHED IN CIVIL CAPACITY.

William J. Money, Esq., C.S.I.
Henry D. Willock, Esq.

VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

Lieut.-General Sir C. H. Palliser, K.C.B.
General W. O. Swanston.
General G. Stewart, C.B.
Colonel W. C. Thomas (now living at Lucknow).
Major Graham Birch.
Captain Pearson.
Sir Roger T. Goldsworthy, K.C.M.G. (now Governor of the Falkland Islands).
A. Anderson, Esq., 103, Earl's Court Road.
G. Berill, Esq., Nynee Tal, India.

ARTILLERY (IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER).

Surgeon-General J. J. Clarke, M.D.
Surgeon-General J. Irvine, M.D., H.P.
Colonel Eardley Maitland, C.B.
Colonel F. C. Maude, V.C., C.B.
General Sir William Olpherts, V.C., K.C.B.
Lieut.-Colonel P. Roddy, V.C.

Also

Major-General Henry G. Delafosse, C.B., who was, after surviving the massacre of Cawnpore, attached to Olpherts's Battery.

ENGINEERS.

Major-General Lindsay Russell.
General D. Limond, C.B.
Colonel C. N. Judge.

And

Colonel Montagu Hall, who was attached to that Corps.

Nominal Roll of 16 officers of the 5th (Northumberland) Fusiliers, who formed a portion of Havelock's Column, September, 1857.

Rank.	Names.	Remarks.
Major	James Egbert Simmons	Killed at Lucknow, Sept. 29, '57
Captain	Fred Wm. L'Estrange	Mortally wounded during entry into Lucknow.
"	Arthur England Johnson	" "
"	Arthur Scott	Wounded at Lucknow; retired as Major (dead)
Lieut.	Wm. Henry Petty Meara	Retired as Major (since dead).
"	J. Wallace Dunlop Adair*	Wounded at Lucknow; retired as Major.
"	Wm. Marcon Carter	Mortally wounded during entry into Lucknow.
"	J. C. Brown	Died from an accident at Alum Bagh.
"	John Creagh*	Retired as Lieut.-Colonel.
"	George Eyre Massey*	" "
Ensign	Edwin John Oldfield*	Retired as Major-General.
"	Edward M. Mason	Retired as Captain (dead).
Lieut. & Aj'nt.	Edwin Fell Haig	Killed at Alum Bagh, 23rd September.
Quarter-master	Francis Drake*	Wounded at Lucknow; retired as Major.
Surgeon	Wm. Kilner Swettenham*	Wounded at Lucknow; retired as Deputy-Inspector-General.

Those marked * are still alive, November, 1893.—F. C. M.

64TH (NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE) REGIMENT.

The greater part of this Regiment was left behind, when we entered Lucknow, and formed the garrison of Cawnpore.

When that city was attacked, by the Gwalior Contingent, in November '57, nearly the whole of the officers were killed.

So that the only remaining officer of Havelock's Force, so far as I have been able to ascertain, is

Surgeon-Major T. Carey.

Nov., '93. F. C. M.

Names of the surviving officers of the 78th, Seaforth Highlanders, (Ross-shire Buffs) who served with Havelock's Column during the Indian Mutiny.

5th October, 1893.

Rank held during operations.	Name.	Present Rank.	Remarks.
Lieut.	John Finlay	Major	With the Column during the *whole* of its operations.
,,	Geo. Digby Barker	Major-General and a C. B. Commdg. in China	,, ,,
Qr.-Mr.	Charles Skrine	Lt.-Colonel	,, ,,
Q.-M.-St	John Robertson	Captain	,, ,,
Captain	Græme Alex. Lockhart	Major-General and a C.B.	With the Column after crossing the Ganges on the 19th September, 1857—and the subsequent operations.
,,	Douglas Hastings	Major-General	
Lieut.	Fredk. Henry Walsh	Captain	
Surgeon.	Joseph Jee	Deputy Inspector-General and a C. B. and V.C.	
Ensign	William Tweedie (of H. E. I. C. Service attached).	Colonel and a C.S.I. Indian Staff Corps.	,, ,, and previously Bithoor.

Of the above all have retired, excepting Major-General Barker and Colonel Tweedie.

(Signed) C. Skrine.

Nominal Roll of 17 Officers 84th Regiment who belonged to the Field Force commanded by Major General Havelock, on its formation at Allahabad, in July, 1857.

Captain and Bvt.-Major MacCarthy, Invalided to England after second action in Oude.

*Captain Fred. A. Willis (now Lieutenant-General and C.B.)

Captain Eugene Currie, mortally wounded in action before Cawnpore.

Lieut. Keats. Retired as a Captain, and since dead.

Lieut. Ayton. Mortally wounded at the sortie from Lucknow on the Hirn Khanah, and died two days after.

Lieut. and Adjt. Browne. Died as a Captain in the 97th Regiment.

Lieut. John Penton. Died as Colonel Commanding Regimental District.

Lieut. Robert Barry. Retired as a Captain, and died in Canada.

Lieut. Edward Woolhouse. Arm amputated. Retired as a Bvt.-Major, and died 1891.

Lieut. Alfred Gibant. Killed in Lucknow.

Lieut. Poole. Killed in Lucknow.

*Lieut. G. B. Blake. Retired as a Captain and late Lieut.-Colonel Commanding Suffolk Yeomanry.

Ensign H. Kenny. Died of cholera.

Ensign Humphrey. Retired as a Captain. Not known whether at present living.

*Ensign Hugh Pearson. At present Brigade-General and Adjt.-General, Madras.

Asst.-Surgeon La Presle. Promoted to Staff-Surgeon and since dead.

Quarter-Master Donelan. Died in Oude.

Those marked * are still living, November, 1893.—F. C. M.

Names of the surviving officers of the 84th Regiment, who served with Havelock's Column during the Indian Mutiny Campaign.

Rank held during operations.	Name.	Present Rank.	Remarks.
Captain	Frederic Arthur Willis	Lieut.-General C.B.	With the Force throughout the operations.
Lieut.	George Blake	Lieut.-Colonel	ditto
Lieut.	Hugh Pearson	Colonel, Adjutant-General, Madras Army	ditto

N.B.—The above are the only survivors of that eventful period that I know of. I can trace all, with the exception of a Sub of the name of Humphreys, whom I mentioned in a previous letter.

F. A. W.

90TH (PERTHSHIRE) LIGHT INFANTRY.

Nominal roll of officers of the above Regiment, who formed part of General Havelock's Force, on his entry into Lucknow, 25th September, 1857.

Colonel:

R. P. Campbell, C.B.

Lieut.-Colonels:

P. Purnell. T. Smith.

Majors:

J. Perrin. W. P. Tinling.

Captains:

H. Denison. J. H. Wade.*
R. H. Magenis. J. Clerk Rattray.*
P. A. L. Phipps.*

Lieutenants:

N. Graham.	A. A. Moultrie.	O. W. Every.
J. J. Nunn.	H. J. Haydock.*	H. H. Goodricke.
C. B. Wynne.	H. Bingham.	W. Knight.
W. Rennie.*	E. C. Wynne.	M. Preston.

Ensigns:

H. B. Savory.	G. A. Agnew.	A. Eyre.
G. Gregg.	A. R. Chute.	G. H. Powell.
H. J. Edgell.	H. Gordon.	J. Williamson.
A. N. Chute.	S. Hendy.	

Surgeon:

A. D. Home.*

Assistant Surgeons:

W. Bradshaw. C. N. Nelson.

Quarter-Master.

D. Jackson.

Those marked * are still living.—F. C. M.

The 1st Madras (now the Royal Dublin) Fusiliers sustained the following losses during the Mutiny:

Nine officers were killed or died of their wounds, and six were severely wounded.

While 352 non-commissioned officers and men died; and 200 were invalided on account of their wounds, many of whom did not survive to reach England.

The following officers of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, who formed part of General Havelock's Force at his entry into Lucknow, are still alive:

Lieut.-General Sir John B. Spurgin, K.C.B., C.S.I.
Major-General W. S. Bailey.
Colonel W. Cleland.
Colonel J. C. Fraser.
Colonel E. L. Grant.
Lieut.-Colonel L. A. M. Græme.
Major W. H. Beaumont.
Major H. Dale.

The following officers of the Regiment of Ferozepore (Sikhs) are still alive:

Colonel Jeremiah Brasyer, C.B.
Colonel R. C. Cross.

W.—The Victoria Cross.

The following officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of Havelock's Force received the Victoria Cross on account of the actions of the 25th and 26th of September, 1857, during the reinforcement of the Lucknow Garrison:

Boulger, Private (now Major), 84th Regiment, general bravery as skirmisher: see letter of General Willis.

Bradshaw, Assistant Surgeon, 90th Regiment, distinguished bravery and devotion to wounded.

Duffy, Private, Madras Fusiliers, saving, by his daring skill, a gun from falling into the enemy's hands.

Hollowell, Private, 78th Regiment, defending a house against large force of mutineers.

Holmes, Private, 84th Regiment, volunteering to assist Maude's gunners.

Home, Surgeon-General, (Sir A. D.), 90th Regiment, defending and succouring wounded.

Jee, Deputy-Inspector-General, 78th Regiment, attending, protecting, and saving a number of wounded.

Lambert, Sergeant-Major, 84th Regiment, distinguished conduct at Onao, Bithoor, and Lucknow.

MacPherson, Major-General (Sir H. P.), leading his battalion and capturing two guns.

McManus, Private, 5th Fusiliers, rescuing wounded officer under fire.

McMaster, Assistant-Surgeon, 78th Regiment, attending to and bringing in wounded under fire.

McPherson, Colour-Sergeant, 78th Regiment, rescuing wounded private and other gallant behaviour.

Maude, Captain (retired Colonel), R.A., leading Artillerymen.

Mylot, Private P. (promoted Ensign), 84th Regiment, general gallantry, elected by his comrades.

Olpherts, Captain (now General Sir W.), Bengal Artillery, charging with 90th Regiment to capture guns, and returning under heavy fire for horses and limbers to carry them off.

Rennie, Lieut.-Colonel W., 90th Regiment, on two occasions charging guns and driving off enemy.

Ryan, Private John, Madras Fusiliers, saving wounded from being massacred.

Ward, Private H., 78th Regiment, protecting wounded officer and man.

Summary, eleven granted for the 25th, and seven for actions on the 26th of September.—F. C. M.

DIVISIONAL ORDER BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JAMES OUTRAM.

"29th September, 1857.

"Attention is called to the amendment at the termination of the Orders of the 26th instant:

"No. 1. The Major-General much regrets the omission therein of the acknowledgment so justly due to the Commanding Officer of the 78th Highlanders, arising from the difficulty of distinguishing the officers on foot from the men, so late in the evening; the other officers mentioned by the Major-General having been mounted."

The following is an extract of the Order referred to:—"And, finally, that of the 78th, *who led the advance on the Residency* [they having been originally in the rear of the *second* Brigade! F. C. M.] *headed by* the brave Lieutenant Hargood, A.D.C. to General Havelock, Captain Grant, 1st Madras Fusiliers, Lieutenant Hudson, H.M. 64th Regiment, and Lieutenant Chamier, A.D.C. (to Sir James Outram).*

[A military *olla podrida* if ever there was one!—F. C. M.]

* It was in the Orders of the same day that the following had appeared:—"Of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, who charged the bridge and battery at the entrance of the city, *led by* the gallant A. A. General H. M. Havelock."

W. W.

FIELD FORCE ORDERS BY BRIGADIER GENERAL HAVELOCK, C.B., COMMANDING, 9TH (14TH ?) OCTOBER, 1857.

Brigadier-General Havelock, in virtue of the power delegated to him in General Orders, whilst he commanded the Allahabad Moveable Column and Oudh Field Force as separate bodies, has been pleased to award the Victoria Cross to the following officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates.

1.—Captain William Olpherts, Bengal Artillery, for highly distinguished conduct on the 25th of September, 1857, when the troops penetrated into the City of Lucknow, in having charged a battery of the enemy's guns, at the head of a party of the 90th Light Infantry, in face of a heavy fire of grape, and afterwards returning, under a severe cross fire of musketry, to bring up limbers and horses to carry off the captured ordnance, which he accomplished.

FIELD FORCE ORDERS BY BRIGADIER GENERAL HAVELOCK, C.B., 17TH OCTOBER, 1857.

1.—In consequence of subsequent information laid before Brigadier-General Havelock, he is pleased to modify, as follows, paragraph 1 of Field Force Orders of the 9th instant (*sic*). Order Books will be carefully corrected accordingly.

Para. 1 of F.F.O., dated 9th October, '57.

Captain William Olpherts, Bengal Artillery, for highly distinguished conduct on the 25th September, 1857, when the troops penetrated into the City of Lucknow, in having charged, on horseback, with H. M. 90th Light Infantry, when gallantly headed by Colonel Campbell, it captured two guns, in the face of a heavy fire of grape; and having afterwards returned, under a severe cross-fire of musketry, to bring up limbers and horses to carry off the captured ordnance, which they accomplished.

2.—(The order respecting Captain Maude).

3.—The Brigadier-General has likewise, on Sir James Outram's recommendation, awarded the decoration to Lieutenant Havelock, 10th Foot, D.A.A. General with the Force. The Major-General (Outram) remarks that, throughout the tremendous fire of guns and musketry, which the enemy directed across the Char Bagh Bridge, Lieut. Havelock, with the Madras Fusiliers, stormed the Bridge, took the guns, and cleared the street sufficiently to allow of the troops in rear closing up. He adds that he cannot conceive a more daring act than thus facing the bridge, and that the officers who led the Madras Fusiliers on this occasion appear to him richly to merit promotion; but that, hazardous as their position was, they were not so readily distinguished from their men, and that their risk was comparatively less than that of Lieutenant Havelock, *the only officer on horseback*,* who cheered the men on at their head, and became the target of

For a detailed description of the affair of the Char Bagh Bridge, the reader is referred to the following letter, *by the younger Havelock himself*, to Fraser-Tytler; also to one of my own, written about the same time, viz., two years after the occurrence.—F. C. M.

the enemy's musketry. On this spontaneous statement of the Major-General, the Brigadier-General consents to award the Cross to this officer; which act, if originating with himself, might, from the near relationship Lieutenant Havelock bears to him, assume the appearance of undue partiality.

---

* This is admitted to have been an error, as all accounts agree that Fraser-Tytler was also mounted, and present during the charge, in which his horse was killed. Unfortunately, when this Order was issued, he lay between life and death, having been desperately wounded later in the day.

FRASER-TYTLER AT CHAR BAGH (WRITTEN BY HAVELOCK-ALLAN.)

Great Malvern, Worcestershire,
16th August, 1859.

On the 25th September, 1857, at the entry into the City of Lucknow for the relief of its garrison by the Force under Generals Havelock and Outram—the Brigade leading the assault had succeeded in overcoming all resistance of the enemy until it reached the Char Bagh Bridge. This bridge leads across a wide canal with very steep banks, which encircles Lucknow, and is the only means of access to the city from the South. The Rebels had entrenched the bridge head on the far side, and placed in position, behind a breast-work, six guns, which swept the bridge. The adjoining houses were all barricaded and loop-holed; they were filled with marksmen

who commanded every approach, and they confidently expected to prevent the progress of the Force at this point.

On arriving at the bridge the 1st Brigade, which was under the command of General Neill, halted; and it was impossible to advance until the tremendous fire of guns and musketry should be silenced. Sir James Outram made a détour to the right, with the 5th (Northumberland) Fusiliers, to endeavour, from some neighbouring high ground, to enfilade the defences of the bridge. Two guns of Captain Maude's Battery of Royal Artillery were brought up to answer the enemy's fire, the breadth of the causeway not admitting of any more being deployed. For some minutes they replied briskly. But from their being exposed in the open, while the rebels were covered by their works, a number of the gunners were killed or wounded without any decided impression being made. The remainder of the Brigade were meanwhile lying under shelter. In this crisis, Lieut.-Colonel Fraser-Tytler, D.A.Quartermaster-General to the Force, rode up, and immediately proceeded to reconnoitre the position under a most heavy fire. Forming the opinion that the bridge might be carried by a bayonet charge, while (as the enemy's fire was evidently superior) further delay would not only be useless, but would dispirit the troops, he represented his views to Brigadier-General Neill, and prevailed on that officer to allow the attempt to be made. On receiving permission he carried the order to advance to the 1st Madras Fusiliers, and assisted in collecting the men who had been dispersed under cover of some huts for shelter. When the rush was made Lieut.-Colonel Tytler rode with the leading section, but, as it debouched on the bridge head, the enemy fired a last round of grape (case ?) by which his horse was struck down. Before he could disengage himself the bridge was carried.

Immediately after, the enemy opened fire from two concealed guns, which took the bridge (now in our possession) in reverse. Lieut.-Colonel Tytler ascertained the position of these guns, and reported to General Havelock on the advisability of their being immediately captured by Infantry; as, from their situation, no Artillery could be brought to bear on them: and their fire was telling with fearful effect on the

rear of our Column, and train of baggage, crowded in a narrow road between walls.

He was directed by the General to order the nearest available regiment to take the guns, and *he guided* the 90th Light Infantry to the spot. The regiment carried the two pieces by a rapid charge; Lieut.-Colonel Tytler directing it throughout, on foot, holding by the mane of the Commanding Officer's (Colonel Campbell) horse during the attack.

(Signed) HENRY M. HAVELOCK,

Captain 18th Royal Irish Regiment and Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel, late Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General to the Field Force under command of Brigadier-General Havelock, K.C.B.

To Colonel Fraser-Tytler, C.B.

"Pointe de Galle,
"Oct. 20th, 1859.

"My Dear Tytler,

"If it should happen that any feeble testimony of mine may assist you in procuring for you the coveted distinction of the Victoria Cross, I shall feel it as the greatest pleasure to myself, and as an honour to the Order. I sincerely believe that there is no one of Havelock's little band who was so notorious for his desperate gallantry as yourself, and many a time they have said so to one another. I remember several instances which should have procured you the decoration, but I will particularise two. Onao and Lucknow. On the former occasion I was an admiring witness of your cool intrepidity, when that howitzer of mine was so much exposed in the street, and when you came to our assistance. Although a fair mark for men only twenty yards off, you made your arrangements for keeping down the fire, and enabling us to retire the gun. I remember remonstrating with you at the time for exposing yourself so desperately to what I considered certain destruction.

"On the 25th September, 1857, on our entry into Lucknow, your conduct, from first to last, was the theme of universal praise. In the early part of the day I remember you ex-

posing yourself to a tremendous fire while reconnoitring the enemy's battery ; and I believe it was in consequence of your representations that General Neill ordered the celebrated charge of the Madras Fusiliers, in which you joined, and which indeed relieved me from a most unequal contest. I believe you had a horse killed under you during the charge. About this time the enemy opened a battery in our rear, which played down the street, and I remember you went back to settle that ; but, thank goodness, I did not. Afterwards, I remember being a melancholy witness of your heroism, when, reconnoitring the enemy's position near the Residency, (at the Heron Khana), you were struck down from your horse with that severe and dangerous wound, which I shall never forget. I heard everyone say that you distinguished yourself beyond everything at the action of Bithoor, in quietly riding up to the enemy's position, and reconnoitring it, under a storm of shot. In fact I don't think that there was one of Havelock's actions in which you did not distinguish yourself conspicuously, in daring, coolness, and judgment. I believe that all our old Force would be sincerely pleased if you obtained the Victoria Cross, either for Onao, Lucknow, or Bithoor. And no one would be more glad than

"Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) "FRANCIS C. MAUDE,
"Lieut.-Col."

FRASER-TYTLER'S SERVICES,

previous to the Mutiny, had been as follow :—He was (as Aide-de-Camp to General Pollock) severely wounded in the entrance to the Kyber Pass. Was present at the battles of Moodkee and Ferozeshuhur ; in the latter of which he had two horses shot under him. He was also at the Battle of Sobraon, as well as in every action of the Punjâb Campaign. At the Battle of Sudoolapore, he swam the Chenâb River, at a very hazardous moment, to obtain information for his General. He was also at the Battle of Goojerat. His services subsequent to the Mutiny have also been not inconsiderable.

F. C. M.

X.—The 32nd Mess-House.

The following account of the capture of the 32nd Mess-House has been taken *verbatim* from the "Records of the 90th Regiment (Perthshire Light Infantry)," which have been kindly placed at the author's disposal by an esteemed and most distinguished general officer:

"On the morning of the 17th (November) operations were resumed, Sir Colin Campbell was engaged in pressing back the enemy, so as to give the desired space for further operations, and communications were opened between the left rear of the barracks and canal. Captain Peel (R.N.) brought up his guns about noon, and kept up a heavy fire on the Mess-House. After the building had been battered about three hours, Sir Colin determined to storm, and Captain Wolseley was directed to hold himself in readiness for that duty.

"The Commander-in-Chief informed Captain Wolseley that he would be supported by a company of Sikhs, and the detachment of his Regiment, which was now led by Captain Guise (Major Barnston having been wounded on the previous day.—F. C. M.). His instructions were, that, in the event of the drawbridge being up, and his not being able to effect an entrance, he was to leave his men under cover, and return and report to him (the C.-in-C.).

"The storming party started, and under a hot fire from the neighbouring buildings, arrived under the garden wall, over which their leader, Captain Wolseley, clambered in company with a bugler. In the garden were several of the enemy, who fired upon him and then fled.

"On finding that the drawbridge was down, he ordered the bugler to sound the advance, and entered the building, on the roof of which he raised the British standard. Every gun which the rebels could bring forward was brought to bear on the Mess-House, and the fire was so heavy that—*the party had to retire under cover!*" (But no one seems to have been hurt.—F. C. M.)

Y.—Thanks from Outram.

"Lucknow, March 28th, 1858.

"My Dear Maude,

"Having announced to me your expected departure to-morrow, I cannot allow you to leave without thanking you, in a private letter, as I now do (in addition to my official acknowledgments), most sincerely, for the valuable services you have rendered myself, and for the obligations which, while serving under me, you have rendered to the State, and to express to you the high opinion I have formed of you as an officer, and to tell you how strong is the personal regard I bear to you as a friend. May you go on and prosper, adding laurel to laurel, and may God's blessing follow you through life. We may never meet again, but it would afford me much pleasure to think that you sometimes thought of and, when thinking, thought in kindness of, the "Black Officer" and Sepoy General, to whose successes (such as they have been) you have so ably contributed, and who, in all sincerity, subscribes himself,

"My dear Maude,

"Your affectionate friend,

"J. Outram.

"To Major Maude, R.A."

Z.—Continuation of Extract from the "Occasional Papers of the Royal Artillery Institution."

"I am most anxious that the widow of Sergeant-Major Lamont, R.A., should, if possible, receive a pension for his splendid services.

"In the promotions, which the losses we have sustained have occasioned, I have always made a point of placing those who have distinguished themselves, in the vacancy; but it may be proper to remark that the following have always shown peculiarly cool Artillery courage on every occasion before the enemy:

Lieutenant Eardley Maitland, Royal Artillery.
Sergeant William Monks, wounded.
" Samuel Nevin, severely burnt.
" William Jones, suffered much from dysentery.
" John McAnulty, severely wounded.
Corporal J. Rumsby, suffered much from cholera.
" E. Ledyard, slightly wounded.
" W. Prescott, suffered much from fever.
Bombardier J. Roberts, severely wounded, leg amputated at Alum Bagh.
" J. Peters, suffered much from cholera.
" J. Holdershaw, suffered severely from sickness.
" C. Flemings, severely wounded.
" W. Richardson, severely wounded.
" Patrick Aspel, severely burnt and severely wounded.
" Wm. Braton, suffered much from cholera.
" Wm. Miley, " " "
" J. Tooth, " " "
" J. Carey, " " "
" H. Garwood, " " "
" W. Parr, " " sickness.
Gunner and Driver J. Musgrove, severely burnt and severely wounded.
" " W. Breadon, suffered severely from illness.
" " E. Mainwaring, wounded.
" " D. Lewis, wounded.
" " J. Levinton, severely wounded.
" " J. Moseley, suffered much from sickness.
" " R. Brett, " "
" " T. Lilliman, cholera. " "

Trumpeter Joseph Orr * has behaved very gallantly, and wishes to be made a gunner and driver.

---

* Mortally wounded during the Capture of Lucknow, two months afterwards.

"I consider the above to be a careful selection, and, while the nature of Artillery duties renders it difficult to particularise individual acts of valour, I would say that these men would have charged any batteries, and I could trust them within reach of any temptation to excess, while, under the most trying circumstances, no murmur ever escaped them.

"In the absence of any Order of Merit * for which, in the present state of the Service Regulations, they can be recommended, I would respectfully suggest the distinction of *Primus in Indis* being conferred on the Company, an honour which I think they have merited, and I am sure they would appreciate.

(Signed)
"F. C. MAUDE,
"Captain R.A."

---

* But, even at that time, the East India Company's army had such an "Order of Merit," carrying increased pay with it.—F. C. M.

END OF THE APPENDIX.

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A TRUST has been formed, under which TEN PER CENT. of the Author's profits arising from the sale of this Work will be equally divided between and among any of the above-named Artillerymen who are proved to be living on the 31st of December, 1894.

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